MARCH 14,
1936

Liberty

5¢

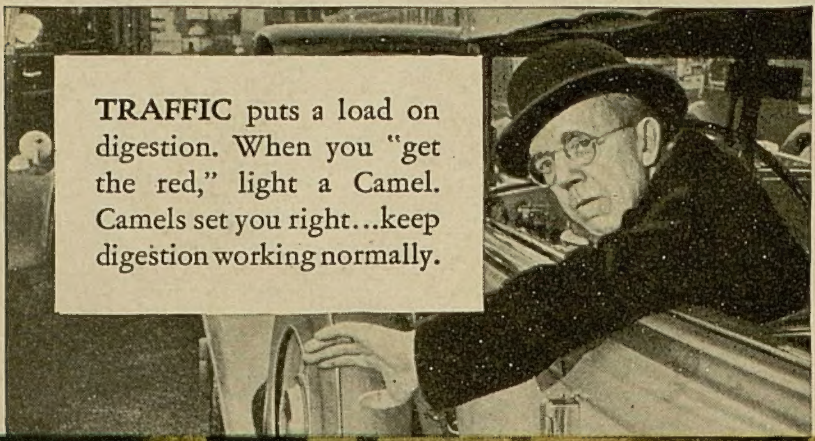
INCOME TAX
RETURN
BILL

YOUR INCOME TAX—A First-Aid Article

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE With Major Bowes

WILL THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN JINX GET PAULETTE GODDARD?

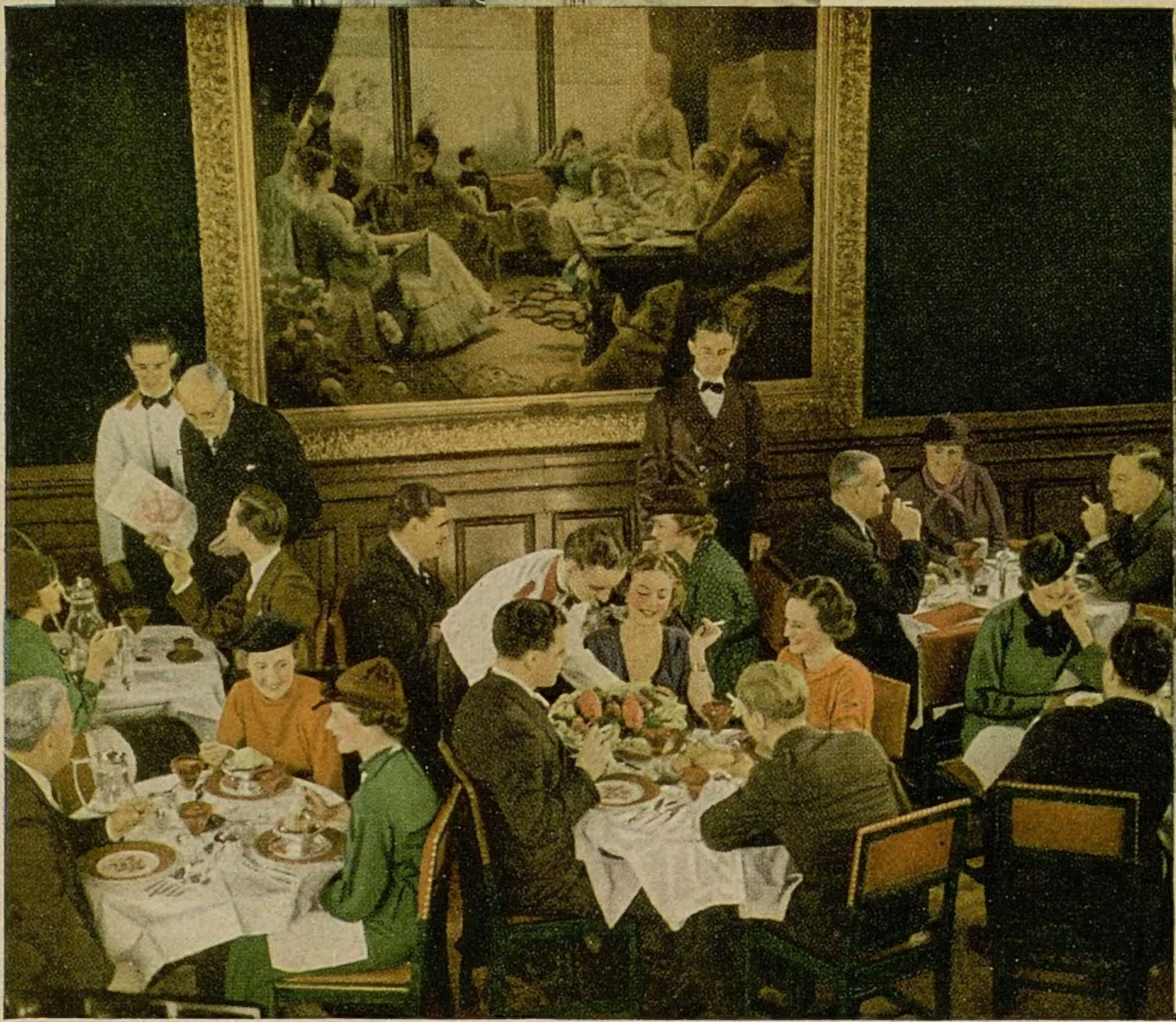
The fast pace of *Modern Living* puts an extra strain on Digestion



TRAFFIC puts a load on digestion. When you "get the red," light a Camel. Camels set you right...keep digestion working normally.

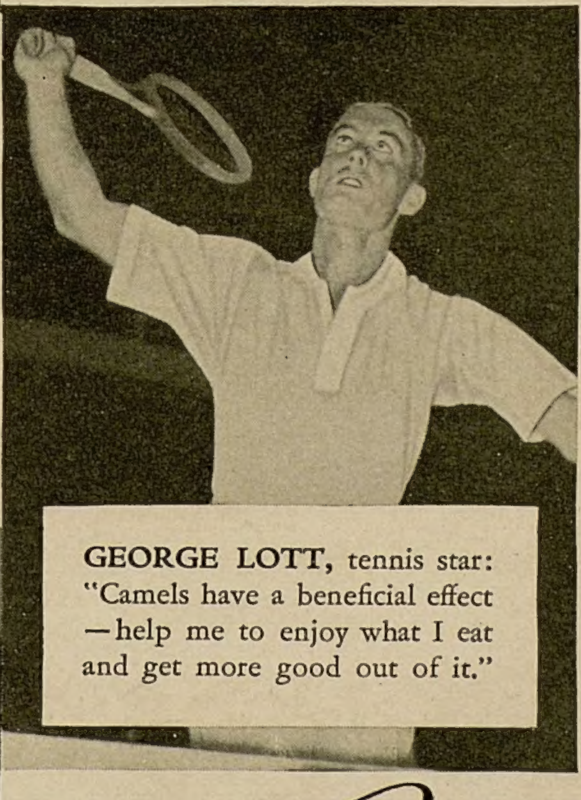
Natural digestive action notably increased by smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! Smoking a Camel promotes digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness...the feeling of *well-being* fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!



GUESTS AT KUGLER'S, grand old Philadelphia restaurant, are shown above, as they enjoy choice foods. William, of Kugler's, who presides over the famous dining room, is speaking to one of the diners. William says of Camels: "Camels and good food go together. Our patrons naturally prefer quality tobaccos, judging by the popularity that Camels enjoy here. So we try to keep well stocked with Camels."

"I ALWAYS take a big supply of Camels along," says William LaVarre, explorer. "They make any meal taste better—and digest easier." Mrs. LaVarre adds: "Camels help my digestion."



GEORGE LOTT, tennis star: "Camels have a beneficial effect—help me to enjoy what I eat and get more good out of it."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

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TUNE IN! Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis, Ted Husing, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra.

•

Tuesday and Thursday—9 p.m. E. S. T., 8 p. m. C. S. T., 9:30 p.m. M. S. T., 8:30 p.m. P. S. T.—WABC-Columbia Network.

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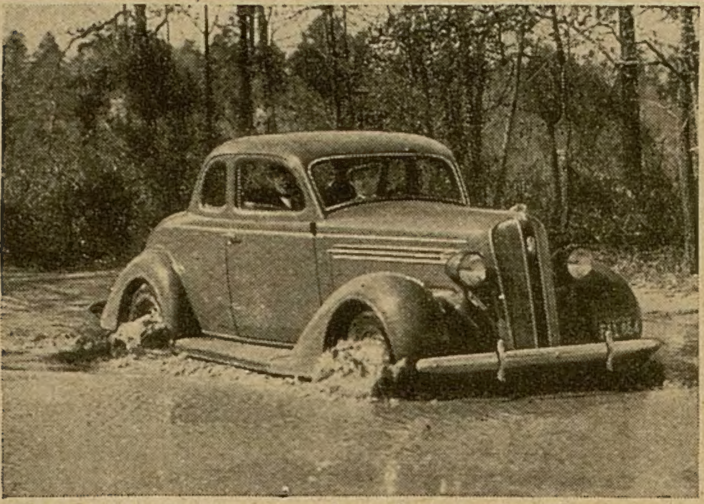
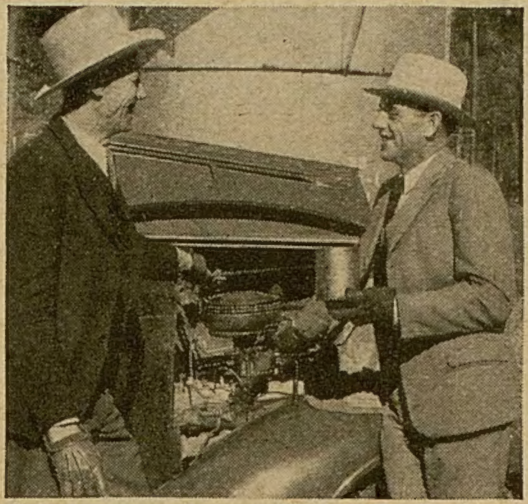
For Digestion's Sake—smoke Camels

"I've Put 'All Three' over the Bumps.

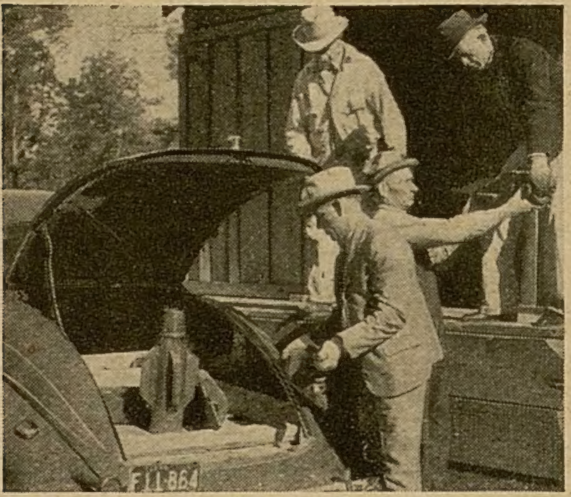
—*AND PLYMOUTH IS MY CHOICE OF LOW-PRICED CARS"*



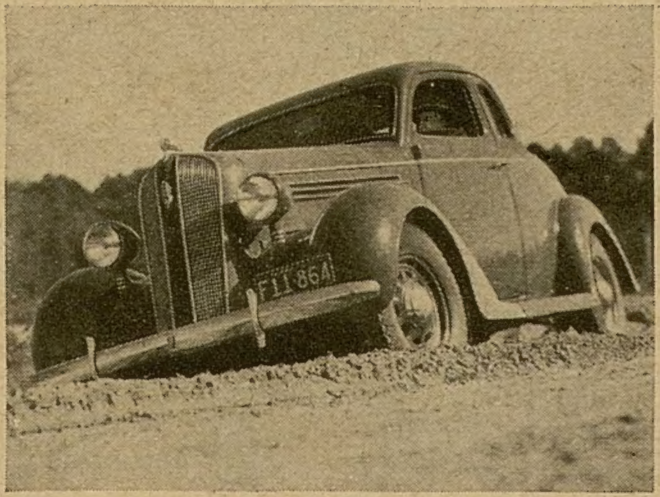
"MY PLYMOUTH sure has the stamina for rough going . . . as well as lots of style," says N. P. Condry.



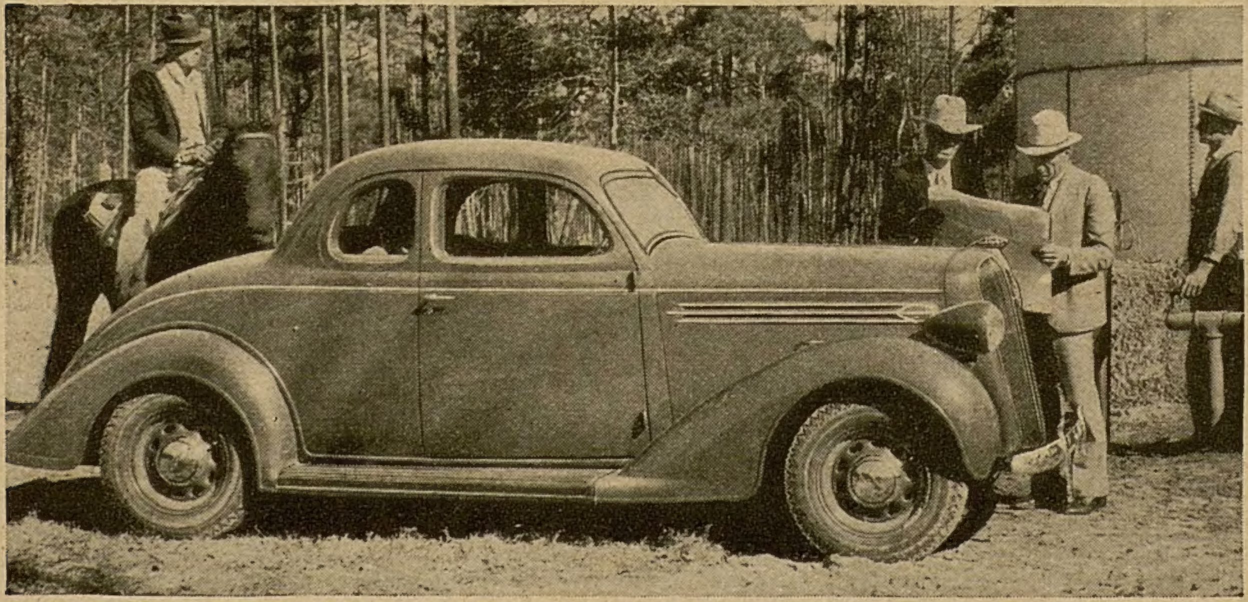
"AND WHAT AN ENGINE! It does more than 20 miles per gallon of gas!"



EASY TO SLIDE heavy loads in or out—Plymouth's deck lid opens clear to floor.



"I ALWAYS FEEL SAFE in Plymouth's Safety-Steel body—with 100% hydraulic brakes to stop me."



N. P. CONDRY, field supervisor for an oil company down in Conroe, Texas, has driven "All Three"... but on reliability, comfort, safety, all-around economy *and* looks, he chooses Plymouth.

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH
N. P. CONDRY, OIL COMPANY FIELD
SUPERVISOR, CONROE, TEXAS

POUNDING THROUGH the ruts, sand and bogs of the oil country, Field Supervisor Condry has to have a car that can stand up.

"I know Plymouth is engineered and built right," he says, "so I bought one. I've seen this oil country beat other cars... but not a Plymouth!

"When parts are needed at one of the oil wells, I have to go places, *pronto*... and the Plymouth gets me there. It's a pleasure to drive, too."

When he got the 1936 Plymouth, Mr. Condry doubted his own eyes on the gas mileage he was getting... *23 miles to the gallon!* "I built me a tester, with a quart can and some copper tubing, and drove just like I always do. And danged if it wasn't so!—23 miles to the gallon."

You ought to find out about this safety, economy, comfort and reliability over which Mr. Condry is so enthusiastic. Just get into one of the big 1936 Plymouths... and drive it. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer to arrange this.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

Insist on the
Official Chrysler Motors
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You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* 2. Deduct down payment—cash or trade-in.

Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.*

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PAY $25 A MONTH—INCLUDING EVERYTHING

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AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

MARCH 14, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 11

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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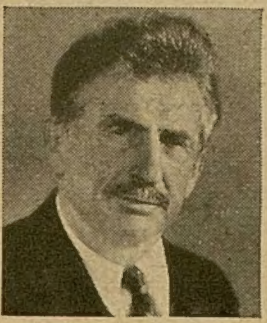
"I DID NOT RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER"



BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE fittest survive! That is a fundamental law which cannot be evaded.

We like to think that right will ultimately conquer. But if the "right" does not possess the intelligence to acquire the "might," it is often overcome by a superior force.

Force rules the world! Intelligence must be associated with it. Blind force expends its energies wastefully.

In every community the most forceful men are the leaders, though they are not always the most intelligent.

We all hate war! It sets loose the lowest of all human passions. When two armies are engaged in mortal combat the hordes of hell seem to be hurling themselves at each other. The wild animals of the jungles in their fierce encounters are tame in comparison.

And when mothers think of the possibility of sending their beloved sons into this caldron of horror and hate, they can hardly be blamed if their faces blanch with fear as they picture the terrors of such brutal combats. With such an appalling image, with souls embittered and agony in their hearts, they have reason for echoing, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier."

And yet there is another side to this horrifying picture. Soldiering is a frightful business. But when we build homes and those sacred precincts grow into a great nation, we have to protect these homes from the savagery of war. And as long as this bestial business is glorified by one nation all other nations are forced to acquire armaments that will afford them adequate protection. And this is not possible without soldiers and the life-and-death battles associated with soldiering.

No matter how horrifying war may be, we must admit that its sacrifices cannot be avoided if our liberties are to be maintained.

A nation failing to make appropriate efforts for protection is a continuous temptation to ambitious, warlike countries.

In former days pirates roamed the seas plundering merchant ships. Notwithstanding so-called international understanding, there are nations even today whose characteristics are not unlike those of the pirates of old.

The policy of "grabbing" defenseless countries is not so popular as it was in former years, but the gradual absorption of China by Japan and the efforts of Italy in Ethiopia indicate tendencies against which we should fully protect ourselves.

Although we may hate war, we hate slavery far more. To be ordered about like a dull, plodding mule, to be a sodden creature, part human, mostly animal, is the fate of the slave. To have to bare one's back to the whip of human monsters is a fate that no one could tolerate.

Any mother with the spirit of a true American would make any sacrifice to save her progeny from such a horrifying fate, even to sending her boy to be a soldier.

To be free men, to enjoy the liberties for which our pioneers fought, is a divine privilege. We should hold on to it with grim persistence and be ready to fight for it if necessary.

In the past our ancestors made sacrifices fearful to contemplate. And the time will doubtless come when possessions equally precious must be given up if we expect to retain these exalted privileges.

"Give me liberty or give me death!"—the words that gave Patrick Henry renown have rung down the ages. Men have fought and died by millions for this exalted privilege.

Bernarr Macfadden

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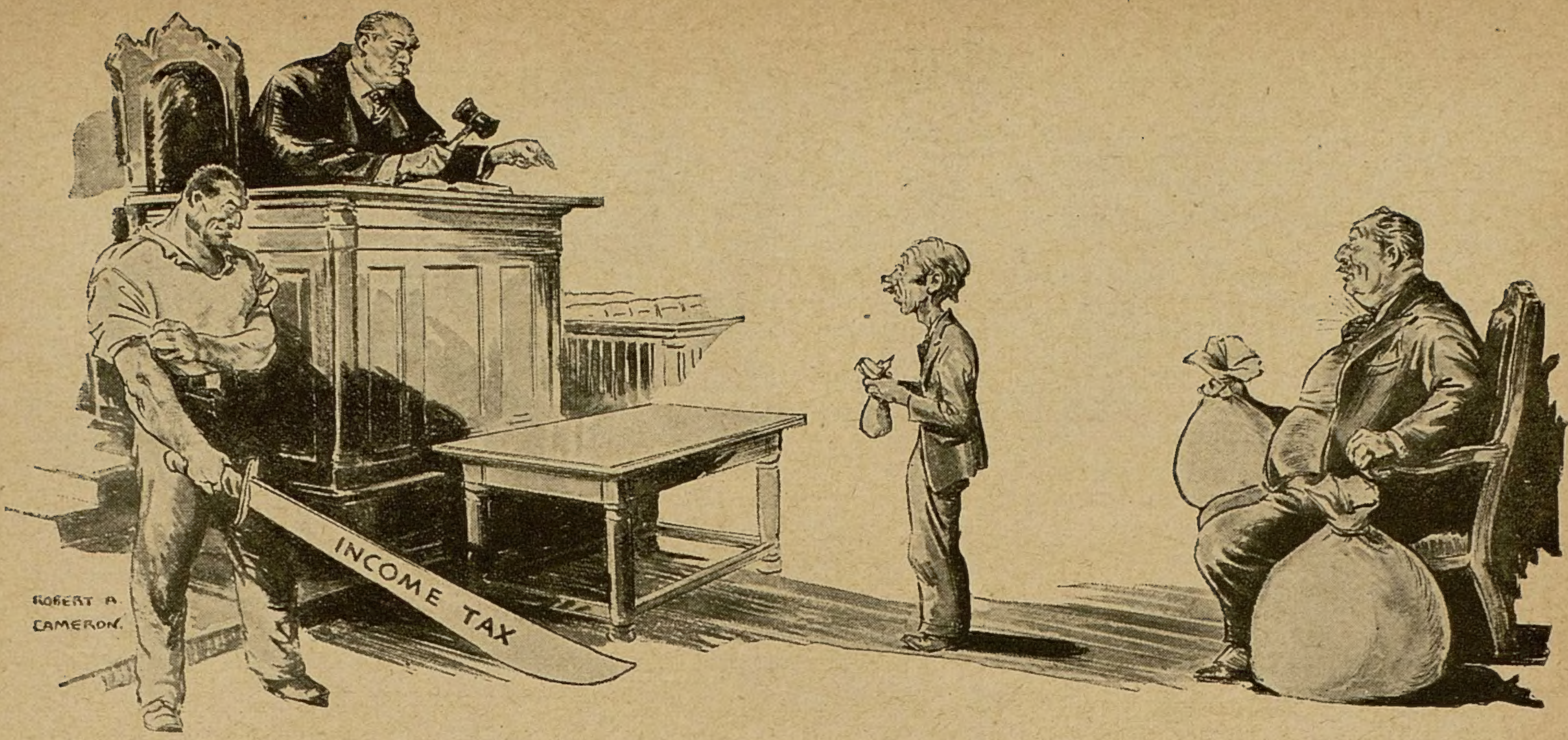

YOUR INCOME TAX

An Illuminating Survey of How It Works . . . and What COULD Be Done About It

by JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

UNDER our laws, every American is entitled to his day in court. Under the income-tax laws, Uncle Sam has seen to it that once a year, come March 15, our pay shall also appear in court before the Collectors of Internal Revenue. By this time the income-tax law has become so complicated that you need a good lawyer to understand it and a pair of bloodhounds to find your way through it. The latest Treasury handbook on the subject runs to 466 pages of fine type—it takes the Treasury itself a volume to explain what the law means! But as the average man forks over his hard-earned cash, he ought to take a good look at how the law works.

The Income Court is open. The jury is in the box and the judge is on the bench. A good time is being had by all, soaking the rich and redistributing the wealth.

Case No. 1

First Defendant: My name is John Doe—

Judge: How do you spell it? D-o-u-g-h or D-o-e? *(Laughter in court.)*

Doe: D-o-e, Your Honor. I am a business executive. I have a wife and three children and no inherited money. My net income last year was $20,000—

Judge: Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the prisoner admit that he had an income of $20,000 net. How say you?

Jury: Guilty, Your Honor.

Judge: Prisoner, you have been convicted of having had an income. In your case, the extreme penalty, tax plus surtax, will cost you about $1,300.

A Juryman: That's the price of a new motor launch, Your Honor.

Judge: John Doe, I condemn you not to buy a new motor launch in 1936 but to turn the cost of one over to the government.

Another Juryman: Hey, Your Honor! I work in a motorboat factory!

Judge: That is immaterial. Prisoner remanded to the custody of the Collector of Internal Revenue until he has paid $1,300, more or less. Next!

Case No. 2

Second Defendant: Your Honor, my name is Richard Roe. I work as an accountant. I have a wife, a son of eighteen and a daughter of fifteen. Betsy's at high school but Jack's ready for college—

Prosecutor: He can claim no exemption for the boy, Your Honor.

Judge: Correct. Proceed, Roe. What is your income?

Roe: Last year my salary was $4,500, but this year I had to take a cut to $4,000, as the firm's business is not going well.

Prosecutor: His present pay and business prospects are immaterial, Your Honor. Last year's pay is what counts. Normal tax on that will run to about $64, with some deduction for earned income. A trifling sum!

Roe: It may seem trifling to this court, but to pay it I shall have to give up my life-insurance policy or economize on my children's education. Besides, there's talk at the office that some of us may be laid off if business doesn't pick up soon.

Judge: The court is not interested in your personal affairs. Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant pleads guilty to $4,500 last year, a wife, and one dependent under eighteen. What is your verdict?

Jury: Guilty, with a recommendation of mercy.

Judge: The law does not permit me to show mercy. Richard Roe, I have no option but to condemn you to keep your job and pay whatever sum the prosecutor determines is due the government. If you cannot keep your job, you must sell your life insurance and send your son to work to help support your family and the government in the style to which they are accustomed. Next!

Case No. 3

Third Defendant: My name is Ratlin Geer. I am a manufacturer.

Judge: Are you represented by counsel, Mr. Geer?

Geer: Yes, Your Honor. The best that money can buy. Hook, Lyne, Sinker & Levy. Mr. Lyne is in court.

Lyne: Your Honor, after applying all of the statutory deductions and exemptions to my client's gross income, he still enjoys a net taxable income of $1,000,000 a year.

Jurymen: Hurrah! A millionaire. Guilty!

Judge: Silence in court! Does the prosecutor accept your client's figures, Mr. Lyne?

Prosecutor: Yes, Your Honor. They are correct.

Judge: H'm! The normal tax on $1,000,000 is $40,000 and the surtax comes to $640,000. Mr. Lyne, your client must pay a total tax of $680,000 on his last year's income.

Jurymen: Hurrah!

Lyne: Yes, Your Honor. Mr. Ratlin Geer accepts the government's proposal.

Judge: Mr. Geer, you have been convicted of an income of $1,000,000 net in 1935. I therefore condemn you to make an income of at least $680,000 this year, in addition to your personal living expenses, in order that you may pay this tax to the government.

Geer: Will Your Honor authorize me to add this $680,000 to the cost of the machinery I sell?

Judge: Certainly. Or take it out of their quality. The public will never know the difference.

Geer: Thank you, Your Honor.

A Juryman: Say, Your Honor, do I get this straight? Did you authorize this guy to collect a tax from the public every time he sells a piece of machinery?

Judge: Certainly. How else do you expect him to pay the government? Next case!

Case No. 4

An Attorney: Your Honor, I am Mr. Cutt, from the firm of Cutt & Runn, corporation lawyers, representing the Universal Gadget Company, a corporation engaged in the manufacture and sale of gadgets.

Judge: What net income does the Universal Gadget Company report for 1935?

Cutt: $1,000,000 net taxable income.

Jurymen: Hurrah! Another $680,000 for us! Guilty!

Judge: Will the prosecutor advise the jury of the rates which apply to corporations?

Prosecutor: The rates in effect provide that the Universal Gadget Company must pay a tax of $149,440 and not $680,000 on its $1,000,000.

A Juryman: Why not tax it at the same rate as Ratlin Geer? Geer makes machinery and this outfit makes gadgets. What's the difference?

Judge: Order in the court! Mr. Geer is an individual. The Universal Gadget Company is a corporation. That makes over $500,000 difference in the tax they have to pay. Mr. Prosecutor, are you and Mr. Cutt in agreement on the figures presented by the company?

Prosecutor: Yes, Your Honor.

Judge: Mr. Cutt, I order that the Universal Gadget Company shall add $149,440 to the price of the gadgets it sells during the current year, or shall reduce their quality, in order to pay this tax.

A Juryman: Another tax to be collected unofficially, Your Honor?

Judge: Another tax. Where do you think this money comes from, anyhow? If the Universal Gadget Company couldn't collect its income tax from the public, it would have to dip into its capital reserve or go bankrupt. This would be bad for business, would reduce the value of its stock, and hence would be confiscatory. Next case!

Case No. 5

Fourth Defendant: Your Honor, this court has no jurisdiction over me. I present myself merely at the request of the prosecutor.

Judge: What is your name and business?

Defendant: My name is C. C. Goldrocks. I am an American citizen and my business is clipping coupons. This gives me an income of $1,000,000 a year.

A Juryman: This guy's no corporation. We can soak *him* for $680,000!

Judge: Prisoner, why do you contend that this court has no jurisdiction?

Prosecutor: Your Honor, Mr. Goldrocks clips the right kind of coupons. All of his money is invested in tax-exempt securities, bonds of states and municipalities and tax-exempt federal bonds.

Judge: Mr. Goldrocks, you are excused. I hereby order everybody in this court to work as hard as they can in order to supply you with your income of $1,000,000 a year. The taxes we have collected this morning will come fairly close to meeting your bill, and no doubt we can find some more taxable incomes to support you.

Goldrocks: Thank you, Your Honor.

Judge: It is the law. Next case!

Prosecutor: Before proceeding with the next case, Your Honor, I suggest that this jury be excused from further duty and a new one impaneled.

Judge: This jury seems to be an excellent one.

Prosecutor: Exactly! It has materially assisted the government in its effort to make somebody else pay the income tax. It is now beginning to realize that it can't do things that way and is losing its enthusiasm.

Judge: Very well, Mr. Prosecutor. Gentlemen of the jury, before dismissing you to your homes and families, I wish to remind you that none of you has a taxable income, a fact which gives you that incorruptible view of the whole problem which is so necessary in this court.

Foreman of the Jury: That is correct, Your Honor. None of us has ever paid an income tax.

Judge: You mean that none of you has ever had a taxable net income. Therefore I condemn you to help pay all for the income taxes which you have ordered the defendants to pay. You will pay these taxes, not to the government but to the rich taxpayers whom you have "soaked," and you will pay in the form of higher prices or lower quality for everything you buy or use—food, clothes, amusements, transportation, education, and protection—and you will be lucky if your employers don't also hold down your wages for the same reason. You may not realize that you are paying these taxes, but may blame the government or the profiteers for the high cost of living. *You* are the government and *you* are the profiteers. That is all. Jury discharged!

So when March 15, 1936, comes around, the American taxpayers will have to grin and bear it while the American people cheer loudly for the idea that a handful of rich men and big corporations are footing the bill. The Treasury will get any taxpayer who tries to pull a fast one—unless he has a first-rate lawyer—and the public revenue will be collected somehow out of the hides of the people who are cheering the tax collectors.

Is there any way to beat this system? Of course there is. It might not look so pretty to the reformers, but it would be easier on the mass of the people and would bring in more revenue.

Last year the Treasury used the stiffest tax rates since the war to collect less than $1,000,000,000 in income taxes, divided almost equally between taxes from individuals and from corporations. To do that, it had to study some 4,000,000 income-tax returns from individuals and 450,000 corporate-tax returns. Of the individuals, only about 430,000 had incomes in excess of $5,000. The 450,000 corporations, as a whole, showed a loss of nearly $1,000,000,000 in 1933. However, the individuals reported a gross income (including exemptions) of about $10,000,000,000 a year and the businesses reported total receipts of $84,000,000,000. The Treasury should tax this *gross* income and not net income, and do it currently, by a tax on pay rolls, checks, and business receipts, leaving the surtaxes as well.

How would this work out? If we went back to the Bible and collected a tithe—one tenth of *current* income—the government would receive income taxes of nearly $10,000,000,000 a year, and people would feel it less than the present system, which nets the Treasury only $1,000,000,000.

Is there any reason why the government should not do business this way, rather than come around a year later and license the big taxpayers and corporations to collect from the little fellows? You can't soak the rich without having the rich turn around and soak everybody else. Surtaxes only make the rich and powerful work harder; and though tax exemption ought to be ended, the sooner we realize that nobody is really tax-exempt the sooner we shall change the law—not in the interest of the rich but in the interest of the poor.

THE END

A GENTLEMAN treats whiskey as he does a friend. He chooses it with care; he enjoys it thoroughly; he respects it too much to abuse it.

Paul Jones has been made by the same family for four generations to gain the appreciation and respect of just such men.

Paul Jones

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Paul Jones
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A Blend of Straight Whiskies
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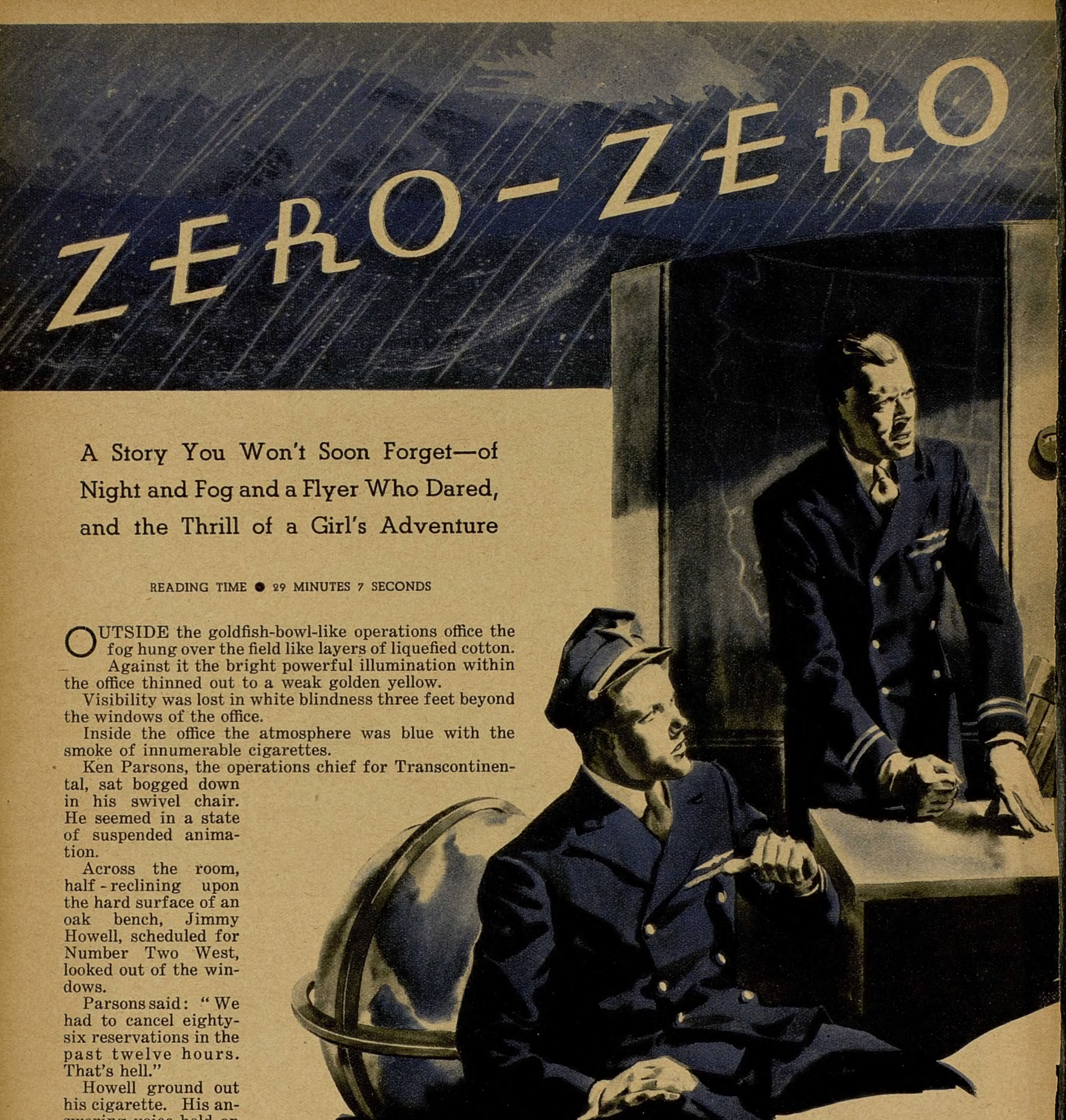
Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Paul Jones, Four Roses, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—all blends of straight whiskies.

ZERO-ZERO



A Story You Won't Soon Forget—of Night and Fog and a Flyer Who Dared, and the Thrill of a Girl's Adventure

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

OUTSIDE the goldfish-bowl-like operations office the fog hung over the field like layers of liquefied cotton. Against it the bright powerful illumination within the office thinned out to a weak golden yellow.

Visibility was lost in white blindness three feet beyond the windows of the office.

Inside the office the atmosphere was blue with the smoke of innumerable cigarettes.

Ken Parsons, the operations chief for Transcontinental, sat bogged down in his swivel chair. He seemed in a state of suspended animation.

Across the room, half-reclining upon the hard surface of an oak bench, Jimmy Howell, scheduled for Number Two West, looked out of the windows.

Parsons said: "We had to cancel eighty-six reservations in the past twelve hours. That's hell."

Howell ground out his cigarette. His answering voice held an edge of resentment:

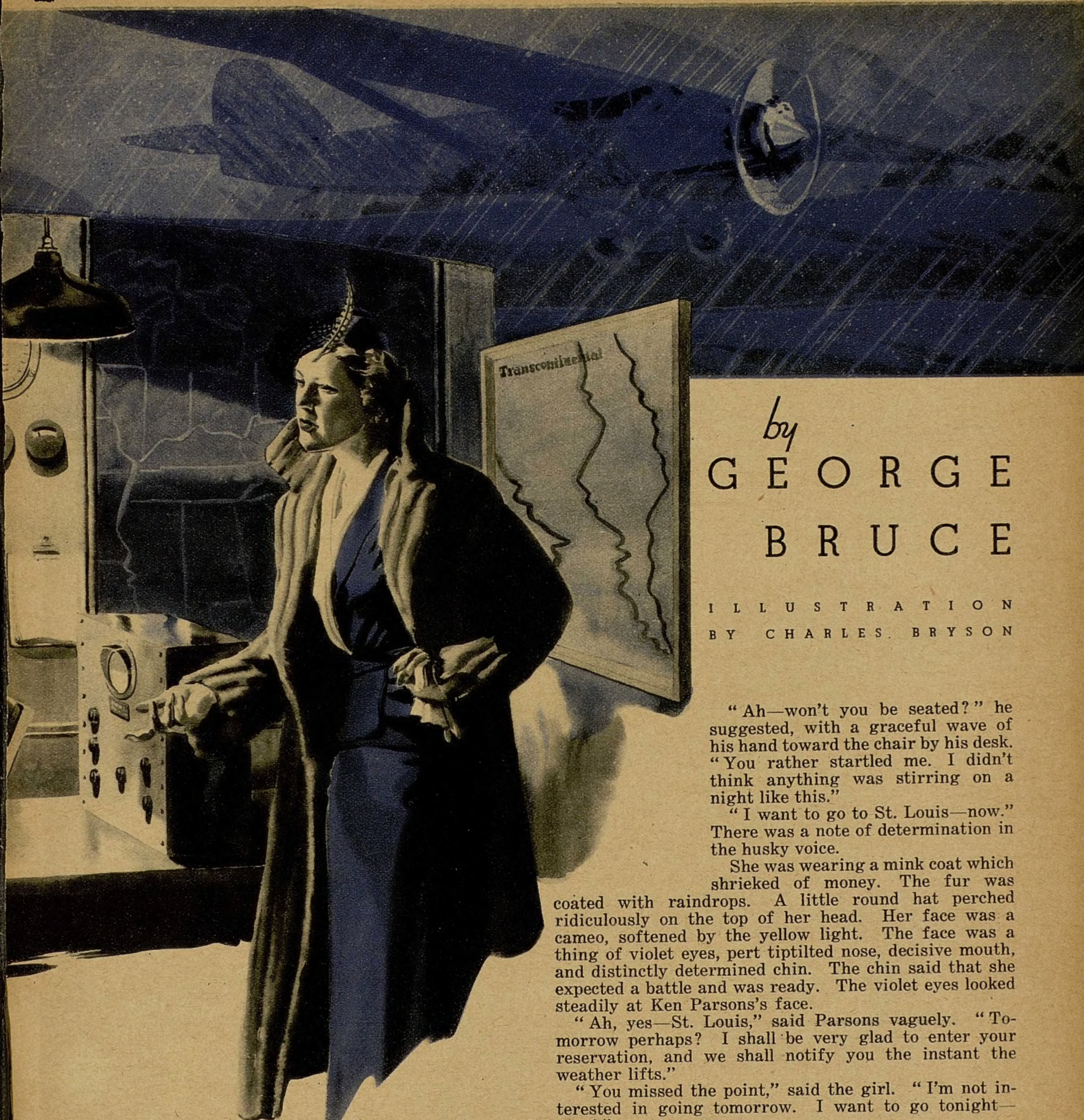
"Fifty million dollars' worth of equipment, the best in the world, and fifty pilots—all ground-tied because of that lousy goo outside. The business of life and death halted just because of a zero-zero. Boy, those angels upstairs must laugh their heads off when they look down at mugs like us who wear nice silver wings and blue uniforms and who can fly like hell—when the sun is shining!"

"Not even the mail is going through," mused Parsons. "They trained it—all over the country."

Jimmy Howell hooted to himself: "'Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.' They give themselves an out when they mention all those things, and skip fog."

"Yeah, they sure missed—" Parsons stopped suddenly and stared.

The door opened. The whining sound of the wind filled the office. A swirling sheet of rain swept in through



"It is not a question of money," Parsons told her. "It's a question of lives of passengers and pilots."

by
GEORGE BRUCE

ILLUSTRATION
BY CHARLES BRYSON

the door, and with it tenuous tendrils of fog. Then the door closed with a bang.

Somehow the two of them found themselves standing on feet, staring. There was a little silence. After a moment a deep husky voice said: "I want to go to St. Louis."

Ken Parsons made an attempt to recapture his professional manner of dealing with the traveling public.

"Ah—won't you be seated?" he suggested, with a graceful wave of his hand toward the chair by his desk. "You rather startled me. I didn't think anything was stirring on a night like this."

"I want to go to St. Louis—now." There was a note of determination in the husky voice.

She was wearing a mink coat which shrieked of money. The fur was coated with raindrops. A little round hat perched ridiculously on the top of her head. Her face was a cameo, softened by the yellow light. The face was a thing of violet eyes, pert tiptilted nose, decisive mouth, and distinctly determined chin. The chin said that she expected a battle and was ready. The violet eyes looked steadily at Ken Parsons's face.

"Ah, yes—St. Louis," said Parsons vaguely. "Tomorrow perhaps? I shall be very glad to enter your reservation, and we shall notify you the instant the weather lifts."

"You missed the point," said the girl. "I'm not interested in going tomorrow. I want to go tonight—now!"

Parsons's eyes shifted for an instant to the gray blindness outside the window. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course," he told her reluctantly, "that is impossible. The gentleman over there by the bench is Pilot Howell. He was scheduled to take Number Two West through tonight. He isn't going. No one is going. This zero-zero is blanketing the entire country. Flying is washed out. Perhaps by tomorrow morning it may lift. There will be a rush for reservations. May I suggest—"

Her face expressed a fleeting contempt. "I have read somewhere that weather conditions mean nothing to companies like Transcontinental. In the advertising, perhaps."

"Weather does not seriously interfere with scheduled flights," Parsons said defensively, "if the terminal fields are open, or reasonably open. We have instruments which make blind flying simple—while the ship is in the air. But we have no instruments as yet which will insure a safe landing in an absolute zero-zero like this."

"Then what is the good of all the other silly instruments?" she demanded. "What is the good of all this talk about the triumph of aviation, when a little fog and rain can keep men like you sitting around, twiddling thumbs? I want to go to St. Louis—immediately. I have a right to go to St. Louis. I'm willing to pay for it. I expect to be able to travel when and where I wish. I don't expect to be told that I can't go—because of a little fog."

"This condition is country-wide, madam," assured Parsons. "Flying is washed out from here to the Rocky Mountains, and from Maine to Florida—because the landing fields are not open. We cannot risk the lives of passengers when we are not sure we can carry them safely."

"I'm willing to pay a bonus," she said tersely. "If it is a question of money, you can name your own price."

"It is not a question of money, madam," Parsons told her. "It's a question of common sense, and the lives of passengers and pilots. Any man who would take your money and permit you to fly under such conditions is a murderer. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly," she said. "I don't suppose there is a private pilot on the field with nerve enough to take me?"

"This is not a question of nerve—courage," Parsons said with icy politeness. "This is a question of attempting the impossible at the risk of human life. Not even Transcontinental is hungry enough for money to play around with human lives."

She whirled and faced Howell. "What do you think about it?" she demanded.

"Who, me?" asked Howell, startled. "Why—you heard the chief, there. He's right. Listen, lady. Believe it or not, if I thought there was a chance of getting through, I'd be on my way. St. Louis is my run."

Her hand reached out for the doorknob. She turned and faced Parsons. "Those silver wings—and those uniforms. They're very effective. You must get *so* much satisfaction out of wearing them."

She flipped the door open and went out into the night. The fog whirled in for a brief instant and the rain pattered on the floor.

There was a little sound from Howell. "Hey!" he said excitedly, coming out of his chair clutching the evening paper. "I had an idea I recognized her the minute she came in. Get a load of this—right on the front page."

"Myrna Bell!" read Parsons from a four-column caption under a picture of a girl in a mink coat and a little round hat. A picture of the girl who had just banged her way out of the operations office. He sank down in his chair, his eyes still fixed on the picture.

"LISTEN! Call her back!" yelped Howell. "I'll fly her. Just flying her would be a break that comes once in a lifetime, even if she wasn't Myrna Bell. But with fifty million bucks. That yarn is all about how she broke up with her boy friend—some foreign cluck with a title. It says they were going to be married in a couple of days—and she called it off for some mysterious reason and disappeared."

"Myrna Bell or no Myrna Bell, I wouldn't O. K. a flight to St. Louis on a night like this for all the dough in the whole damned Bell family!"

"That's the kind of breaks Jimmy Howell gets!" moaned Howell. "The chance that comes once in a lifetime—and it has to be zero-zero!"

The silence settled over the office again, and the liquefied cotton fog seemed to grow thicker and deeper.

. . . . . .

A little shriek of alarm died abruptly in Myrna Bell's throat. She stood tense in the gray, impenetrable fog. She felt her wrists grasped by hard-fingered hands. An instant before, her body had bumped headlong into another body—as hard as the hands which gripped her wrists. A little shriek was instinctive. Her heart pounded; a feeling of sudden suffocation was in her chest.

A voice from out of the invisibility over her head said: "I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?"

She forced a little barking laugh to cover her fright. "Not exactly—but you feel like a defensive tackle—a Minnesota defensive tackle. I was charging along with my head buried in my coat collar, and then—I was thrown for a loss." She was wondering how tall this invisible man was.

"I heard the conversation in there," he said abruptly. "Do you really want to go to St. Louis badly enough to fly on a night like this?"

He had released one of her wrists but continued to grip the other.

SHE decided that she had never heard a voice quite like the voice which came down to her out of the fog. A voice almost mechanical, flat, without light or shadow, without emotion, almost without interest.

"It's extremely important to me," she said. "I said I was willing to pay anything. They almost laughed at me. Do air lines question passengers on why they want to fly—when there is no fog?"

The flat voice said: "How much do you call—'anything'?"

Her teeth clamped together. "So? It *is* a question of money? Are you figuring on making a little something on the side?—because Transcontinental regulations won't fly the regular route in this weather."

"I'm on my own. I have nothing to do with Transcontinental." There was a sudden note of hardness in the voice.

"Are you trying to tell me that you can take me?"

"I'll take you to St. Louis for five thousand dollars," he said.

"Flying a kite? You said you weren't connected with Transcontinental—"

"I have a ship of my own. It'll get there."

"Well, what are we waiting for?"

"For an O. K. on the price."

"I have ten hundred-dollar bills in my purse and I'll give you a check for four thousand." She resented the talk concerning money.

"Have you got four thousand?"

"My name is Myrna Bell."

"Myrna Bell," floated down from out of the fog in that flat voice. "I've heard the name somewhere—sounds familiar. But answer my question. Have you got four thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"That's good enough for me," he said. "You're sure you want to go?"

With her free hand she fumbled in her bag; found the sheaf of ten bank notes folded once across the middle. She pushed the notes into a hard-fingered hand.

"There's your retainer—a thousand dollars. I'll give you the check when we get to St. Louis."

He dropped her wrist, took hold of her elbow with his right hand, steered her through the fog with uncanny sense of direction.

"My ship is in a hangar down the line," he told her. "It's all ready to go. We'll lose no time. I'll push it out, warm it for a minute, and then—St. Louis, here we come!" For the first time there was a tinge of color in his voice—a suppressed eagerness, almost a note of exultation.

They walked two hundred yards before he halted, put out his hand, touched a steel-and-glass door. There was no light in the hangar. He worked in the darkness.

She felt something move. His voice said: "Stand out of the way." She smelled the odor of raw gasoline and oil and of doped linen—the odors surrounding an airplane. Her ears caught the tiny creaking of rubber-tired wheels.

Then he had the plane out of the hangar, on the concrete apron, headed into the wind.

"Climb in," he directed. "The step is right under you. I'll guide you—you can't go wrong. That's it—up. The seat is right under you." She felt his hands working with the belt, binding her to the seat.

Far away a single dim red light burned like a ruby in the absolute invisibility surrounding it.

There was the sudden whine of a starter. Then the staccato bark of a firing cylinder. And then the rhythmic cadence of a motor turning over perfectly. After a moment he revved the motor up and the ship strained against set brakes.

"If you want to change your mind," said his voice, "this is the time. I'll give you back your retainer—"

"I have no intention of changing my mind."

His hand reached out and locked the door beside her.

The fury of the suddenly gunned motor sounded in her ears. The typhoon of the slip stream shook the universe. After a long moment he released the brakes and the ship hurtled forward; picked up speed with a rush; seemed to flatten itself, belly close to the ground.

Then there was the smooth powerful forward motion of flight.

She could not tell when the terror filtered into her soul. She was merely suddenly aware of it prowling through her, touching her nerves with cold clammy fingers. Maddening, convulsive terror. The absence of the feel of the solid earth under her. The wild uprush of the ship as it bucked into an updraft and threshed as if in mortal agony. The sense of complete blindness, of utter darkness. A black, blind sea of utter nothingness, with only the warmth of that arm next to her, the faint odor of cigarette tobacco, to reassure her of the existence of anything living, human, within the void submerging her.

She sat there and fought the terror until she felt a scream rising up in her throat.

If only that gray expanse of fog would lift for a single instant—give her one glimpse of a star, or a light on the earth below—anything!

And the silence from her pilot. How could he sit there, silent, reserved, without a tremor, holding the ship on its course, wresting it away from the grip of the air currents?

"WOULD it bother you—to turn on the instrument-panel lights?"

"Jittery?" he asked.

"No; only it would pass the time if I could watch the instruments." She wondered if he could feel the terror within her.

She felt his arm move. A soft indirect glow of light lit the cabin. She was staring at a Sperry artificial horizon. The little picture of a flying airplane moved up and down, duplicating the movements of the ship.

The altimeter said 18,000 feet. The tachometer said 1,400 revs on the motor. The artificial horizon dipped and slanted wings.

She turned her head deliberately and slowly to look at his face, as if dreading what she might see. He was looking straight ahead through the window. There was an aura of exaltation about him. There was something about his manner of handling the controls—gentle, masterful, almost reverent. She noticed that he had high cheekbones, and that his blond hair was wet and slick from the rain. His chin was long, and cleft. His nose was thin, and the flanges of his nostrils moved with each breath. His eyes were blue—queer blue, like polished metal, and it seemed they never blinked.

After a moment she decided that he was handsome.

Then she noticed that he was shabby. That tweed overcoat and the brown tweed suit had seen better days, and the shoes touching rudder bar were far from new and far from being waterproof. But one forgot the shabbiness in looking at his face. It was a strong, clean, able face. It was freshly shaven.

But it was immobile, expressionless, as if the muscles of expression were frozen. It gave an impression of intense listening. Earphones were clamped over his head and ears. He did not so much as look at her, or turn his head when the lights came on.

She resented that. He seemed completely unaware of her existence. He was rapt in the business of flying the ship. She stole a glance at her face in the mirror of a compact from her bag. She worked deftly for a moment with powder puff and lip rouge.

"SCARED?" he asked suddenly.

"Not now," she told him. "I've had a chance to do my face."

He grinned. "It's pretty bad," he said seriously. "As bad as I've ever flown through. She's bucking plenty—rough in these clouds—and I can't get out of 'em. Young hurricanes blowing through the mountains and valleys of the clouds. But we're still climbing."

He slipped one phone off the ear nearest her. "You can talk to me if you wish—it won't distract me."

"I'm just wondering if I forgot to turn off the motor in my roadster. I parked it on the field when I went in the office—"

"That's a tough way to treat a Rolls," he remarked.

She glanced quickly at his face. "How did you know it was a Rolls?" she demanded. "You couldn't see it—in the fog."

"I heard it. A Rolls motor has a sound all its own."

She said "Oh" faintly.

Then she saw the puckered scar in the center of his face. It was not entirely healed. It split the center of his forehead, ran down over the bridge of his nose. She felt the terror coming back for her. She moved closer to him.

"Put your hand under my arm," he offered. "You're shaking with cold. It'll make you think you're warm, even if you aren't."

She hesitated for an instant. Then the hand slid under his arm. It felt better. The terror went away.

"Still afraid?" he asked.

"I haven't been afraid for a minute," she said defiantly. "Only—if I could see—something. It's like being blind. I've always had a horror of being blind. I can never pass a blind man without a little shudder."

"Yeah," he said in the same flat voice. "I guess—it's a lot like being blind, all right."

There was a silence. She waited for him to speak again; but he sat, his face straight ahead, looking out at the wall of blankness in front of the ship. She wondered if he was deliberately acting that way. Usually men talked, and talked fast, to her. All the men she had known.

"What made you do it—when those Transcontinental men would not?"

"I needed the money," he said shortly.

"Oh—money." She wanted him to say: "I did it for you."

"Were you going to fly tonight anyway?" she asked. "I mean—you were on the field, on a night like this."

"No, I wasn't going to fly. I had no-

where to fly to and no reason to fly—until I heard you talking in the operations office. I was—just standing there—on the field—"

"In the rain and fog?" she demanded.

He shrugged. "Rain and fog—what does it matter? I'm lonesome as hell away from the smell of airplanes."

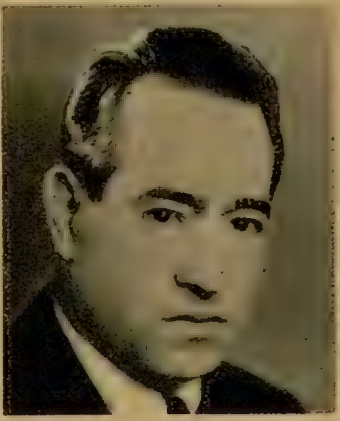
Drink, she decided, or worse. This man was a *pilot.* He handled this ship with a certainty and expertness that spoke of thousands of air hours. Probably a pilot for a big line—until he got fired.

"Would it be too much—to ask your name?" She smiled at him. He seemed not to see the smile. "After all, barging around in zero-zero like this—we shouldn't have to wait for a proper introduction."

She decided that he would have a very nice smile if he would let himself go once and really smile.

"I'm Dick Merritt," he said.

"Dick Merritt?" she mused. "Why—I've heard that name before! Something sensational connected with it. Newspaper stuff. Merritt—Merritt—"



GEORGE BRUCE

has been an editor, a publisher, and writer. He has been flying since 1912 and is national commander of National Air Reserve. Friends say he works so fast his typewriter smokes. It must—he's had 12,000,000 words printed since 1927. Is married and has one son. Charles A. Lindbergh was best man at his wedding.

"The guy who turned over a Transcontinental air liner two months ago with sixteen passengers—and washed it out—in the middle of the Newark airport. That ought to help you remember."

She sat up and stared at him. That scar on his face!

"And he's the man I pick out to fly me blind to St. Louis!" She laughed, little chattering peals of laughter flecked with hysteria.

"The same guy," he said coldly.

"Anybody can have an accident," she told him. The bitterness on his face was too poignant to watch.

"This was no accident," he said in the same cold voice. "I was being smart. Showing off—for a girl. I wanted to show her what a really hot pilot looked like putting one of those babies down on the ground on a dime. Only, the ship stalled on me ten feet off the ground, dropped a wing, and ground-looped over on its back. Nobody got hurt but me—but it scared hell out of the sixteen passengers. I got fired. I should have been shot."

She giggled. "Did it impress the gal?"

The bitterness worked on his face again. "So much so that I haven't seen her since. She got herself married to a fellow with better sense. I don't blame her. A broken pilot like me has a snowball's chance in hell of getting another job. All I know is flying. When I can't fly I can't eat—neither can any one who depends on me for eating."

"Well, she might have waited—a little while—to see if you could get another job!"

"What for? I should know better than anybody in the world that gals and gasoline don't mix."

His jaw muscles were set in hard lumps and there was a whiteness around his mouth. His face was looking straight forward.

She felt something moving within her. A sudden rush of pity, of understanding for the things he had not said.

Her hand closed about his arm. "Buck up, pilot," she said. "There are jobs and jobs—and gals and gals. One job and one gal don't make up a lifetime."

FOR the first time he turned his face toward her. She felt a little sense of shock. There was something so terrible about that face—something so hungry, aloof, cold. Something so utterly final in the white smile.

"You're wrong," he said huskily. "There was one gal and one job. I had 'em both. I'll never get 'em again." He stopped suddenly and turned his face forward.

She laughed scornfully. She wanted to make him feel her scorn. "Before we took off you asked me if some one was chasing me—because I wanted to get away, to fly, even in zero-zero. I told you no, but that was only part of the truth. I had to get away from myself."

The words were coming with a rush. They were flooding up from that tight feeling in her chest—that terrible choking sensation that had been with her for two days. She was suddenly talking to the image of her own soul.

"I was in love too," she said fiercely. "That is—I thought I was. A man came along. He had that certain something—for whole weeks I couldn't think of anything else."

She dared to snatch a glance at his face. He was still tense, looking forward at nothing.

"Then—I woke up. You see, we were going to be married. I was already in those castles in Spain—in my own mind. It was all settled. Even the amount of money I had to put out to buy those castles in Spain. Night before last I was coming out of a theater. I had a feeling that I had to see him. I sent the car home and took a cab to his hotel. I wanted to surprise him. I went up on the elevator and knocked on his door—"

Her voice trailed away for a moment. Then it came back again, strong and even. "He had a girl up there with him. A girl I had never seen. I guess—I said things. He asked me if I expected to buy his whole life."

There was no sign from that lean face above her shoulder.

"I found myself walking on the street. Everything was suddenly ugly and hateful. I wanted to get home—to St. Louis, away from the whole City of New York. Away from the same buildings—the shame, the humiliation. I fought it for a whole night and day. Then I went to the airport—"

HIS right hand probed along her arm, found her hand, patted it gently.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry as hell. I guess—I understand how much it hurt. I guess that tells me why you wanted to go tonight, hell or high water. I'm glad I was around."

"The newspapers—all of them—looking at myself from the front page—"

"Yeah, those newspapers are hard to take. They sure can crucify a bird. They certainly gave it to me—plenty!"

Her voice was hot with defiance and scorn. "But if you think I'm going to let that little episode wreck my life, you're crazy!" she threw at him. "I wasn't in love with him at all. I was in love with the idea of being in love. I was lonely. All my life I've had to keep away from people—on account of money—because I've been told every one would flatter or take advantage of me because I have money. I thought he was different. But it was just the hunger for some one—just the need for some one besides lawyers and trust officers and people like that. I'm going to stay in St. Louis. I'm going to forget the whole business. I'm going to tell myself how lucky I am to be free of a mess."

"You'll do it, too," he nodded. "You've got plenty of what it takes."

"But *you* sit there and tell me about *one* job and *one* girl." There was infinite scorn in her voice. "A gal who didn't even wait to see if you could get another job! She sure would have been a lot of help and comfort in your old age! You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Let's skip it, shall we?" he said in that clipped voice.

With the silence again, that terror of the unknown, that dread of the invisible came back to her. The whine of the wind and the drone of the motor were sinister intermingled sounds. The rain burst against the windows like puffs of shrapnel. For the first time she noticed that she was in a four-place-cabin job. Probably a Stinson, like her own ship.

She wondered how he could sit there, his face so placid, his body so relaxed, that queer abstract calm in his eyes, his hand resting with feather touch on the controls. He moved only to avert disaster. For the most part he seemed to have implicit faith in the inherent stability of the ship.

Her hand clutched at his arm. Her eyes were staring out of the windows.

"Look! A light! I see a light ahead. Oh, it's a star!

More of them—all over the sky. Stars and the moon. Look! We're above the clouds—we're out of the fog. It's below us." Her voice was almost a sob. "It's so good—to see something—again!"

His voice was husky.

"Yeah," he said. "The moon on clouds is sure beautiful, isn't it? It's always a thrill—that and the stars—so close you feel you can reach up and touch 'em with your fingers."

She sat there looking out of the window. The beauty of the night sky seemed to wash into her soul. She half-closed her eyes. She could feel the warmth of his arm under her hand. It seemed so strong, so sure, so safe.

She closed her eyes for an instant. . . .

It seemed that his voice drifted down a thousand miles of echoing corridors before it reached her—his voice speaking staccato sentences. Consciousness returned to her with a wrenching sensation. She saw that he was speaking into a mouthpiece strapped on to his chest. There was a spare set of earphones hanging from a hook on her own side of the cockpit. She reached out her hand, took them up, pressed one phone to her ear.

"Dick Merritt, NC17903, calling Transcontinental, St. Louis — Dick Merritt, NC17903, calling Transcontinental, St. Louis." He was repeating the words over and over into the mouthpiece.

THERE was a steady droning sound in the earphones, like a radio turned on but not tuned in on a station. Then, every now and then, a repeated sequence of dots and dashes.

"Dick Merritt, NC17903, calling Transcontinental, St. Louis."

And then a far-off voice. "Transcontinental, St. Louis, answering Dick Merritt, NC17903!" And the voice was leaping with excitement and something else.

"Will you give me my position, please?" asked Merritt matter-of-factly. She noticed there was a little grin on his face.

"My God! Merritt!" said the voice in the earphones. "Are you crazy?"

"Position, please?" insisted Merritt.

"Wait a minute."

There was a silence. Then the voice came back: "You're right on the beam—smack on the nose—"

"Weather on the ground?"

"Zero-zero right down on the field—been that way for hours. Where you coming from?"

"Newark," said Merritt curtly. "Where's the wind on the field?"

"Thirty miles, gusty, northwest, swinging to north at intervals."

"Field clear?"

"It's been clear since the weather shut down. Nothing moving."

"O. K. I'll be in in twenty minutes. Watch for me. Signing off now."

"Transcontinental, St. Louis, to Dick Merritt, NC17903, signing off,"

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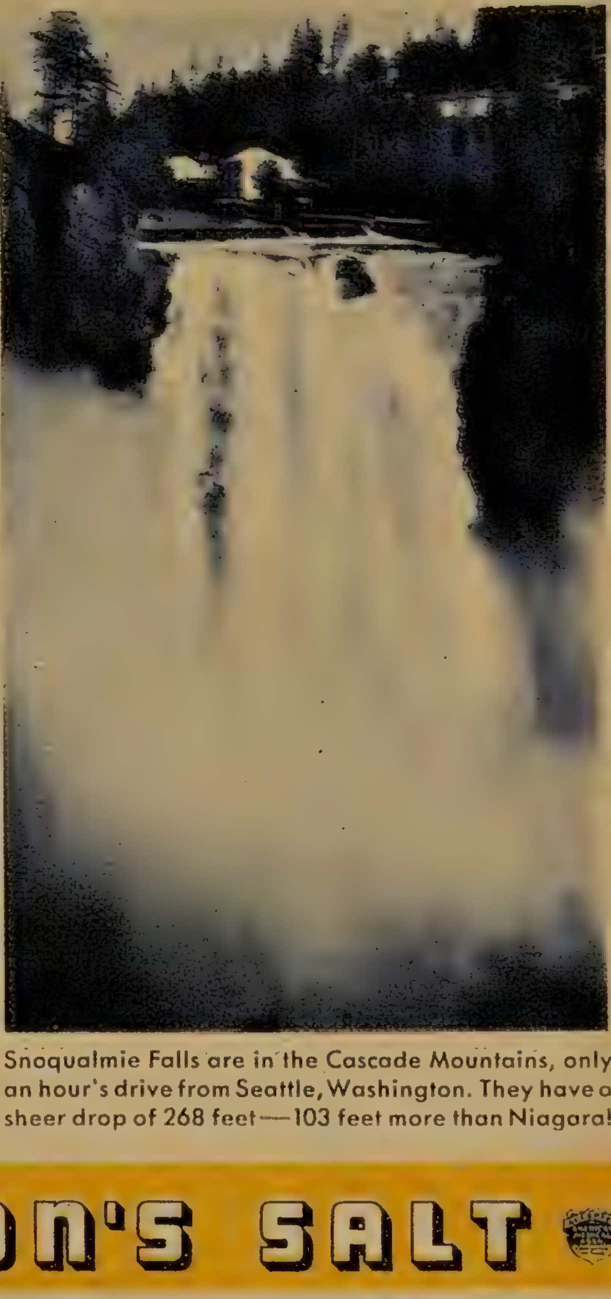

Snoqualmie Falls are in the Cascade Mountains, only an hour's drive from Seattle, Washington. They have a sheer drop of 268 feet—103 feet more than Niagara!

MORTON'S SALT

"—don't try to get well in a day..."

no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

—there is usually a definite reason for these

DON'T try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

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SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

repeated the voice in the earphones. It had a brittle awe-filled sound.

His hand reached out for the throttle, moved it. With the lowering of the motor sound the raging of the elements seemed to increase. He was taking the ship down, easing it through the gray blankness.

He turned his head. "Have a nice sleep?" he asked. He actually grinned. But there was a tautness about his face and a new alertness about his body.

The ship sagged and settled, down and down, thousands of feet. She sat there, waiting for a crushing impact against something solid — for the sound of ripping metal and shredding wings. And she kept her eyes fixed on his face.

Not even a glint of fear came into his eyes or moved his features.

Little by little he eased the throttle off the ship until the motor was no more than idling; and all the while he listened to the sound in his earphones, that droning, broken by the repeated sequences of dots and dashes, increasing in intensity with each instant.

The end came so quickly, she did not realize that it was the end. She saw his body shift in the seat, half-lean forward, saw his feet straighten on the rudder bar, and his hands bringing the stick back and back—and the settling motion of the ship—until the stick was all the way back.

And there was a gentle bump from under the ship, and the sensation of rolling, checked by even pressure on the brakes.

Then she saw the dull glow of floodlights on the field and the red danger lights.

Voices sounded from outside the cabin.

He reached in front of her and threw back the lock on the door.

"St. Louis," he said.

She looked at his face. She saw that it was suddenly haggard—old-looking, lined, as if after an ordeal.

Hands reached into the cabin, lifted her out on to the ground.

A voice said: "Dick Merritt—and with a lady passenger from Newark—in this!"

SHE had to stand for a moment, leaning against the side of the ship. Pulsations of weakness raced through her body.

She heard her voice speaking to Dick Merritt: "If you'll come in the office, I'll be glad to give you the check."

His voice came back to her—it sounded as if her ears were stuffed with cotton: "O. K. Might as well get it over with."

The little knot of field attendants clustered about them. They kept saying: "Dick Merritt—and a girl—from Newark—in his own ship—in this!"

It was warm and light inside the office. She sank down in a chair in front of a desk and fumbled in her purse for her checkbook, wrote the words and figures: "Dick Merritt . . . . . . $4000.00 . . . . Four thousand and no/100 Dollars . . . . Myrna Bell." Her hand was still shaking as she handed it to him. He did not even glance at it before he folded it and put it in his pocket.

"Well, good night," he said in his queer flat voice. "And good luck with the memory business."

"Good night," she said dumbly, her eyes on his face. "The same to you—and thanks a million."

He turned on his heel, found the doorknob, opened the door, went out into the zero-zero. The blue-uniformed men in the office merely stood about as if too dazed to utter a sound.

"COULD I get a taxi?" she asked. It seemed so utterly empty and lonely with Merritt gone.

"A taxi? Certainly," said a voice. "Hey, Joe, get a taxi for the lady—phone for one. There hasn't been a single hack outside for hours."

Another voice was saying: "Well, that's one more for the book. A blind man flying an airplane from Newark to St. Louis—in this—"

She felt her knees driving her to her feet. Something was churning around within her. A memory, his face—that placid, abstracted look. She felt her hands clutching the lapels of a blue uniform, saw a face rocking back and forth crazily as she shook the body under the blue uniform.

"What did you say—what?" Her voice was a moaning shriek. "What did you say—about a blind man?"

"Hell, lady—I mean, I'm sorry! I thought you knew—everybody knows. Dick Merritt is as blind as a bat. That crack—Newark—when he washed out Number Two East—something happened. He ran his face against the cockpit. Didn't you see the scar? Sure. When he woke up in the hospital he was—he couldn't see. Something about the sock he took made his optical nerves haywire. I heard some guys on the line saying that a big-shot doctor in New York claims he can fix Dick up, but the operation will cost five thousand dollars—and no air-line pilot ever had five thousand dollars—"

She fought to keep the consciousness from draining out of her, fought to keep her feet and to keep her fight. She pushed the blue uniform away from her. Her eyes darted to the door and the zero-zero outside.

Her mouth opened and closed. She darted across the office, threw the door open with one sweep of her hand and arm. She stood on the threshold for a moment, trying to see through the fog and rain. Her face was a white mask, with the violet eyes filled with a lambent flame.

Then her voice called:

"Dick—oh, Dick darling—please—wait for me!"

Over and over, receding as she hurried through the invisibility which had swallowed Dick Merritt. Over and over until other little sounds came to the gang clustered in the doorway of the office, telling them that she had found him.

THE END

Snapshots in Ethiopia

A Lively Glimpse of the Lighter Side of War, as Liberty's Reporter Saw It

by KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Mr. Collings (in white hat and riding breeches) in the market at Addis Ababa.

I DON'T like toast. I used to, plenty. I even taught my native cook how to make it—which was some job. Ethiopian kitchens, in little sheds, have open fires; toast has to be held in front of the flame by hand.

One chilly morning I sat at the breakfast table waiting for my toast. The cook was, if possible, slower than usual. I was late for an appointment; I could wait no longer. I walked out to the kitchen to find out the cause of the delay. I found it: the cook's feet were cold.

Coming into the dim kitchen from the bright sunlight made everything look hazy, but I made out the form of the cook reclining on a low stool, both bare feet extended to the fire. I bawled him out. Cold feet or not, he was delaying my breakfast.

"Oh, no!" said the cook. "I am a resourceful man; I can do two things at once."

He pointed toward the fire. "See? Your toast is cooking very nicely."

It was. A piece of slowly browning bread was clutched firmly between the naked toes of each of his outstretched feet.

● The lion is the symbol of Ethiopian might. The Emperor keeps a few cages full of the beasts behind his palace. They are valuable specimens—also ferocious.

One night five of the lions got loose and started to tear things up generally. None of the guards dared to kill them without special permission from the Emperor.

His Majesty was sleeping; the household servants didn't dare to wake him for a little thing like a few stray lions. While everybody argued, the lions killed a mule boy and chewed up another so badly that he died the next day.

The Emperor was finally waked up; he promptly issued the necessary order to shoot the beasts. Some one opened up with a machine gun—and I nearly dropped dead with surprise. The shooting was accurate; the lions were killed with a minimum of shots.

The next day I made it my business to find out who the unknown marksman was. I didn't think any Ethiopian—with the exception of a few chiefs in far-off Ogaden—could shoot that straight. No Ethiopian did. It was the Belgian commandant of the palace guard.

● The Ethiopian government wished to know if there was gold in Gojjam. They sent a European geologist to find out. The local chiefs didn't quite dare interfere. He had papers from Addis Ababa giving him permission.

He started to dig. That was different. Nothing in these papers said anything about digging; the chiefs arrested him on the spot.

It took a month to send a message to the capital and another month to get an answer. The geologist could now dig. He put a few specimens in a bag, started to carry them away, and was arrested all over again. He didn't have permission to "steal" any rocks. Another two months was wasted before he could carry the specimens away.

He took them to Addis Ababa and found, as he had suspected, that they were worthless. There was no gold, nor anything else of value, in Gojjam. The geologist saw no reason for secrecy. He told about it publicly.

Certain government officials summoned him to a conference. He had not been paid as yet. He emerged from the conference carrying his pay—and proclaiming loudly to one and all that he had never seen a country so rich in minerals. Great riches—yes, untold fortunes—lay untouched in the hills of Gojjam.

● I have acquired a Springfield rifle. It was loaned to me by a big-game hunter; he left it behind for my use. It has a type of sight which is new to me. A strange gun is worse than useless, so I took it into the country to do a little practicing.

Another chap—a Hollander—went along. He took a shotgun to hunt game while I sighted-in my rifle. I was looking for a level spot with a hlll at the end to stop bullets. About ten miles out of town I found it. There was a three-foot tree at the base of the hill; I pinned a piece of white paper on the tree and paced off a hundred yards.

The Hollander climbed over behind the hill. From time to time I heard his gun.

I discovered that the front sight of the Springfield was bent. I burned up twenty cartridges before I was satisfied that I knew how to compensate for the error. By that time I had an audience. Ethiopians are always attracted by gunfire, and fifteen or twenty had gathered to watch us shoot.

The Hollander had not returned, so I killed time by examining the target close up. Of course the bullets had gone through the tree as if it had been so much soft butter; I expected that, but my audience didn't. They let out a yell when they saw the holes on the far side, then fell to jabbering among themselves.

I tried to explain the penetration of a Springfield bullet. They didn't believe me.

"We know you jest," said one. "No bullet will pierce a great tree like that."

"Then how in the hell do you think the holes got in the other side?" I asked.

"You cannot fool us," said the native. "We know how they got there. The other *ferengi* was shooting at the other side of the tree from the hill—we heard his gun."

THE END

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED BY MAJOR BOWES

BONG! Good evening, family.

Around, around she goes, and where she stops, nobody knows. The amateur writers' wheel of fortune starts to spin in this week's Liberty.

Thousands of manuscripts and drawings have been pouring in, and I am pleased at your wholehearted response. You know, of course, that it is difficult choosing the outstanding contributions each week, but do not give up at your first attempt. Try again!

Remember, each amateur whose contribution appears on these pages will receive five dollars. And there is a chance of winning additional prizes: $25 for the first prize; $10 for the second; and one of the three third prizes of $5 each.

There is a new contest each week with similar awards. But—you must be an amateur (professional writers and artists are barred), and your entry must be original. Write down your true experiences, a short story (not over 500 words), verse, jingles, quips, epigrams, bright sayings, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything!

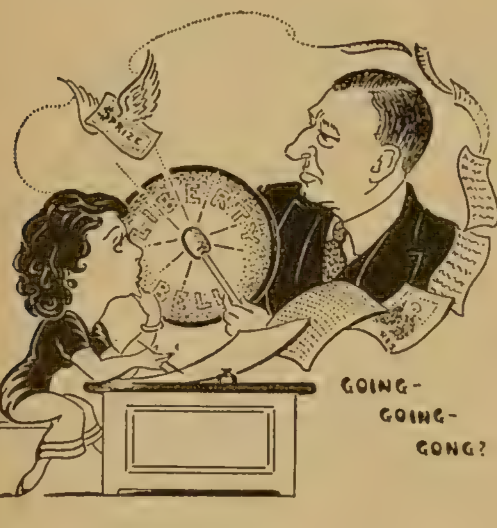
You might be one of the lucky winners.

Just send your contribution to

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR CONTEST
Major Edward Bowes, Editor
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Major Edward Bowes

To Ruth E. Steeby—1937 S. Madison Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.—the Liberty gong means something to hope for. Her sketch is a very commendable pen-and-ink impression and I think she should be encouraged to continue—don't you?



A merry bit of verse comes from Lester E. Hemmings, 4649 Boundary Street, San Diego, Calif. Lester asked to appear before my "typographical microphone." All right. Here is his entry:

PISCATORIAL PROTEST

As she twisted the key on a can of oiled fish
A thumb-weary housewife gave vent to a wish
And was heard to beseech
With a petulant screech
All the makers of tins for this ocean-food dish:

"Though really not classed with perennial yippers,
My wrath's unsurpassed at these darned finger nippers;
To stop kitchen fidgets
And ease midget digits,
Oh, shippers, equip your canned kippers with zippers!"

And while we're on the verse subject let us consider Byron Ragsdale, Fort Worth, Tex., who expressed a desire to "break into print." We'll let the readers decide if Byron gets the gong!

A BRAVE COWARD!

To Liberty and Major Bowes
All thanks and praise belong,
For now free verse and epigrams
Shall vie with flute and song.

Come one, come all, employ your time!
Who dreads to face the throng?
Not I, for one. Here comes my rhyme—
But hark! I hear the gong!

An interesting bit of crime detection is brought before us in this short short story by Charles S. Marvin, 14 Centre Street, Cambridge, Mass. He has managed to get a splendid climax to his story.

THE CRIME DETECTOR

James Davidson believed that ex-criminals could be converted into good citizens; and, in support of this theory, offered positions in his factory to each prisoner released from the nearby penitentiary. Many had accepted and each had done his job efficiently and honestly.

But at last some one had violated his trust; a theft had been committed from the shipping room.

Davidson questioned the four employees of that department without result. So he consulted Professor Chadwick, the psychologist, to whom he gave brief descriptions of the four men. Casey, in charge of the shipping room, had been in Davidson's employ for twenty years and was above suspicion.

The other three were ex-convicts: Levey, Devito, and Davis; and now Davidson and Chadwick confronted the three.

The professor began by asking if any of them wished to confess. Receiving no response, he continued: "Very well. In the next office I have set up an electrical device, the voltage of which is harmless to one whose nervous condition is normal but deadly to one concealing the truth.

"You will go to the next office one at a time, take one of the handles in each hand for thirty seconds, then return here.

"Those who are innocent have nothing to fear; but the guilty man will not return alive."

Levey was the first to submit to the test. He strode quickly from the office, and returned half a minute later. Devito did likewise.

"Then Davis is guilty!" cried Levey.

"Not so fast," said the professor. "Do you wish to take the test, Davis?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Davis replied. In less than a minute Davis returned to the office.

"My experiment seems to have failed," said Chadwick. "But I may still be able to tell the guilty man. I want all of you to hold out your hands."

The professor examined their palms; then said: "The thief is Levey."

"But I don't understand!" exclaimed Davidson.

"Simple enough," Chadwick replied. "That electrical device carried a low and harmless voltage. But the handles were covered with lampblack. You will note that the palms of Devito and Davis are black, while Levey's are white. Being guilty, he dared not take the test."

A very nice tribute to that beloved figure of the literary world—Rudyard Kipling. Mary Jane Fuller of Montgomery, Ala., has absorbed much of Kipling's style in her "Lest We Forget." A very nice memento!

"LEST WE FORGET"

Hi, there, Tommy Atkins, will you drink a drink with me?
We'll give a toast to the Master's ghost, wherever it may be.
(But Tommy's eyes are filled with tears
And he doesn't care who knows it;
And Tommy's heart is filled with grief
And he's not ashamed to show it.)

So Tommy is a soldier, eh? With a heart as hard as stone?
And Tommy fights a darn good fight; you'd best leave him alone?
(His head is bowed in sorrow
And he's pitiful to see.)
While I give the toast to the Master's ghost, wherever it may be.

East is East and West is West
(And who am I to doubt it?).
They hung poor Danny Deever
(Though he could have done without it).
Gunga Din was a water boy
(But they never mentioned pay).
And the sun comes up like thunder
(On the road to Mandalay).
Fuzzy was a heathen
(But a fighting one, the bloke!).
And a woman is only a woman
(But a good cigar's a smoke).
So I'll call my friend, Mrs. Hauksbee, and we'll 'ave a spot o' tea
While we give a toast to the Master's ghost, wherever it may be.

Nineteen-year-old Peggy C. Fears—whose application reads, "Occupation: Stenographer"—offers fourteen epigrams, of which I have chosen three.

The first because of its wit:

The limelight burns up more celebrities than the sun ever does.

The second because of its sparkle:

KNOW DRAFT VENTILATION

"Come ride with me in my motorcar,"
Said he; "I'm good at talking."
"I'll ride," said she defiantly;
"You know, I'm good at walking!"

And the third because of its cleverness:

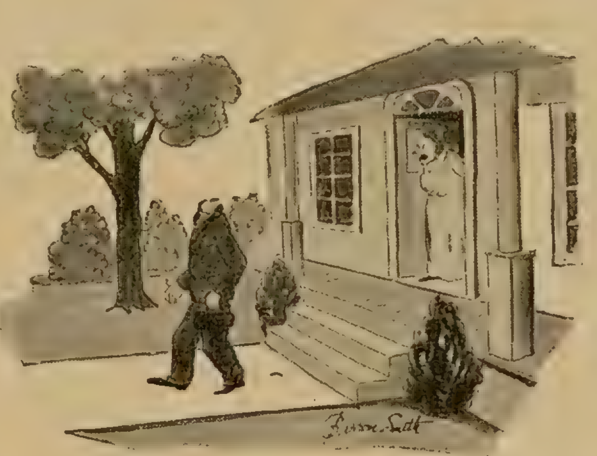
"I think I'll go on a bender," said the fly as he started crawling around a pretzel.

Miss Fears is from East Point, Ga. I think she possesses a definite flair for smart sayings. Who knows?—they may lead some day to smart dialogue emanating from the recording behind the screening of a tremendous-hit talking picture.

Photo by
John Dreves

Major Edward Bowes indulging in one of his favorite indoor recreations.

"I have been receiving nothing but courteous rejection slips for my comic aspirations for nearly two years," writes Barron Smith, Monroe, La. Well, here's one time the wheel of fortune will stop at your lucky number. Your contribution is very entertaining. I hope it brings you a cycle of good luck.



"William dear, you are forgetting something."

Mrs. Modern America (Mrs. N. P. Renfro, Thirtieth Street, Miami, Fla.) goes philosophic:

Personality is something that enables one to get by on banana oil instead of elbow grease!

And I think she deserves an encore with her brief but amusing retort:

Marriage is America's national spat!

From C. D. Curren, Elmira, N. Y., comes an epigram of humorous quality. It is brief—amusing:

WAS HE A NUT?

He sat in the dentist's chair waiting for treatment. From hat to spats, his apparel spoke louder than words. His sartorial splendor was matched by the vacant expression on his face.

"Shall we give him gas?" whispered the awed assistant.

The dentist frowned anxiously. "I daren't," he whispered back. "How'd I know when he became unconscious?"

Here is humor, charm, expectancy—the beginning of a sophisticated author. Robert F. Connolly, of 89 Park Avenue, Tuckahoe, N. Y., offers this:

He knelt at her feet, looking up expectantly. His fine young face clearly showed the anxiety he felt. She looked down fondly, a faint smile flickering across her well formed face. Not a word was spoken. An air of tenseness prevailed. Slowly her lips parted and softly and slowly escaped one word: "Dear!" So low he could scarcely hear it, but he leaned forward to better hear her next word. Yes. The word was repeated, this time more firmly, more assuringly: "Dear!" He arose and in a husky voice said: "Of course, madam, we have a much cheaper shoe in imitation leather."

HOW TO VOTE

Send in your vote by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue. A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each will be awarded to the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Contributors are urged to keep carbon copies of their material, for Liberty will not return rejected manuscripts. Neither can the editors of Liberty enter into correspondence regarding material submitted. Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

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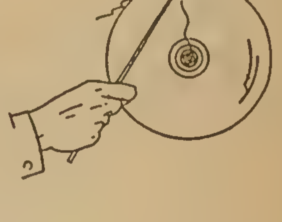
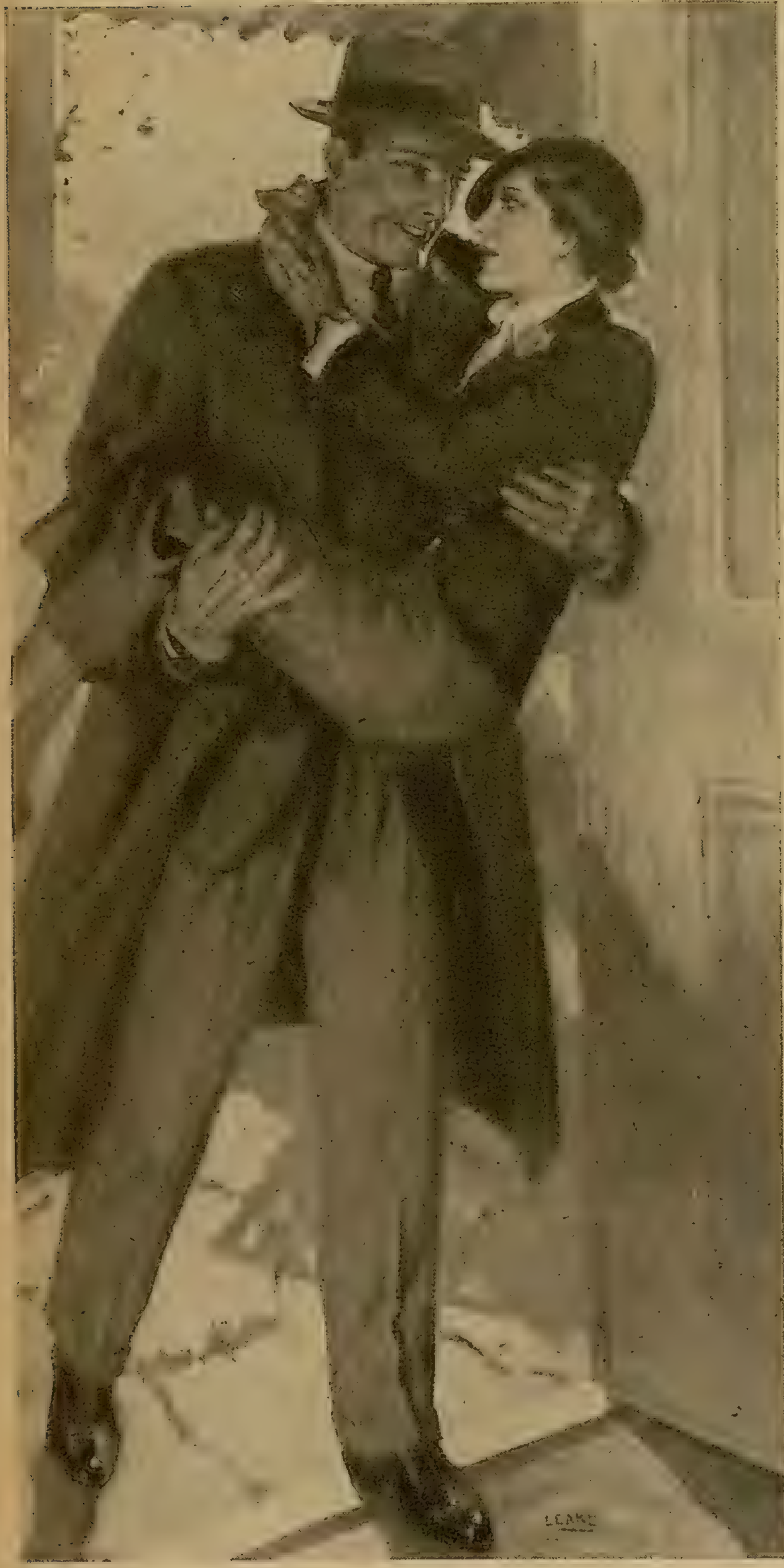
It is not a hard job to fool the editors or even Major Bowes. They might accept and unknowingly publish something that has been copied or lifted from other sources—other people's work. But remember that you will always be caught. If the original author doesn't catch you, some bright reader will. Also remember that copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft, and that any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.



The LADY His

A CAPTIVATING STORY OF A BRIDE'S PERPLEXITIES AND A SMALL BOY'S HUNGRY HEART

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 31 SECONDS



John, laughing but with a note of emotion in his voice, said, "Got to lift you over the threshold."

WE'RE almost there, Mrs. Mayfair," John said.

Sally Ann, with her eyes on the flying landscape, smiled. From the dusty window of the day coach in which they were completing the last lap of their journey to West Huron, a dim reflection of herself smiled back with a flash of dimples in a face rosy with happiness. Sally Ann tried to subdue the dimples—no sense in labeling herself a bride for the amusement of all her fellow travelers. She said, "I can hardly wait."

"It isn't a very pretty town, Mrs. Mayfair. It'll seem—well—poky, after the city."

"It'll seem sweet, Mr. Mayfair. Because it'll be home."

"The house is nice. And you'll love old Mrs. Martin. She's the Kohinoor among jewels. Every housewife in West Huron has tried to get her away. Sally Ann?"

"Yes"—Sally Ann dropped her voice and added—"darling?"

"About Junior. You've been such a good sport—"

"Good sport?" Sally Ann turned away from the window. Her eyes were enormous with protest, bright with happiness. "Why, Junior's almost the very nicest part of all of it! All my life I've wanted to make up to some child for—for my own childhood."

Those nights at Aunt Ruth's seemed far away to her now. Nights when she had wept with terror of the dark, loneliness for her mother, bewilderment over the harsh realities of a world in which, suddenly, no one deeply loved an orphaned child who had been the center of her parents' universe. The years at Aunt Ruth's had turned her into a timid, self-conscious girl who, but for the miracle of John Mayfair's love, might never have emerged from her shell of reserve.

"I haven't told you much about him, Sally Ann. Matter of fact, I don't *know* much about him. I've never been able to—you know—get under his skin. It seems ridiculous when you're talking about a baby of six, but—the kid isn't easy to know. And of course I've had to be away a good deal. Mrs. Martin adores him. I've left him pretty much to her."

"I—hope he'll like me." For a moment the old doubt of herself, instilled in those years at Aunt Ruth's, crept back to Sally Ann's heart. "I'll try hard to win him."

"You'll win him all right, Mrs. Mayfair. Like father, like son. See how you captivated me the first day I walked into the office. Why, Sally Ann, when you looked up from that typewriter and asked me what I wanted—I could have told you *the* one thing I wanted right then."

"I felt like that too," Sally Ann whispered. She forgot for the moment everything but the miracle of their love.

West Huron was a crude new city built around the Huron mines. Great smelters. Small stores. Small two-family houses. On the hill one street of nice homes. At the end of the street Superintendent Mayfair's house and lawn.

Sally Ann, with a confused impression of all these things mingling in her mind, stepped out of the car. Old Mr. Martin, combined gardener and handy man and chauffeur, lifted out the bags. Mrs. Martin, immaculate in gray silk and white apron, opened the front door. John Mayfair, laughing but with an organ note of deep emotion sounding in his voice, said, "Got to lift you over the threshold, Mrs. Mayfair."

Sally Ann was carried into a beautiful old hallway. Into her kingdom.

Midway in a tour of the house, she remembered. "But, John dear. I haven't seen the baby."

John looked conscience-smitten. "That's so. Where's Junior, Mrs. Martin?"

"Somewhere about, I dare say."

Father MARRIED

by
FAITH ELLEN SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERALD LEAKE

Mrs. Martin was tall and somewhat spare. There was something vaguely familiar about her which Sally Ann could not quite place. Her iron-gray hair was combed straight back from her forehead, done in a small tight knot on the top of her head. It was obvious that she was the Kohinoor among household jewels. The big house was spotless and in perfect order.

Sally Ann felt a little awed by Mrs. Martin. Mrs. Martin had known John's first wife, had reared John's motherless baby, had run this house for six years.

"He'll turn up," said Mrs. Martin. "This electric refrigerator, now, Mrs. Mayfair. Your husband just bought it before he went to the city. You don't have to defrost it. It's marvelous."

"I—see," Sally Ann said vaguely. She knew nothing about housework. She had never defrosted a refrigerator. "Did he go out to play, Mrs. Martin?"

"He went out somewhere. I told him not to go far. I was busy putting flowers in the vases. I told him be sure and put on his warm sweater. These are the back stairs, Mrs. Mayfair. Would you like to go up now or wait until you've rested a little?"

"I think I'll go up," Sally said meekly. "Why don't you go out and look for the baby, John? Mrs. Martin can finish showing me the house."

"That's an idea," John said. He went.

JUNIOR'S room had a frieze of rabbits and puppies and kittens around its walls, a gay-colored rug on the floor, a large collection of toys neatly placed on shelves and in boxes, a little white iron bed with Goldilocks and the three bears worked into the spread. Sally Ann's room, and John's room, beyond the connecting bath, held bowls of fresh flowers. Through open doors the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Martin looked bright and pleasant.

"You might like to wash up and rest a little and then come down and have a cup of tea," Mrs. Martin said. "If you want anything, you can call down the back stairs."

She went, with dignity, back to her kitchen.

Sally Ann washed her hands and face in the lavender-and-white-tiled bathroom. She combed her long dark hair and twisted it afresh, powdered her face, put on one of her pretty new afternoon dresses. She didn't look like the same Sally Ann Deane who had been a secretary in the main office of the mines. She wasn't the same. Sally Ann Deane, lonely, not very pretty, secretly terrified of life, had suffered a sea change into Sally Ann Mayfair, with a comfortable home and a devoted husband, dimples in her cheeks and a transfiguring light of happiness in her eyes. Sally Ann Mayfair, with a little son—whom no one should be allowed to refer to as a stepson—to whom she could make vicarious atonement for her own unhappy childhood.

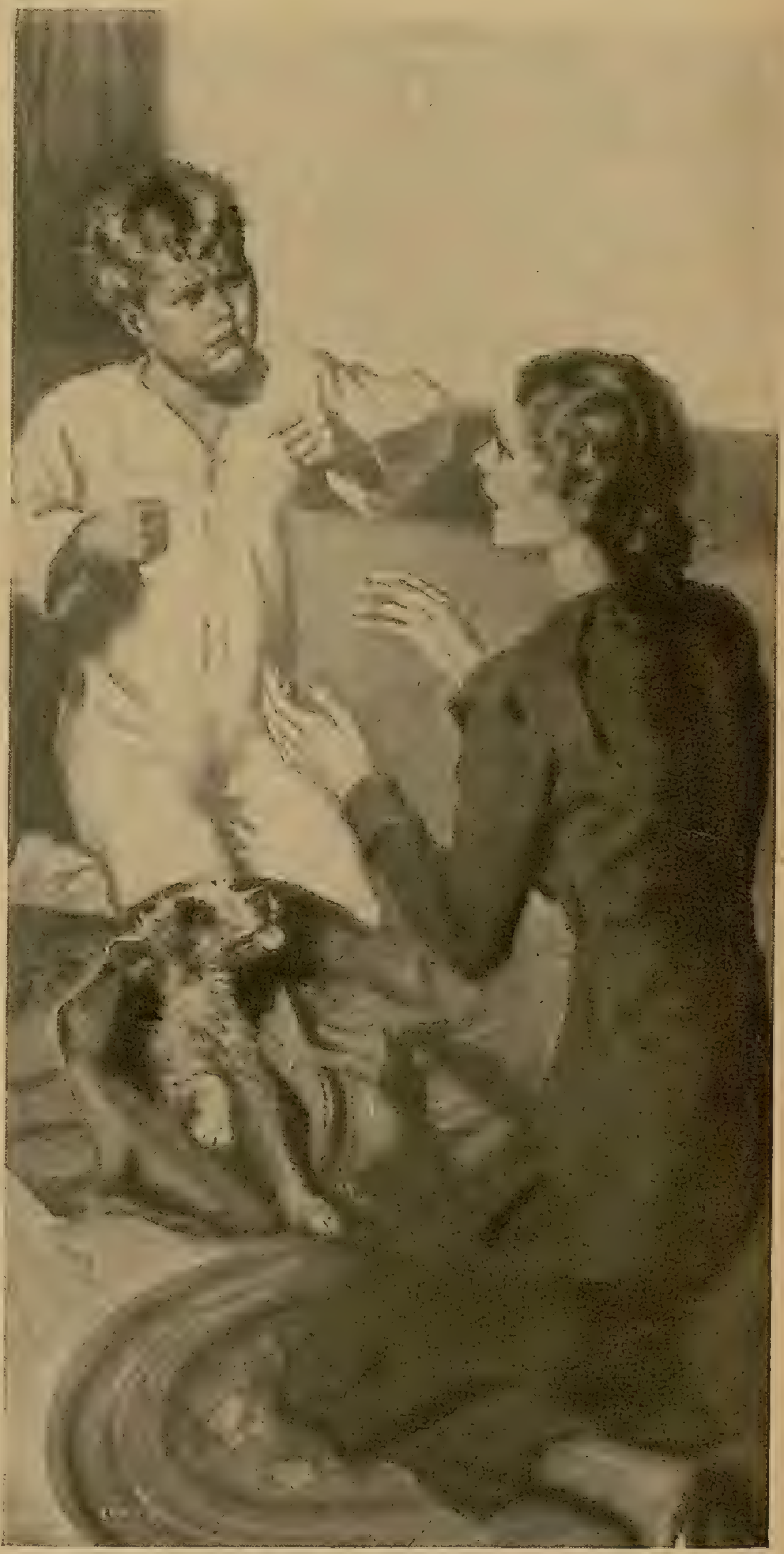
She got up abruptly and went to the front window. John Mayfair stood at the entrance to the driveway talking to Mr. Martin. There was no child with them. Sally Ann resolutely went down the stairs, opened the door, and walked across the floor of the porch.

"Couldn't you find him?" she asked John Mayfair.

"I shouted for him, but he didn't answer. He's probably playing with some of the neighbor children." John turned back to his discussion of horticulture.

Sally Ann walked around the house. She would not go back to tea until she had, herself, searched for her unknown son.

Back of the house there was a grape arbor. She entered it. A very small boy, wearing a heavy sweater and a stocking cap, sat huddled on the farthest corner of the long bench that ran through it.



The little boy stood with arms outstretched. "You shan't throw him out of the window!" he cried.

Sally Ann walked up to the little figure, at the same time cut to the heart and rendered awkward by its complete silence. Somewhat timidly she placed her hand on the drooping shoulder. "Junior darling," she said, "didn't you hear father calling you? You'll catch cold."

The little boy turned and faced her. He had fair faintly freckled skin like his father's. The strands of hair that escaped from beneath the stocking cap were golden. His large eyes were hazel. He was a beautiful child—but his face was as blank of emotion as the face of a statue.

Sally Ann let fall the arms she had extended in welcome. "You *are* Junior Mayfair, aren't you?" she asked.

The child said, "I am John Pierce Mayfair the Second." He continued to regard her levelly, without interest.

Sally Ann remembered her husband's words, "The kid isn't easy to know."

"Who do you think I am?" she asked.

John Pierce Mayfair II said, "I suppose you are the lady father married in the city." His voice was completely indifferent. He slid off the bench and walked out of the arbor.

Sally Ann walked back to the house and around it again to the front door. She didn't, at the moment, feel like facing Mrs. Martin.

John was in the front hall. "What's the matter?" he exclaimed at sight of her face. "Didn't you find him?"

"I found him." To her own surprise, Sally Ann found her eyes filling with tears. "I found him. He—wouldn't talk to me."

John Mayfair laughed.

"The excitement of getting home's been too much for you, darling. He never makes up to strangers. Give him time. All children are rude little cusses at first. He'll get over it."

"He repelled me so hard it's frightened me," she said. "And he was so pitiful, out there by himself!"

Mrs. Martin came to the door.

"I've put out the tea-things in front of the fireplace," she announced. "Junior always has an early supper in the kitchen and goes to bed at seven." She retreated again.

Sally Ann sat with her husband before the cheerful log fire. The living room was the sort of room she had wanted all her life—a large room in perfect, unostentatious good taste, comfortable, charming. The early twilight of the dull day closed in outside the windows. Flames from the burning logs threw wavering shadows along the walls.

"Feel better?" John Mayfair asked her.

She nodded.

"I knew you would as soon as you'd had something hot to drink. If the sun comes out tomorrow, I'll take a day off and show you the town."

"That—" Sally Ann began, and paused. Beyond the closed door that led into the passage to the kitchen she heard another door open and close. Then she heard a murmur of voices. One of the voices was a thin childish treble.

"WHAT did you say, dearest?"

"That would be nice. John, what will I do about Junior?"

"*Do* about him? Why, nothing much, I guess. Mrs. Martin looks after him like a dozen mothers rolled into one. You can sit back and bide your time until he gets over sulking."

"I don't know that he *is* sulking," Sally Ann protested.

"Then what is it?"

"Oh—hurt, perhaps. Loneliness. Shyness."

"*Shyness?* My dear woman, the kid's about as shy as a cageful of wildcats. He's thrashed half a dozen boys a good deal bigger than he is. And he has no reason to be lonely. He's never had anybody but Mrs. Martin and me since he's been old enough to remember. All children are puzzles. Let's have some light." He got up and turned on several floor and desk lamps. He said with hearty cheerfulness. "He'll be all right. You just wait and see!"

Dinner was to be served at seven thirty. Promptly at seven Mrs. Martin brought Junior in to say good night. Tousled of hair and rosy from his bath, he stood, poised and dignified and terribly lovable, in his small blue pajamas and red bathrobe against the white background of the housekeeper's apron. "Good night, father," he murmured.

"Come here!" John Mayfair commanded.

The baby obeyed.

"Go over and shake hands with your new mother and tell her we're glad to have her here." Junior hesitated. "You heard me!" his father said sharply.

Junior crossed to Sally Ann and held out his hand. "How do you do?" he said clearly and distinctly.

Sally Ann checked John's protest with a sharp glance of warning. She took the proffered hand. "I am very well, thank you. How are you?"

The small very cold hand wriggled out of her grasp. "I'm very well too, thank you," the child said politely. Bathrobe and slippers slapping at his heels, he returned to Mrs. Martin, reached for her hand, and drew her after him through the door.

"Well, the stubborn little—"

Sally Ann laid her fingers across her husband's lips. "Hush!" she said. They both listened. Very distinctly Junior's voice floated back from the stairway:

"But I'm *not* glad to have her here, Mrs. Martin. I don't want her here at all."

LATER that night Sally Ann went to visit her stepson in the room with the frieze of puppies and kittens and rabbits. Asleep, he was a perfectly normal child of six, with a battered velvet dog clutched tightly to his breast. Sally Ann stood looking down at him in the faint illumination of a street lamp beyond the bare branches of a tree that, in summer, shaded the nursery window. Very cautiously she placed her finger on his cheek and discovered that it was wet. She pattered hurriedly back to her own bed.

"Why, darling, you're crying again!" John Mayfair said.

"*He'd* been crying," she whispered. "Poor, poor little mite! He must have cried there alone for a long time—and none of us heard him or went near him. Oh, John, if I only knew what to do! If I were only one of those people who are always sure of themselves! Then I'd be able to go and take him in my arms and *make* him love me."

"Now, look here," her husband told her. "You're making mountains out of molehills. Other girls marry men with children, don't they? And things work out somehow in time. You're taking this too seriously."

That was the sensible way to look at it, Sally Ann supposed, but it wasn't her way. For hours, after John had gone to sleep, she lay awake thinking. She felt young and helpless, involved in a problem too big for her to cope with. "I know how he feels, and I love him so! Dear God, let me know what to do! *Please* let me know what to do!" she prayed silently. But no revelation came through the silence. Only her pitying love for John's son grew so great that it seemed as if she could not bear it.

The next morning was sunny, and John postponed his return to the office for another day and took her driving. She wanted Junior to go with them, but Mrs. Martin said that it would be too strenuous a day for a little boy and thought he ought not to miss kindergarten, and finally Junior himself said that he didn't think he wanted to go, thank you. So they went without him.

Sally Ann had not realized how important her husband was, back there in the city. She had never thought of her own importance as the wife of the superintendent of the West Huron mines. Her progress through the region today was little short of regal. At the smelters and on the streets, sooty caps were doffed to her on all sides.

Later, when they stopped at the Country Club for cocktails, the wives of other company executives crowded around her.

"You're lucky, Mrs. Mayfair," they said, "to come here to that darling old house and such a jewel of a servant as Mrs. Martin. She's the best cook in the county."

Some one else contributed, "And the way she's brought up that child! I never *saw* a youngster of six with such perfect manners. Do you know that when I entertained the Sunday-school boys last month, he was the only one of the crowd that remembered to wipe his feet on the mat before he came into the house? He's almost too perfect to be human."

Sally Ann said that Mrs. Martin was a paragon among housekeepers and that Junior Mayfair was the answer to any woman's prayer for a perfect child. Inwardly, terror gripped her heart. She, who had never expected to know what domestic happiness meant, had been given its perfection. At least she had been given the potentialities of its perfection. But there was somewhere a flaw in the perfection which would spoil everything unless she could find and remove it. She wasn't necessary in the big old house on the hill. On the part of Junior at least she was not wanted. Unless she could make herself an integral part of the life of the entire Mayfair family, she would know that she was unworthy of her trust.

DRIVING home in the beauty of sunset across the hills she said, "Does the public library have cookbooks, do you suppose?"

"Cookbooks? What do you want of them?"

"I thought I ought to know something about marketing—and running a house. I'm awfully dumb about such things."

John Mayfair laughed.

"The Kohinoor's run the house for six years. I don't think she'd take kindly to supervision. And why bother? You've worked hard enough all your life. Why not try being a lady of leisure? There'll be plenty of neighborhood tea fights and bridge games and such to keep you busy, once you get acquainted."

Sally Ann said no more about the matter at the moment. After all, much as John loved her, he could not be expected to understand what she only vaguely understood herself—that persistent foolish fear of failure that was besetting her mind.

Junior was in bed when they returned to the house. Together they went to his room to say good night.

"He must have gone straight to sleep," John whispered. Sally Ann, looking at the tightly closed eyes of the litle boy, doubted that he was asleep. But the child was young for such subterfuge. And if he actually were asleep, she did not want to wake him. She followed her husband out of the nursery in silence. Tomorrow she would be at home all day, and she intended to make a desperate effort to win the baby's confidence.

The next morning, however, something happened that for the moment banished Junior from her mind. John drove down to the office and, almost immediately, returned.

"I've got to go to Pennsylvania," he announced. "I tried to get out of it, but I couldn't. The company has

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**Based on actual letter from our files*

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some interests out there they want me to look into. I'll only be gone a few days. What about coming with me? You could run over to New York for some shopping."

Sally Ann hesitated.

"Could you go to New York too?" she asked.

"Afraid not. I'll be tied up with business."

"Then," Sally Ann said, "I think, if you won't miss me too much, I'll stay here."

"It may be as well," he said. "You'd have a pretty lonesome time of it. We'll try to go East this fall and make a real vacation of the trip."

Helping him pack, Sally Ann half a dozen times stopped just short of announcing that she had changed her mind. She wanted to go East—to go anywhere—rather than remain alone with the problem that she could not solve; the problem—on the face of it no problem at all—of winning the love of a six-year-old child. But the problem was her own, and until she had arrived at a solution she would know neither peace nor self-respect.

John left by the noon train. Sally Ann drove him to the train, drove slowly home again through the tawdry business section. She arrived at the house just as Mrs. Martin was taking Junior upstairs for his afternoon nap.

"Suppose I do that, and you go on with your work?" she suggested.

Mrs. Martin's lips set in a thin straight line. She turned without a word and retreated to the kitchen. Junior, a tiny solitary figure partway up the wide staircase, stood for a moment in silence. Then he announced, "I can go to bed by myself, thank you."

Sally Ann stood at the foot of the stairs, secret fear at her heart, a smile on her lips. "But you can't reach all the buttons, can you? And don't you like to have some one tuck you in? When I was a little girl, the nicest part of going to bed was having some one tuck me in. I might even think of a story to tell you. Don't you like stories?"

THE child's unnatural self-control broke. The most perfect small boy in all West Huron stamped his foot and began to scream. "Go away!" he shouted. "I don't like you. I hate you! I won't let you put me to bed!"

Mrs. Martin, tight-lipped and silent, came from the kitchen. She passed Sally Ann, radiating unspoken criticism. The child threw himself forward into her arms, sobbing. She carried him upstairs.

Sally Ann went out of the house and got into the car. She backed slowly out of the driveway. A small and very dirty little dog that had once been white regarded her progress with interest from the front lawn. A poor little stray dog apparently—as homeless and useless and superfluous to the general scheme of things as she felt herself to be.

She turned into the street and left the little dog behind in a burst of speed. She could drive a car—thanks to the kindness and patience of one of the middle-aged secretaries in the main office who had wanted a companion on a summer automobile trip. She could operate a typewriter. Machines, she thought bitterly, she could master. But human beings! They belonged in a vastly more important, higher realm, in which she seemed to be a stranger.

She drove out of town by the way she and John had returned yesterday afternoon. Several cars were parked in front of the clubhouse. Suddenly she was afraid that she would meet some of the people they had met yesterday. She felt inadequate to the social demands of her position. She should have remained in the office, a drab unimportant unit among the firm's thousands of employees. There she could have done no great amount of harm. As a vital part of the lives of John and John's son she might do much harm.

AFTER a little she turned the car and drove back home by another way than the one by which she had come. She was glad that Mrs. Martin was not in sight when she opened the front door. Not for years had she known the absolute childish terror of meeting any one that had come upon her now.

Turning to close the door, she was aware of a small eager presence behind her. The dirty little tramp dog stood on the threshold, one ear cocked, one ear flopping. Behind it, small muddy pawprints crossed the immaculate floor of the front porch. It was still cold and raw outside. The little dog, sniffing the warm air of the house, shivered.

"Go home," Sally Ann ordered.

The little dog cocked its head farther to the side, wagged its bedraggled tail, and like a small gray ghost, drifted across the threshold and to cover under a chair. It was obviously a friendly dog. Aside from tracking up the rugs, it would probably do no particular damage. Let the poor thing get warm. It was terrible to spend your life in fear of every one you saw. Sally Ann knew.

She went up to her own room, took off her hat and coat, washed her hands, combed her hair. She sat down, weak and shaking. She was a coward, afraid to walk down the corridor to Junior's room and face her infant son's critical eyes. But, she knew, the fear was for Junior's sake—because she knew that he would probably remember always this day's tantrum and her own reaction, wise or unwise, to the tantrum. Like Aunt Ruth and the scissors.

Vividly, out of what she had thought was oblivion, came the memory of one of her first days at Aunt Ruth's, of cutting out paper dolls with Aunt Ruth's best scissors and adding to the crime by dropping scraps of paper on Aunt Ruth's parlor floor. She had been about Junior's age then, yet here were all Aunt Ruth's words, even the expression of Aunt Ruth's face, filed away in some pigeonhole of her mind for reference after twenty-five years. She didn't want such a memory to be filed away in Junior's mind. Never, never did she want a child to remember her as she remembered Aunt Ruth.

After a little she got up, cowardly wishing that Junior went to school in the afternoon rather than the morning, cowardly hoping that Junior might still be asleep. She walked down the hall to the nursery.

Junior was sitting on the floor with his profile to the door. She had an impression of quickly completed movement as she came within sight of him—an impression that his red bathrobe, thrown down on the floor beside him, had just been placed there. Under the bathrobe a good-sized lump began to wriggle.

The little boy got up and stood with his arms outstretched before the bathrobe, from beneath which there now appeared the head of the dirty little tramp dog. The child's face was colorless. His eyes flashed. "You shan't throw him out of the window!" he cried. "You shan't. If you do I'll hit you."

Sally Ann walked across the room and closed the door. She stood looking down at her stepson with both love and bewilderment in her eyes, with the uncertainty in her mind lifting a little under the demand for immediate action. The little dog shook itself free of the bathrobe and barked playfully, evidently considering this some sort of game.

"WHO said I'd throw him out the window?" Sally Ann asked quietly.

"Mrs. Martin. She said if I brought him in and he dirtied up the house you'd throw him out of the window. I'll take him out," the little boy offered placatingly. "I'll carry him, so he won't track up the stairs. But you mustn't throw him out of the window, 'cause it might break his legs."

Sally Ann sat down on a chair. The little dog, eluding Junior's frantic grab, came and put his muddy paws on her skirt. She patted his head.

"Why did Mrs. Martin say I'd throw him out of the window?"

"'Cause he dirtied up the house. When I tried to bring him in the day 'fore you came, she chased him, and she said—"

"Haven't you ever had a dog or a cat—or anything alive?" Sally Ann asked. The pity in her voice seemed to reassure the child. He said, "Father gave me a bird once, but it spilled seed on the rug. Then it got out of its cage and flewed—I mean it flew—outdoors."

She saw it all now. The reason why Junior was the most perfect child in West Huron—and the least understandable. The reason why he had hated her. She had never been so angry. But she spoke calmly:

"Mrs. Martin was mistaken, dear. If this little dog hasn't any home, you may keep him. If he has a home

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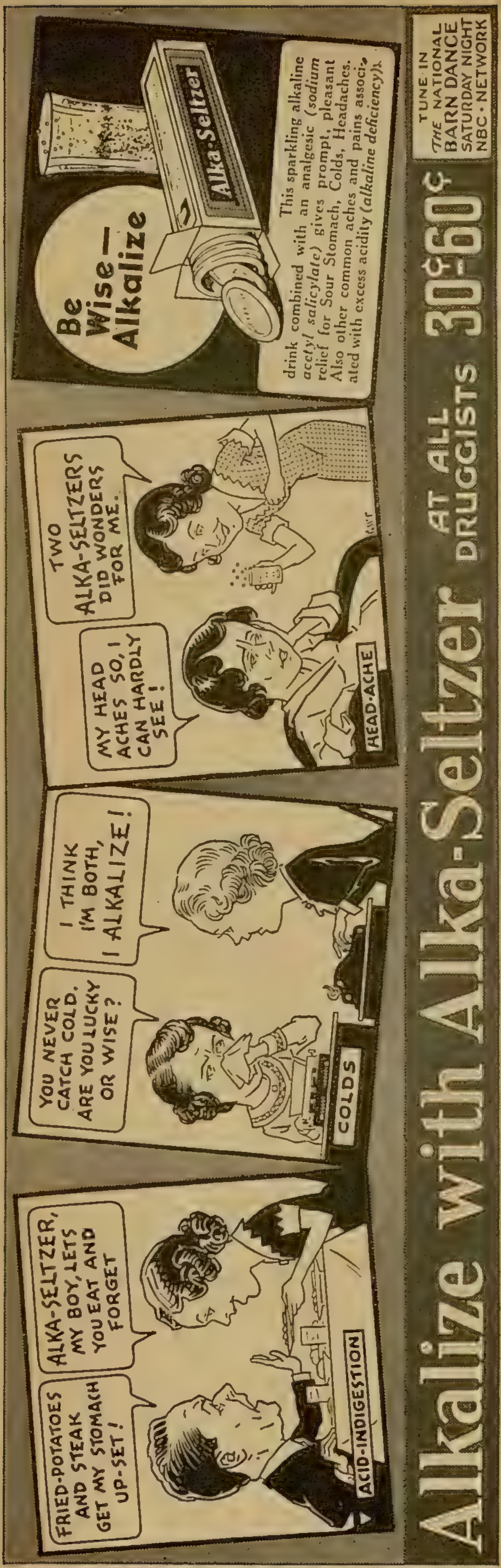
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and somebody comes for him, mother will get you another dog. I wouldn't put my bathrobe over him, though, or play with him very much until he's had a bath. He's pretty dirty."

The child nodded solemnly. "He *is* pretty dirty. I guess maybe he's been playing in the mud."

"Keep him here with you until mother gets some soap and towels," Sally Ann ordered. She went down to the kitchen.

Mrs. Martin was washing dishes at the sink. Sally Ann knew now whom Mrs. Martin resembled—Aunt Ruth. Aunt Ruth, who had worshiped the neatness of a house, valued it above the welfare of a child's spirit. Aunt Ruth, whom, through more than a quarter of a century, she had feared.

"Mrs. Martin!" she said.

Mrs. Martin turned. "Yes, Mrs. Mayfair?"

"I understand that you have forbidden my son to have a dog."

Sally Ann's face, though she did not know it, was white.

"Dogs dirty up a house," said Mrs. Martin.

"Mrs. Martin," Sally Ann said, "a child is infinitely more important than a house. Even if it were not, this is *my* house—and my husband's house and my son's. My son has adopted a little stray dog. Unless some one claims it, the dog is going to stay. If anything happens to it, it will be—be just too bad for the person whose carelessness allowed it to happen. Do you understand?"

"The thing'll be full of fleas," said Mrs. Martin.

"Probably it will. I'm going to take it down to the laundry now and bathe it."

"The—laundry!" Mrs. Martin gasped.

"The laundry," Sally Ann said decisively.

Her eyes met Mrs. Martin's eyes. Mrs. Martin's gaze wavered.

"I don't have to work here," Mrs. Martin muttered.

"You don't indeed," Sally Ann agreed cheerfully. "I don't suppose there are many places where you could have your own private bathroom, or where Mr. Martin could have an easy job in the same family. But any time you're not satisfied here, I'll find some one else."

Sally Ann turned and went back upstairs.

IN an old dress and carrying soap and towels from her own bathroom, she called at the nursery door. Her stepson greeted her with a questioning half-smile.

"Can—can I really keep him?" he asked.

"Unless he belongs to somebody else, you can," Sally Ann said. "Come on. Let's go down to the basement and give him a bath."

At some time the little dog must have had a home. He knew the meaning of "bath." He slunk, obediently but unenthusiastically, downstairs.

Mrs. Martin did not look up when they passed the kitchen door.

Sally Ann smiled. She had conquered Mrs. Martin for Junior's sake, and in conquering her had laid the ghost that had oppressed her own childhood and youth. At last she was mistress of her own house and of her own soul.

Going down the basement stairs a small warm soft hand clasped Sally Ann's hand—clung to it.

So Sally Ann Mayfair entered into the very heart of her kingdom.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—He was born in Cracow (1876); his father, a Kapellmeister, taught him the piano in infancy; he gave concerts in the United States at the age of ten. From this early photo (at reader's right) can you identify the director in chief of a Philadelphia Institute of Music?

2—What is another name for an Arkansas toothpick?

3—Which star of pictures was known as the Man of a Thousand Faces?

4—What is England's Civil List?

5—In which of the United States is shooting a legal method of execution?

6—How many mayors has New York City had?

7—Who gave birth to the oft-quoted phrase, "There, but for the grace of God, go I"?

8—Which city, originally called Agawam, is known as the City of Homes?

9—How many eclipses of the sun and moon will be visible in the U. S. A. this year?

10—What happened when Frank Tinney of the Follies imitated himself at an amateur-night show?

11—Which state has forty-three mountain peaks higher than 14,000 feet above sea level?

12—How many persons visited the White House in 1934?

13—What is the lithosphere?

14—Which country of the world has the greatest number of moving-picture theaters?

15—Which Canadian university has the most students?

16—What difference, if any, is there between "industrial" and "craft" labor unions?

17—In 1929, 531 individuals did what that only fifty did in 1933?

18—P. M. is an abbreviation for what?

19—What is the most powerful lighthouse in the United States?

20—Who, killed in 1882, led a famed bandit band?

(Answers will be found on page 48)

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What Goes On in a Murderer's Mind? Now, Vividly, This Remarkable Novel Probes the Depths of a Creeping Fear

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INSURANCE agent Walter Huff and Mrs. Phyllis Nirdlinger, the woman with whom he is infatuated, plan to murder her husband and cash in on an accident policy, which will net them $50,000. It is going to be the "perfect crime," with every detail worked out to a hair beforehand.

Unable to drive his car, having broken an ankle, and desirous of attending a class reunion, Mr. Nirdlinger is forced to take a sleeper for a distant California city. Phyllis drives him to the railroad station. But on the way Huff, having concealed himself in the rear of the sedan, breaks the husband's neck. Tying up the body and locking the car, the murderous pair walk to the railroad, the lover disguised as the crippled Nirdlinger.

Ostensibly, they part. But when the train is in motion, Huff drops off the end of the observation-car platform at a given point. Meanwhile Phyllis has gone for the car in which is the body of her slain husband. They leave the corpse on the track as if Nirdlinger had toppled there and died.

Everything works out according to schedule except that the perpetrators of the crime get on each other's nerves. But Huff goes home and takes care of the final touches in his cast-iron alibi, and Phyllis returns to find all quiet and clear in her house—both her stepdaughter Lola and the maid Belle still out, as they were when she left.

At the General Fidelity Company offices, where Walter Huff reports the next day, there are opposite opinions about the tragedy. Norton, the president, suspects suicide. Keyes, the head of the Claim Department, is sure it is murder. Huff sits in on their conference. He is tense but calm.

The inquest jury returns a verdict of "death in a manner unknown to this jury." Norton says he will take the case to court on the grounds of suicide. Keyes is frantic at him. He shouts to Huff: "Didn't I tell him to have her put under arrest, without waiting for this inquest? Didn't I tell him—"

"What do you mean, Keyes?" asks Huff, his heart pounding.

PART FIVE – THE OTHER WOMAN

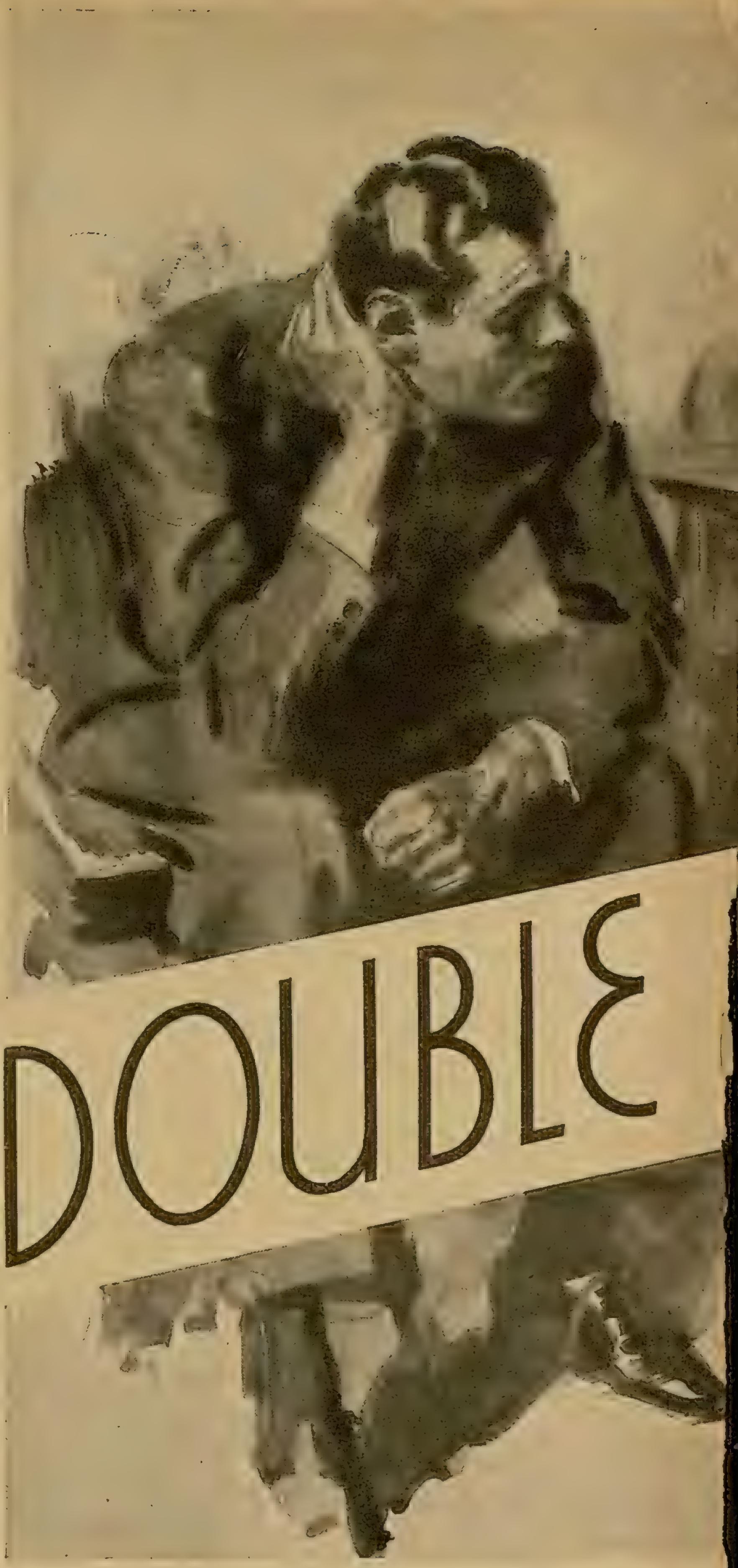
"HE was never on the train!"

Keyes was yelling now and pounding the desk. "He was never on the train at all! Somebody took his crutches and went on the train for him! Of course that guy had to get rid of Jackson! He couldn't be seen alive beyond the point where that body was to be put! And now we've got all those sworn identifications against us—"

"Those what?" I knew what he meant. Those identifications at the inquest were something I had figured on from the start, and that was why I took such care that nobody on that train got a good look at me. I figured the crutches, the foot, the glasses, the cigar, and imagination would be enough.

"At the inquest! How well did any of those witnesses see this man? Just a few seconds, at night, three or four days ago. Then the coroner lifts a sheet on a dead man; the widow says yes, that's him, and of course they all say the same thing. And now look at us! If Norton had thrown the gaff into her, all those identifications and everything else about it could have been challenged, the police would have waked up, and we might be somewhere. But now! So he's going to let her sue! And just let him try, now, to break down those identifications. It'll be impossible. Any lawyer can crucify those witnesses if they change their story now.

DOUBLE



"My father's death," she said.

"So that's being conservative! That's playing it safe! That's doing what the Old Man would have done! Why, Huff, Old Man Norton would have had a confession out of that woman by now. He'd have had a plea of guilty out of her, and she'd be already on her way to do a life stretch in Folsom. And now look at us. Just look at us! The very crux of the thing is over already, and we've lost it. We've lost it. . . . Let me tell you something. If that guy keeps on trying to run this company, the company's sunk. You can't take many body blows like this and last. Holy smoke! Fifty thousand bucks, and all from dumbness! Just sheer, willful stupidity!"

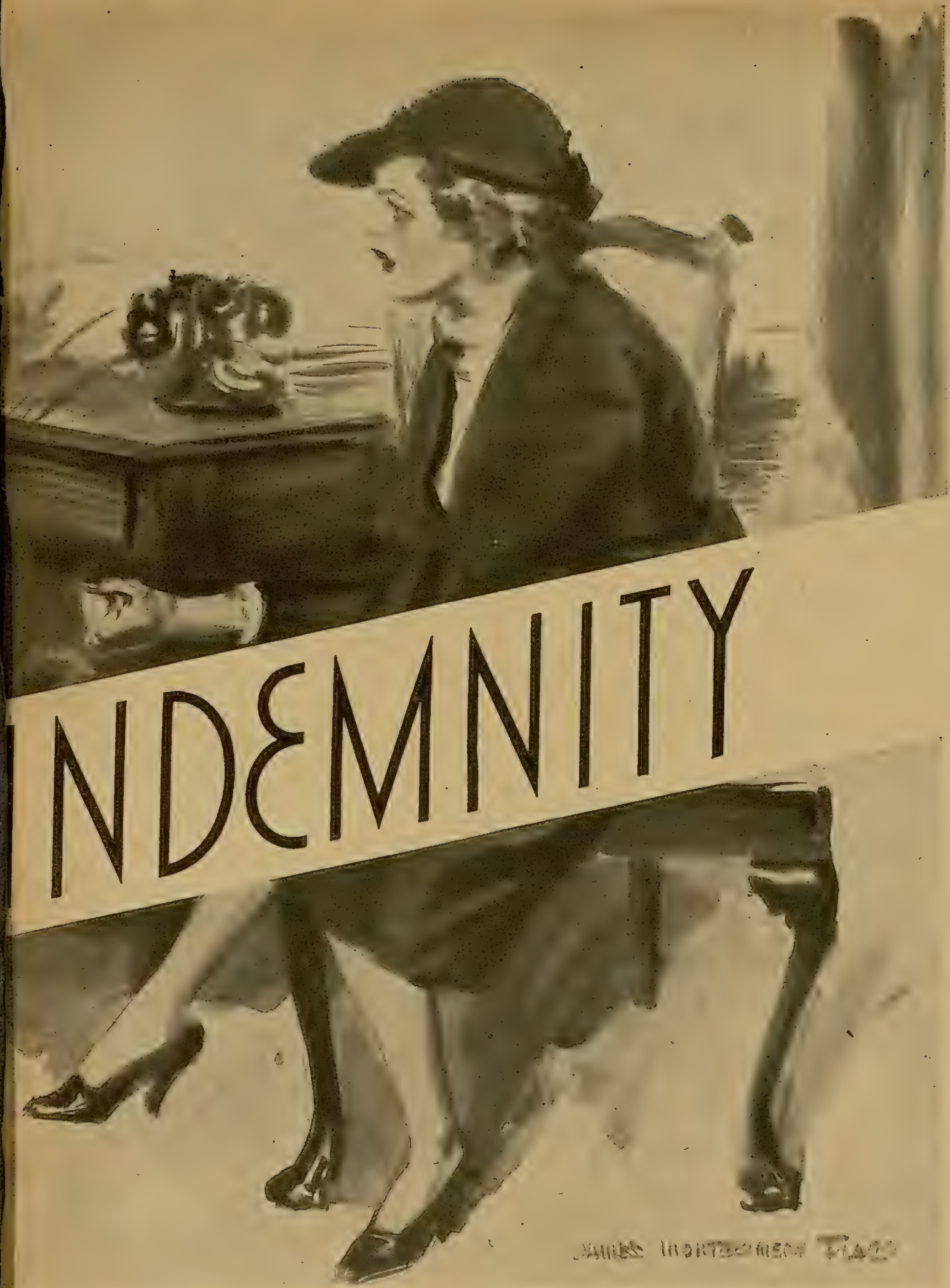
The lights began to look funny in front of my eyes. He started up again, checking over how Nirdlinger got knocked off. He said this guy, whoever he was, had left his car at Burbank and dropped off the train there. He

ILLUSTRATION BY

NDEMNITY

by JAMES M. CAIN

who wrote The Postman Always Rings Twice



an't help feeling there was something back of it."

MES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

said she met him there, and they drove down in separate cars, with the corpse in one of them, to the place where they put the body on the track. He figured it up that she would have time to get to Burbank and then get back in time to buy a pint of ice cream at the drugstore at ten twenty, when she showed up there. He even had that. He was all wrong on how it was done, but he was so near right it made my lips turn numb just to listen to him.

"Well, Keyes, what are you going to do?"

". . . All right, he wants to wait her out, make her sue—that suits me. He's going to cover the dead man, find out what he can about why he maybe committed suicide. That suits me. I'm going to cover *her*. Every move she makes, everything she does, I'm going to know about it. Sooner or later, Huff, that guy's got to show. They'll have to see each other. And as soon as I know who he is, watch me."

He had me, and I knew it. If she sued and lost her head on the witness stand, God knows what might happen. If she didn't sue, that would be still worse. Her not trying to collect on that policy, that would look so bad it might even pull the police in. I didn't dare call her up, because for all I knew even now her wires might be tapped. I did that night what I had done the other two nights while I was waiting on the inquest: I got stinko, or tried to. I knocked off a quart of cognac, but it didn't have any effect. My legs felt funny, and my ears rang, but my eyes kept staring at the dark, and my mind kept pounding on it—what I was going to do. I didn't know. I couldn't sleep, couldn't eat, I couldn't even get drunk.

It was the next night before Phyllis called. It was a little while after dinner, and the Filipino had just gone. I was even afraid to answer, but I knew I had to.

"Walter?"

"Yes. First, where are you? Home?"

"I'm in a drugstore."

"Oh. O. K., then, go on."

"Lola's acting so funny I don't even want to use my own phone any more. I drove down to the boulevard."

"What's the matter with Lola?"

"Oh, just hysteria, I guess. It's been too much for her."

"Nothing else?"

"I don't think so."

"All right, shoot, and shoot quick. What's happened?"

"An awful lot. I've been afraid to call. I had to stay home until the funeral, and—"

"The funeral was today?"

"Yes. After the inquest."

"Go on."

"The next thing, tomorrow they open my husband's safe-deposit box. The state has something to do with that—on account of the inheritance tax."

"That's right. The policy's in there?"

"Yes. I put it in there about a week ago."

"All right, then, this is what you do. It'll be at your lawyer's office, is that it?"

"Yes."

"Then you go there. The state tax man will be there;

under the law he has to be present. They'll find the policy, and you hand it to your lawyer. Instruct him to put your claim in. Everything waits until you do that."

"Put the claim in."

"That's right. Now wait a minute, Phyllis. Here's something you mustn't tell that lawyer—yet. They're not going to pay that claim."

"What!"

"They're not going to pay it."

"Don't they have to pay it?"

"They think it's—suicide—and they're going to make you sue, and put it in the hands of a jury, before they pay. Don't tell your lawyer that now; he'll find it out for himself later. He'll want to sue, and you let him. We'll have to pay him, but it's our only chance. Now, Phyllis, one other thing."

"Yes."

"I can't see you."

"But I want to see you."

"We don't dare see each other. Suicide is what they hope for, but they're mighty suspicious all the way around. If you and I began seeing each other, they might tumble to the truth so fast it would make your blood run cold. They'll be on your trail for what they can find out, and you simply must not communicate with me at all, unless it's imperative, and even then you must call me here, at home, and from a drugstore, never the same drugstore twice in succession. Do you get me?"

"My, you sound scared."

"I am scared. Plenty. They know more than you'd think."

"Then it's really serious?"

"Maybe not, but we've got to be careful."

"Then maybe I'd better not sue."

"You've *got* to sue. If you don't sue, then we *are* sunk."

"Oh. Oh. Yes, I can see that."

"You sue. But be careful what you tell that lawyer."

"All right. Do you still love me?"

"You know I do."

"Do you think of me—all the time?"

"All the time."

I hung up. I loved her like a rabbit loves a rattlesnake. That night I did something I hadn't done in twenty years. I prayed.

It was about a week after that that Nettie came into my private office quick and shut the door. "A Miss Nirdlinger to see you, Mr. Huff."

"Miss or Mrs.?"

"Miss. I think she said Miss. She's quite young. I think she was in here before."

"Hold her a minute. I've got to make a call."

She went out. I made a call. I had to do something to get myself in hand. I called home and asked the Filipino if there had been any calls. He said no. Then I buzzed Nettie to send Lola in.

SHE looked different from the last time I had seen her. Then she looked like a kid. Now she looked like a woman. Part of that may have been that she was in black, but anybody could see she had been through plenty. I felt like a heel, and yet it did something to me that this girl liked me. I shook hands with her, and sat her down, and asked her how her stepmother was, and she said she was all right, considering everything, and I said it was a terrible thing and that it had shocked me to hear of it. "And Mr. Sachetti?"

"I'd rather not talk about Mr. Sachetti."

"I thought you were friends."

"I'd rather not talk about him."

"I'm sorry."

She got up, looked out the window, then sat down again. "Mr. Huff, you did something for me once, or anyhow I felt it was for me—"

"It was."

"And since then I've always thought of you as a friend. That's why I've come to you. I want to talk to you—as a friend."

"Certainly."

"But only as a friend, Mr. Huff. It has to be in the strictest confidence."

"Go ahead—but I thought you were to call me Walter."

"It's about my father."

"Yes?"

"My father's death. I can't help feeling there was something back of it."

"I don't quite understand you, Lola. How do you mean, back of it?"

"I don't know what I mean."

"You were at the inquest?"

"Yes."

"One or two witnesses there, and several people later, intimated to us that your father might have—killed himself. Is that what you mean?"

"No, Walter, it isn't."

"Then, what?"

"I can't say. I can't make myself say it. And it's so awful. Because this isn't the first time I've had such thoughts. This isn't the first time I've been through this agony of suspicion that there might be something more than—what everybody else thinks."

"I still don't follow you."

"My mother."

"Yes?"

"When she died. That's how I felt."

I WAITED. She swallowed two or three times, looked like she had decided not to say anything at all, then changed her mind again and started to talk.

"Walter, my mother had lung trouble. It was on account of that that we kept a little shack up at Lake Arrowhead. One week end, in the middle of winter, my mother went up to that shack with her dearest friend. It was right in the middle of the winter sports, when everything was lively up there. And then she wired my father that she and this other woman had decided to stay on for a week. He didn't think anything of it, wired her a little money, and told her to stay as long as she wanted: he thought it would do her good.

"Wednesday of that week my mother caught pneumonia. Friday her condition became critical. Her friend walked twelve miles through snowdrifts, straight through the woods, to get a doctor—the shack isn't near the hotels. It's on the other side of the lake, a long way around. She got into the main hotel there so exhausted she had to be sent to a hospital. The doctor started out, and when he got there my mother was dying. She lived a half-hour."

"Yes?"

"Do you know who that best friend was?"

I knew. I knew by the same old prickle that was going up my back and into my hair.

"No."

"Phyllis."

". . . Well?"

"What were those two women doing in that shack all that time, in the dead of winter? Why didn't they go to the hotel like everybody else? Why didn't my mother telephone instead of wiring?"

"You mean it wasn't she that wired?"

"I don't know what I mean, except that it looked mighty funny. Why did Phyllis tramp all that distance to get a doctor? Why didn't she stop some place and telephone? Or why didn't she put on her skates and go across the lake, which she could have done in a half-hour? She's a fine skater. Why did she take that three-hour trip? *Why didn't she go for a doctor sooner?*"

"But wait a minute. What did your mother say to the doctor when he—"

"Nothing. She was in high delirium, and besides, he had her in oxygen five minutes after he got there."

"But wait a minute, Lola. After all, a doctor is a doctor, and if she *had* pneumonia—"

"A doctor is a doctor, but you don't know Phyllis. There's some things I could tell. In the first place, she's a nurse. She's one of the best nurses in the city of Los Angeles—that's how she met my mother, when my mother was having such a terrible fight to live. She's a nurse, and she specialized in pulmonary diseases. She would know the time of crisis, almost to a minute, as well as any doctor would. And she would know how to bring on pneumonia, too."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You think Phyllis wouldn't be capable of putting my mother out in the night, in that cold, and keeping her locked out until she was half frozen to death—you think Phyllis wouldn't do that? You think she's just the dear, sweet, gentle thing that she looks like. That's what my father thought. He thought it was wonderful, the way she trudged all that distance to save a life, and less than a year after that he married her. But I don't think so. You see—I know her. That's what I thought, the minute I heard it. And now—this."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing—yet. Except listen to me."

"It's pretty serious, what you're saying—or, at any rate, intimating. I suppose I know what you mean."

"That's what I mean. That's exactly what I mean."

"However, as I understand it, Phyllis wasn't *with* your father at the time—"

"She wasn't with my mother either—at the time. But she had been."

"Will you let me think this over?"

"Please do."

"You're a little wrought up today."

"And I haven't told you all."

"What else?"

". . . I can't tell you. That, I can't make myself believe. And yet—never mind. Forgive me, Walter, for coming in here like this. But I'm so unhappy."

"HAVE you said anything to anybody about this?"

"No, nothing."

"I mean—about your mother? Before this last?"

"Not a word, ever, to anybody."

"I wouldn't if I were you. And especially not to—your stepmother."

"I'm not even living home now."

"No?"

"I've taken a little apartment down in Hollywood. I have a little income. From my mother's estate. Just a little. I moved out. I couldn't live with Phyllis any more."

"Oh."

"Can I come in again?"

"I'll let you know when to come. Give me your number."

I spent half the afternoon trying to make up my mind whether to tell Keyes. I knew I ought to tell him for my own protection.

It was nothing that would be worth a nickel as evidence in court, and for that matter it was nothing that any court would admit as evidence, because that's one break they give people—that they have to be tried for one thing at a time, and not for something somebody thinks they did two or three years before this happened. But it was something that would look mighty bad if Keyes found out I knew it and hadn't told him.

But I couldn't make myself do it. And I didn't have any better reason than that this girl had asked me not to tell anybody, and I had promised.

Joe Cook and one of his elaborate "inventions" which he used in the musical comedy "Fine and Dandy"

How to cure Whisker Trouble

Devious Dee-vices and Mystifying Machines Make Shaving a Pleasure

by Joe Cook, *Comedian of Radio, Stage and Screen*

I BELIEVE I was teethed on a camshaft. Maybe that's why machinery is my dish. And talk about inventions—they all call me "Joe" around the patent office in Washington. Yes I know my machinery—and the machinery I saw in the Gillette factory puts anything I've ever seen way behind the eight ball.

It's unbelievable the number of dee-vices they have around the place just to make sure that there is no such thing as even a *single* sour Gillette blade.

For instance, they start out with a coil of the finest steel that money can buy, and put it through more tests than a guy trying to get his first driver's license. Metallurgists—the gents who know all about metal—"X-Ray" the steel, pop it into a furnace and burn it—take pictures of it enlarged hundreds of times. Say—there isn't a hidden flaw that can get by. These Gillette people are harder to please than the critics on opening night.

Of course the big Five-Star feature is the battery of grinding and sharpening machines which put so fine an edge on each blade that you can't even see 'em. What's more I accidentally dropped one of these blades and my guide informed me that the blade would not pass inspection. I made him prove it. We placed the blade in a magazine containing 1000 blades. We alone knew the portion of the holder we had placed it in.

The blades were then handed to an inspector in the final inspection department, who ran her eagle eye along the tightly packed mass of blades and instantly picked out the one I had dropped! That shows you how perfect a blade has to be to get by Gillette inspection.

Lack of space causes me to omit many of the pains-taking processes that Gillette deems necessary in producing its blades. All I can say is—that if every whisker-troubled human could only take a trip, like I did, through the Gillette plant, nothing but a Gillette edge would ever touch his face. Yes sir—I'm keen for Gillette blades—and vice versa.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Who can equal this record?

GUARANTEES and money-back offers are not "news." More than thirty years ago we published the following Edgeworth guarantee:

We desire to call your attention to Edgeworth Tobacco. Every box of it is guaranteed not to burn the tongue, and to give satisfaction. We will cheerfully refund money to any dissatisfied purchaser.

That guarantee is still in effect—not merely for the next thirty days, or the next year, but any time! On every tin of either Edgeworth or Edgeworth Junior you will find "Satisfaction Guaranteed."

Smoke as much or as little Edgeworth as you please. If the tobacco does not satisfy, return it and you will get your money back. In all these thirty-odd years, the claims made under this guarantee could be counted on the fingers of your two hands. There, we believe, is a record of satisfied customers few can equal.

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.

"CELLOPHANE" WRAPPED

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED
SMOKING TOBACCO
LARUS & BRO. CO.

CORN COB PIPE CLUB. *Crossroads fun, music. Wednesday evenings at 9:00 (E.S.T.) over NBC Blue Network, direct from Richmond, Va. (Pacific Coast, KOMO, KFI, KPO, KGW, KHQ.)*

About four o'clock Keyes came in my office and shut the door.

"Well, Huff, he's showed."

"Who?"

"The guy in the Nirdlinger case."

"*What?*"

"He's a steady caller now. Five nights in one week."

"Who is he?"

"Never mind. But he's the one. Now watch me."

That night I came back in the office to work. As soon as Joe Pete made his eight-o'clock round on my floor I went in Keyes's office. I tried his desk. It was locked. I tried his steel filing cabinets. They were locked. I tried all my keys. They didn't work. I was about to give it up when I noticed the dictation machine. He uses one of them. I took the cover off it. A record was still on. It was about three quarters filled. I made sure Joe Pete was downstairs, then came back, slipped the earpieces on and started the record. First a lot of dumb stuff came out, letters to claimants, instructions to investigators on an arson case. Then, all of a sudden, came this:

"Memo to Mr. Norton: Re: Walter Huff. Confidential—file Nirdlinger.

"With regard to your proposal to put Agent Huff under surveillance for his connection with the Nirdlinger case, I disagree absolutely. Naturally, in this case, as in all cases of its kind, the agent is automatically under suspicion, and I have not neglected to take necessary steps with regard to Huff. All his statements check closely with the facts and with our records, as well as with the dead man's records. I have even checked, without his knowledge, his whereabouts the night of the crime, and find he was at home all night. This, in my opinion, lets him out.

"A man of his experience can hardly fail to know it if we attempt to watch his movements, and we should thus lose the chance of his cheerful co-operation on this case, which so far has been valuable, and may become imperative. I point out to you, further, his record, which has been exceptional in cases of fraud. I strongly recommend that this whole idea be dropped.

"Respectfully,"

I LIFTED the needle and ran it over again. It did things to me. I don't only mean it was a relief. It made my heart feel funny.

But then, after some more routine stuff, came this:

"Confidential—file Nirdlinger.

"Summary—investigators' verbal reports for week ending June 17:

"Daughter, Lola Nirdlinger, moved out of home June 8, took up residence in two-room apartment, the Lycee Arms, Yucca Street. No surveillance deemed necessary.

"Widow remained at home until June 8, when she took automobile ride, stopped at drugstore, made phone call. Took ride two succeeding days, stopped markets, and store selling women's gowns.

"Night of June 11, man caller arrived at house 8.35; left 11.48. Description: Tall, dark—age twenty-six or -seven. Calls repeated June 12, 13, 14, 16. Man followed night of first visit, identity ascertained as Bernanino Sachetti, Lilac Court Apartments, North La Brea Avenue."

I was afraid to have Lola come down to the office any more. But finding out they had no men assigned to her meant that I could take her out somewhere. I called her up and asked her if she would go with me to dinner. She said she would like it more than anything she could think of. I took her down to the Miramar at Santa Monica. I said it would be nice to eat where we could see the ocean, but the real reason was I didn't want to take her to any place where I might run into somebody I knew.

WE got in the car after dinner and started up the ocean for a ride.

"I thought over what you told me," I said.

"Can I say something?"

"Go ahead."

"I've had it out with myself about that. I've thought it all over, and come to the conclusion I was wrong. It's very easy when you love somebody terribly, and then suddenly they're gone from you, to think it's somebody's fault. Especially when it's somebody you don't like. I don't like Phyllis. I guess it's partly jealousy. I was devoted to my mother. I was almost as devoted to my father. And then, when he married Phyllis—I don't know, it seemed as though something had happened that couldn't happen.

"And then—these thoughts. What I felt instinctively when my mother died became a dead certainty when my father married Phyllis. I thought that showed why she did it. And it became a double certainty when this happened. But I haven't a thing to go on, have I? It's been terribly hard to make myself realize that, but I have. I've given up the whole idea, and I wish you'd forget that I ever told you."

"I'm glad, in a way."

"I guess you think I'm terrible."

"I thought it over. I thought it over carefully, and all the more carefully because it would be most important for my company if they knew it. But there's nothing to go on. It's only a suspicion."

"Yes, I know."

"If I were you, I would do nothing."

"You agree with me, then?"

"I do."

That ended that. But I had to find out about this Sachetti, and find out without her knowing I was trying to find out.

"Tell me something. What happened between you and Sachetti?"

"I told you I don't want to talk about him."

"How did you come to meet him?"

"Through Phyllis."

"Through—"

"His father was a doctor. I think

I told you she used to be a nurse. He called on her, about joining some association that was being formed. But then, when he got interested in me, he wouldn't come to the house. And then, when Phyllis found out I was meeting him, she told my father the most awful stories about him. I was supposed not to meet him, but I did. There was something back of it, I knew that. But I never found out what it was, until—"

"Go on. Until what?"

"I don't want to go on—"

"Until what?"

"Until my father died. And then, quite suddenly, he didn't seem interested in me any more. He—"

"Yes?"

"He's going with Phyllis."

"And—"

"Can't you see what I thought? Do you have to make me say it? I thought maybe they did it. I thought his going with me was just a blind for—something, I didn't know what."

"I THOUGHT Sachetti was with you—that night."

"He was supposed to be. There was a dance over at the university, and I went over. I was to meet him there. But he got sick, and sent word he couldn't come. I got on a bus and went to a picture show. I never told anybody that."

"What do you mean, sick?"

"He did have a cold. I know that. A dreadful cold. But—please don't make me talk any more about it. I've tried to put it out of my mind. I'm getting so I can't believe it isn't true. If he wants to see Phyllis, it's none of my business. I mind. I wouldn't be telling the truth if I said I didn't mind. But—it's his privilege."

"We won't talk about it any more."

I stared into the darkness some more that night. I had killed a man for money and a woman. I didn't have the money and I didn't have the woman. The woman was a killer out and out, and she had made a fool of me. She had used me for a cat's-paw so she could have another man, and she had enough on me to hang me higher than a kite. If the man was in on it, there were two of them that could hang me. I got to laughing, a hysterical cackle, there in the dark.

I thought about Lola, how sweet she was, and the awful thing I had done to her. I began subtracting her age from my age. She was nineteen, I'm thirty-four. That made a difference of fifteen years. Then I got to thinking that if she was nearly twenty, that would make a difference of only fourteen years. All of a sudden I sat up and turned on the light. I knew what that meant.

I was falling for her.

Here is a complication not for a moment foreseen in the most carefully laid plot. If Huff falls for the girl whose father he killed, and comes to loathe the woman who helped him in the foul deed—what? You will be surprised at the answer in the next issue of Liberty.

"When General Electric says

G-E MAZDA LAMPS STAY BRIGHTER LONGER"

That's enough for me!

"I read this paragraph in an advertisement for General Electric MAZDA lamps:

Many inferior lamps, offered at 'bargain' prices, use the same amount of current as good lamps; yet they produce much less light and grow dimmer and dimmer as they burn.

"Such a statement coming from General Electric convinces me I am doing the smart and economical thing when I always insist on G-E MAZDA lamps."

15 · 25 · 40 · 60 WATT MAZDA LAMPS

only 15¢

● There have been 17 major price reductions on G-E MAZDA lamps since 1921. During the same period lamp efficiency has been greatly increased. The 60-watt MAZDA lamp of today, for example, gives 44 per cent more light than did the 60-watt MAZDA lamp of 1921.

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS

WILL THESE PLANKS BRING VICTORY?

What plank will bring victory in the Presidential election of 1936? What will be the most vital issue?

Liberty has put this question to some of the country's leaders of business and will continue to print their answers between now and the national conventions.

It is to be noted that several of those approached are skeptical of all party promises. The most popular plank would be one which would compel all candidates to live up to the platform upon which they are elected.

Here are the answers of four outstanding men in divers branches of business:

From **Lewis H. Brown**, President of Johns-Manville Corporation:

"I doubt if it is possible to so simplify the 1936 political situation as to state that one special plank will be the determining factor. In my judgment, there are many factors that will enter into the decision of the people of the United States. Among the most important are:

"1. *Reduce the cost of government* (local, state, and national) so that income may exceed spending, so that governmental debt and taxes may be cut.

"2. *A sound solution of the agricultural problem* so as to bring about parity between the purchasing power of the farm and city.

"3. *The question of whether we are going to retain our present form of government,* made up of sovereign states joined together in a representative republic, or whether we are going to adopt a more centralized form of national government that may open the way for a future advance toward state socialism or some form of dictatorship."

•

From **John Hays Hammond**, veteran of mining engineering:

"If we are to emerge from the depression, we need *a tariff that really protects.* Such a tariff should be based upon bilateral agreements and upon mutual advantage, like a contract between two business men. It should not contain the vicious most-favored-nation clause, which practically extends to all nations whatever privileges we may choose to grant to one.

"Another 'winning plank' that suggests itself to me would promise *the destruction of useless duplications, overlapping jurisdiction, and triple and dual taxation.* Such a plank is needed to curb the extravagance of multiform state, federal, and local tax-eaters, and should be devised even if it involved amending the Constitution.

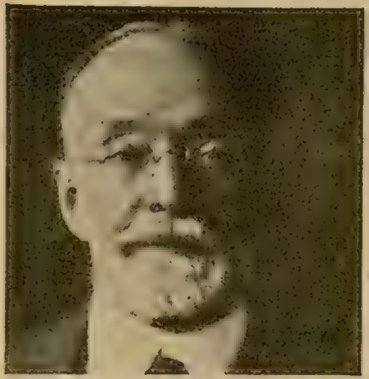
Kalden-Keystone photo

Lewis H. Brown

John Hays Hammond

Blank-Stöller photo

James Ford Bell


August Heckscher

"But what is the object of proposing planks unless they are nailed down in such a way that they will stick? It is futile to elect a candidate 'because he kept us out of war' if he precipitates us into the war immediately after election. It is equally futile to vote for a candidate who pledges economy if immediately on his assumption of office our national budget assumes astronomical dimensions.

"A platform is a delusion and a snare, *unless every candidate elected pledges himself to resign forthwith if he finds himself unable to carry out its provisions.* And that, I am afraid, is not practical politics."

•

From **James Ford Bell**, president of General Mills, Inc.:

"You ask for my opinion with respect to the 'winning plank' in the next Presidential election. I am afraid it will take more than one plank, but *the fundamental principle must be the restriction of government to its own field of activity, and opportunity for business.*"

•

From **August Heckscher**, capitalist and veteran of real estate:

"Predicating upon the past, it has seemed to me that winning planks in Presidential campaigns are written as a rule to be disregarded or forgotten, and on this account a slogan might better serve.

"Everybody knows by this time the utter futility of political planks.

"I submit the following for your choice:

"Let well enough alone.

"Forget promises; insist on performance.

"Balance performance as well as budgets.

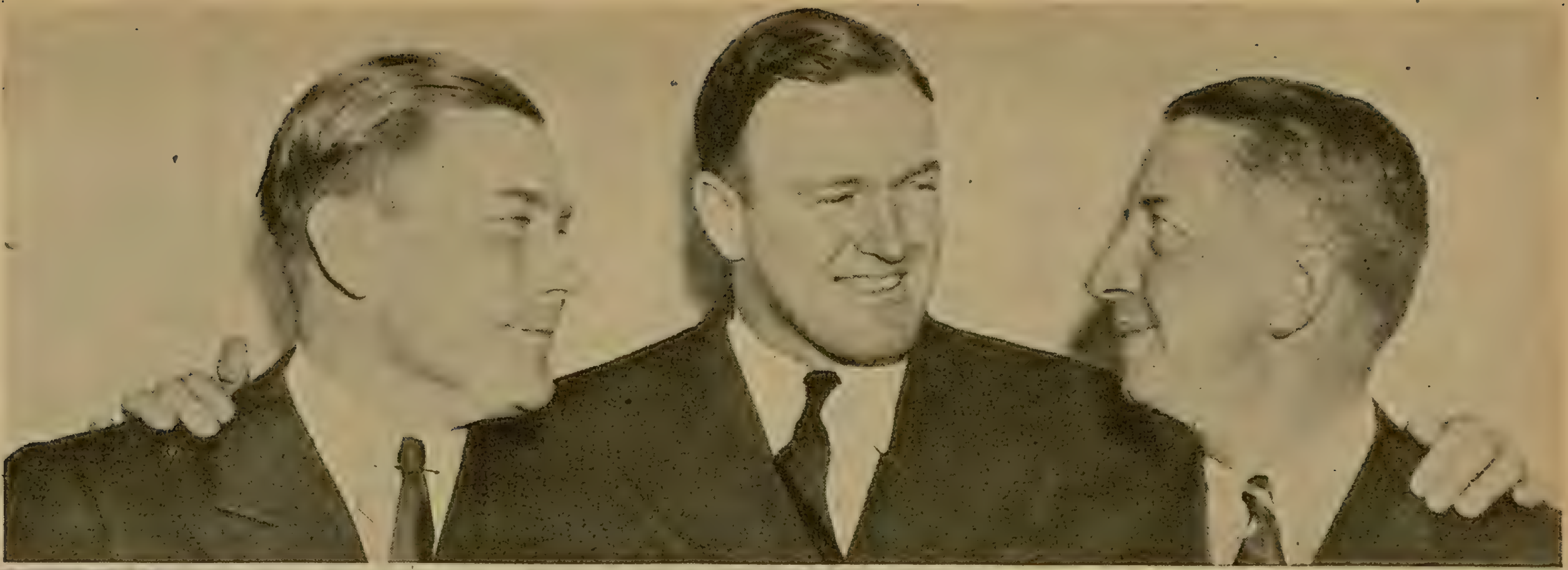
"No new judges without concurrence of the best minds in the land.

"Do not rule. Serve.

"Spend worthily; save sparingly.

"Fight for the right.

"Liberty, not license."



TOM YAWKEY, JOE CRONIN, AND EDDIE COLLINS. WILL THEIR SPENDING SPREE BRING THEM A PENNANT?

BUYING A WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM

Introducing Mr. Tom Yawkey and His Golden Challenge to the Fates of Baseball . . . $3,500,000 Thus Far, and More to Come!

by

JIMMY POWERS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

THE biggest spendthrift in the history of baseball is a pink-cheeked moon-faced young millionaire named Thomas Austin Yawkey. This spring Tom bravely steps up to the plate swinging his loaded fountain pen. Can he buy a pennant for his Boston Red Sox? Will he hit a home run—or strike out?

The balance of power in his league already lies in the stubs of the thirty-three-year-old lumberman's checkbook. He has blown a wad of $3,500,000.

Exactly $1,000,000 went for the franchise and equipment; $1,500,000 more underwrote a building program and a pogrom on the hungry termites and assorted rodent tenants at Fenway Park.

Then began the dizziest shopping tour in sports history! Lefty Grove was snapped up for $125,000; Joe Cronin cost $250,000; Lyn Lary, $35,000; Julius Solters, $25,000; Bill Werber and George Pipgras, $60,000; Rick Ferrell and Lloyd Brown, $55,000; Carl Reynolds and Wes Ferrell, $25,000 each; a cool $350,000 went for Jimmy Foxx, Johnny Marcum, Roger Cramer, and Eric McNair; a mere $100,000 covered miscellaneous deals including Heinie Manush, Oscar Melillo, and a blooded pooch for clubhouse mascot.

Yawkey today moistens his palms in the homely fashion of the diamond to secure a firmer grip on his deadly pen. He warns the baseball world that he has scarcely begun to write—beg pardon—fight!

If Yawkey succeeds in buying himself a pennant on the half shell it will not be the first time a millionaire has satisfied his vanity in this fashion. The late Charles A. Stoneham commandeered the Giants and with John McGraw as his purchasing agent assembled enough flags to drape every couch in his mansion. Jacob Ruppert, the beer baron, took over the Yankee franchise in 1919 and won with Babe Ruth, Carl Mays, Waite Hoyt, Joe Bush, and Wally Schang, all C.O.D. parcels.

P. K. Wrigley, the chicle man, began the groundwork for Chicago Cub titles in similar fashion. His top purchase was Chuck Klein, who came from the Phillies for $100,000.

Even the late Frank Navin of the Tigers, who cultivated many fine players on his baseball farms, discovered he could not win a title without buying it, so he mailed a $100,000 check to Connie Mack for Mickey Cochrane.

So there is no disgrace attached to the outright purchase of pennants. All other things equal, the man with the most money will win oftener than he will lose.

It is Yawkey's sudden splurge and record-breaking payments which have attracted attention; a notoriety, incidentally, which is mildly irritating.

"People seem to think I am being taken for a sucker. Many a millionaire has blown twice as much on polo, racing stables, and yachts, yet you never hear a peep about them," he complains.

Our hero's original name was Thomas Austin. In 1917 his rich uncle, William Yawkey, adopted him and shipped him off to Irving School, Tarrytown, New York. Two years later Tom's foster father died. The youngster was made sole heir and made his first appearance in the headlines. In 1920 he was packed off to Yale and he was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School.

As soon as he came out of college he married Elise Sparrow, quaintly termed the "Cinderella Girl" of Birmingham, Alabama, by society editors.

Tom began the direction of the W. H. Yawkey Estates, controlling extensive lumber and mining interests, and began to accumulate a fortune. His Fifth Avenue penthouse, his Alaskan hunting lodge, his Southern plantation among the live oaks and gray moss of Georgia's South Island palled. Restless, he began to shop around for a baseball franchise.

He first priced Brooklyn. Succeeding in rounding up half the stock, he failed to get more, and then dropped negotiations. He next called at the Giants, submitted a bid, and departed after a firm refusal.

Agents for minor clubs solicited him, but Yawkey curtly said, "If I can't get into the big leagues I won't go into baseball. My father once owned the Detroit Tigers and helped Bancroft Johnson form the American League. It's the big top for me or nothing doing."

Then his friend Eddie Collins recommended Boston. Yawkey had, and still has, great confidence in Collins, who was a member of the famous $100,000 infield of the Athletics, a manager of the White Sox, and a veteran of twenty-one seasons. Yawkey persuaded Collins to throw up his job as assistant to Connie Mack and act as his purchasing agent and adviser.

COLLINS agreed and promptly went to Boston, where he bought the Red Sox from Bob Quinn for $1,000,000. This occurred in February, 1933.

Yawkey and Collins immediately launched one of the most remarkable buying sprees in baseball. Price tags with boxcar numbers were calmly inspected; checks were casually written.

The high mark was reached when Yawkey paid $250,000 to an overjoyed and stunned Clark Griffith of the Washington Senators. Griffith in return sent his son-in-law, Joe Cronin, to Boston, nervously cautioning him to mind his step getting on the train and keep a weather eye peeled for runaway taxis, for the love of Mike.

"There will never again be another $250,000 ballplayer," says Yawkey. "No man is worth that much to any club as a player. I paid such a sum for Cronin because at that time I needed him for a dual role, manager and athlete. I will never again pay that sum."

Yawkey's moneybags failed to bring him a pennant in '33; and in '34, when Lefty Grove, a pitcher for whom he paid Connie Mack $125,000, appeared with a dead arm and turned in an earned-run average of 6.52, cartoonists had their fun and rival owners snickered.

Meanwhile Yawkey's foster mother died, leaving him a cool $15,000,000. The boy magnate girded himself for another attack, and immediately his luck changed. Fans stormed his new park, attendance records were set, and the one-time tailenders finished fourth.

His infected teeth and tonsils removed by Yawkey's orders, Lefty Grove staged a brilliant comeback. Lefty won twenty games and was the only pitcher in the league with an earned-run efficiency under the three-run limit.

Wesley Ferrell, bought from Cleveland for $25,000, proved to be a miracle man. He won twenty-five victories, more than any other pitcher in the majors, with the exception of Dizzy Dean.

But Yawkey was still dissatisfied. He felt that having spent so much money on a four-place club he might as well shoot another wad and get himself a pennant. So $350,000 was laid on the line in the winter of '35-'36 for Philadelphia's Jimmy Foxx, Johnny Marcum, Roger Cramer, and Eric McNair.

This deal forced the champion Detroit Tigers to double their first timid bids and take Al Simmons from Chicago's White Sox as a defensive gesture. Al was one of the few pieces of valuable bric-à-brac lying loose. The rest had been crated off to Boston.

And now this spring Professor Yawkey takes his gold-plated, diamond-studded club into the grapefruit belt to weld it into a cohesive championship club.

Some experts maintain that his many prima donnas will sing a sour horsehide chorus. Others say he is a cinch. But—win or lose—Yawkey promises to be in there swinging from the toes—with his trusty pen.

THE END

"The Drink of the Month" Vincent Lopez, tells you how to mix

• To win a reputation as a drink-mixer, take these tips from Vincent Lopez, famous orchestra leader of the Ambassador Hotel, New York:

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Sentimental, Seductive, Sapient

Miss Sullavan as an Actress, La Dietrich as a Thief, and Mr. Lowe as Philo Vance Demonstrate This and That Concerning the Wages of Love and Sin

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ½ NEXT TIME WE LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Ray Milland, Grant Mitchell, Anna Demetrio, Robert McWade, Ronnie Cosbey, Florence Roberts, Christian Rub. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Story by Ursula Parrott.

NEXT TIME WE LOVE is completely and unashamedly romantic. It is simply the story of two young people in love. And so finely wrought is this suavely sentimental tale, so nicely balanced are its values, and so surely is it played that it becomes quite likely the best thing of its uncommon sort the talkies have yet offered.

Grave but never solemn, Melville Baker's adaptation of Ursula Parrott's novel, Say Goodbye Again, moves smoothly and with a wealth of poignancy. Directed with a quietly effective skill by E. H. Griffith, the story opens with the hasty marriage of a young couple — Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart. Miss Sullavan plays an actress on what is called the brink of a career; and Mr. Stewart, who seems definitely pointed toward a well deserved stardom, is a traveling newspaper correspondent. Neither feels that it would be fair to ask the other to forsake his calling. So they go their ways, and in doing so lose each other.

Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart in a scene from Next Time We Love.

It is a great credit to all concerned with this decidedly articulate film that its simple story, told without frills, attains the emotional height it certainly does. Next Time We Love would be distinctive if only for its handling of the newspaperman, a type that the movies have consistently garbled. But even though James Stewart steals the picture from its star and from Ray Milland, who heads the capable supporting cast, this is no one-role picture. It is, rather, a handsomely proportioned merger of good writing and sympathetic playing. And it comes as a somehow gay and sad offering to delight and move the intelligent moviegoer.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ursula Parrott belongs to the Wilton, Connecticut, school of penthouse writers, having a big place there. . . . When Colonel Publisher Joe Medill Patterson wanted to cast the Managing Editor in his play, The Fourth Estate, a few years back, he chose Robert McWade. McWade's been playing such editors so long now he could turn out a bulldog edition with a broken-down sob sister and a hand press. . . . To get that inkpot smell, they cast real out-of-work reporters in the newspaper scenes. Now go ahead and write in your complaint that the newspaper stuff seems stereotyped—nothing like the Morning Bee offices in your town! . . . If Margaret Sullavan gives the impression she's a bit dizzy, it's only because she's always on the jump. She dines *al fresco* at the Universal lunch counter. She hates to be interviewed, photographed. Recently got into something of a tiff with Hollywood candid-camera picture snatchers, who caught her leaving a preview with ex-husb Henry Fonda. She's one of the fastest workers on the stages, taking no time to do her stuff and usually doing it perfectly, and hence is much in demand by the money grubbers who want their art good and cheap. . . . James Stewart's of Princeton, but don't hold that against him. Modestly he thinks Princeton excels in all things and doesn't recognize any team from the East that visits the Rose Bowl January 1. Was born both in Indiana and Pennsylvania —in a place called Indiana, Pennsylvania. He comes over to U. from Rose Marie. . . . Anna Demetrio's father was an officer in the Italian Marines.

★ ★ ½ DESIRE

THE PLAYERS: Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper, John Halliday, William Frawley, Ernest Cossart, Akim Tamiroff, Alan Mowbray, Zeffie Tilbury. Directed by Frank Borzage. From the play by Hans Szekely and R. A. Stemmle.

DESIRE, the new Marlene Dietrich showcase, is a beautiful and unreal interlude in the lives of an international jewel thief and an American automotive engineer. La Dietrich is the gorgeous crook who smartly snatches the priceless pearls and Le Cooper is the vacationing tourist who unwittingly helps her get them across the Franco-Spanish border.

Once safe in Spain, the land of bullfights and necking, or the *grand amour*, Miss Dietrich's big problem is to get the pearls back from Cooper. Not knowing that they have been hidden in his suit, Cooper assumes that she is interested in him for his tall and handsome self alone. And in time that's just how it turns out. The couple do a few reels of skating on thin ice, and then crash right through to admit that they are hopelessly and passionately in love.

Though these romantic sequences contain many moments of the torrid sort, and though the whole business is coated with a pseudo-sophisticated glamour, Desire is a curiously old-fashioned film. The decorative Fräulein

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Dietrich, smartly costumed by Travis Banton, unbends in this picture more than is her wont and occasionally she is actually gay. Her acting ability, however, remains limited to expressing varying degrees of seductiveness. As the putty in her hands, Cooper exhibits an unsuspected comedy flair and his performance has a casual touch. In fact it is often a bit too casual to be quite in keeping with the heavily perfumed background.

Desire reaches its climax when the thief realizes that she must disclose her gaudy past to the young American. Though this situation is no more real than the bizarre events leading up to it, the picture is at least always pleasant to watch. And Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich, ably assisted by the sleek John Halliday and a dryly comic Alan Mowbray, give it grace and lighthearted appeal.

VITAL STATISTICS: Tiffing for more story control these days, the Dietrich's desire is to shift your attention from her legs to her mind. Like von Sternberg, she has new glass house in black, white, gray, furnished along severely functional lines, relieved only by those long shapely legs of hers. In interviews she mixes in a witty line of dry Noel Cowardly chatter with raisings of those languorous heavy-lidded blue eyes. She is not shy of interviews, talking with the self-assurance of an F. D. R. about anything you ask her. She's anxious to go abroad; has lost all trace of accent in her English; definitely hasn't forsaken trousers; wants men to give up stiff collars and neckties and go in for Jack Oakies; has a new satin-lined portable dressing room; acts before an off-camera full-length mirror; nibbles tuberoses on the set; had to learn to drive a car for Desire. . . . Lanky Gary Cooper always seems unhappy out of a saddle. I saw him sitting among the plush of Hollywood's best known couturière recently, and was he squirming! Gary's worked steadily since August 20, 1934, and is at present vacationing at Bermuda. He'll wind up with a Graf Zep transatlantic trip climaxing a European jaunt. Necked Dietrich last five years ago under Director Borzage's kiss-touch. Is the he-man offscreen, and longs for kiss-proof scripts in which men are men, not love-ridden imbeciles. . . . It's Director Frank Borzage who started this love-team business with Gaynor and Farrell. He is a veteran of the clinch and can get more love heat per celluloid mile than any other director in Hollywood, owing to a natural predilection for bringing out raw emotion. He features the kiss close-up. If you look closely, you'll see Marlenah's kiss technique close-upped right smack against the camera for the first time. Bring your telescopes and sit in the front row. . . . Tiffany's, when approached by studio technicals, refused to divulge its secret methods of guarding against theft of such knickknacks as advertised $140,000 pearl necklaces.

★ ½ THE GARDEN MURDER CASE

THE PLAYERS: Edmund Lowe, Virginia Bruce, Benita Hume, Douglas Walton, Nat Pendleton, Gene Lockhart, H. B. Warner, Kent Smith, Grant Mitchell, Frieda Inescort, Henry B. Walthall, Jessie Ralph. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Story by S. S. Van Dine.

IN The Garden Murder Case, Vance—played now by Edmund Lowe—is faced with three killings. And before the picture is over he solves them all and wins Virginia Bruce to boot, if that's his idea of how to treat a girl.

Designed strictly for the double-feature trade, The Garden Murder Case is mildly interesting, if never believable, and it should keep most of the audience seated until the main feature. A tough setup, it is Vance's tricky task to discover the links between and the causes of three apparently unrelated deaths. A gentleman jockey (Douglas Walton) is killed while taking a hurdle. A hated business man (Gene Lockhart) is shot while imitating some one on the phone. A girl (Frieda Inescort) falls off a bus.

Though we don't wish to spoil what story value The Garden Murder Case does have, here is a good clue: watch out for a hypnotist. He's the cause of two of the deaths. There are plenty of suspects—Virginia Bruce, Benita Hume, H. B. Warner, Jessie Ralph, and Henry B. Walthall—and the film moves in a way to keep you guessing. However, it is weakened by attempts at a Thin Man type of humor and the killer's motivation is never forcefully established.

For some reason that we don't pretend to know, the acting in mystery films is generally inferior. The Garden Murder Case is no exception.

VITAL STATISTICS: Whodunits are movie staple as they are rent-library stand-by. Chief problem in screening them is to make killer nonevident, story just opposite, with minimum of explanation by detective at end. . . . John Gilbert's death hit Virginia Bruce hard. She'd finished this and was being very gay on Great Ziegfeld when she heard the sad news. Gilbert left bulk of estate to her and their little girl. Virginia studiously avoids hair-tearing-out and breast-heaving in her style of acting; is most unaffected actress in Hollywood. Cut off her long gilt locks at long last, and now doesn't have any back hair to let down for confidences. . . . Did H. B. Warner and Henry B. Walthall chew over old times together! They're supergrand old men, and have they seen Hollywood from what angles! . . . Eddie Lowe's the fifth Philo Vance, and among the Vance alumni only Lukas and Bill Powell have stopped acting like the *g*-dropping mental giant. Eddie's going abroad to do an English cinema.

★ HERE COMES TROUBLE

THE PLAYERS: Paul Kelly, Arline Judge, Mona Barrie, Gregory Ratoff, Sammy Cohen, Ed Brophy, Halliwell Hobbes, Andrew Tombes, George Chandler, Granville Bates, and others. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Story by John Bright and Robert Tasker.

AN ineffective blend of farce and intrigue, the honestly titled Here Comes Trouble bogs its competent players in a mire of messy material. The story revolves, when it revolves at all, about a group of jewel thieves busy at their nefarious trade in midocean. Energetically played by Paul Kelly, the pert Arline Judge, Gregory Ratoff, and Halliwell Hobbes, the plot is so weak and loosely fashioned that it seldom catches interest.

Though it brings a few scattered laughs with its broadly slapstick comedy, the film persists, for all its frantic activity, in being dead and heavy-handed. And since it is too noisy to sleep through, smart theatergoers will pass up Here Comes Trouble.

VITAL STATISTICS: Tired of making cold steam out of dry-ice vapor shot through papier-mâché pipes, Twentieth Century-Fox made a real ship's engine room out of machinery from the Frisco marine salvage yards. Real coal was burned. All the set needed was a rudder, a propeller, and a person who organizes ship's concerts, and the entire lot would have sailed up Sunset Blvd. . . . Tough likable Paul Kelly got no more than a bad cold out of the hot engine-room scenes. Paul never wears make-up, which proves that even the camera likes him. Kelly's a Hollywood perennial—never blooming into Gabledom, yet never fading like some of his contemps. He looks good for years, as he doesn't age, doesn't swing from chandeliers, votes a quiet Republican, and avoids the niteries. . . . After many years of vodvil, auburn-topped Sammy Cohen returns to his first love. . . . Russian-bo'n Gregory Ratoff got himself sick smoking those black stogies on the stage mounted on rockers to give the ship-roll effect. . . . Mona Barrie got tapped for pictures while riding atop a Fifth avenue bus. Now, girls, will you be so haughty next time I tip you to the wink around Fifty-seventh Street? . . . You wouldn't believe it about Andrew Tombes, but the sonofagun springs from Samuel Huntington, first governor of Connecticut, and a signer of the Dec of Independ, which surely is no laughing matter. . . . Zanuck may scrap the Twentieth-Fox Western lot, as he can't stand having his henchmen out of sight of Fox hills, where he's the present king. Picture sympolizes present trend: Grand Hotel, plus jewel thieves, plus manicures, plus foreign ports, equal what it takes to make b. o. . . . Frank Hagney, huskiest of Hollywood extras (he's ex-Aussie bike and rowing champ and boxer) has lost the world's boxing championship before the lens twenty-nine times.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams.

★★★—The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades.

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(Continued from the February 29 issue)

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(To be continued in the March 21 issue)

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WILL THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN JINX GET PAULETTE GODDARD?

THE WORLD AND HOLLYWOOD WONDER, REMEMBERING WHAT HAS BEFALLEN HIS LEADING WOMEN OF THE PAST

by

FREDERICK L. COLLINS
AND
MARIAN SQUIRE

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

When Paulette Goddard came to Hollywood she was just another blonde. It was currently reported that she had $75,000 in fresh-cut alimony.

Now she is a brunette, Charlie Chaplin's leading woman, his inseparable companion, possibly his wife. And if she ever had the $75,000, she has it still.

Meanwhile she has been the recipient of the biggest "build-up" in even Hollywood's history.

The excitement over Paulette began back in the fall of 1932, when a little gray man in a big lavender sports car used to sit patiently outside the beauty parlor of the Beverly Hills Hotel while she was getting her platinum wash.

Whether he got tired of waiting or just didn't like platinum, no one will ever know. But presently Paulette emerged a brunette.

Very delicately the information was conveyed to a swooning world that it was at the suggestion of Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin that the epochal change was made.

This was the first that Hollywood had heard about Paulette being an actress, except vague rumors that she had once been in the Follies. Interviewers swooped down upon her—but there were no interviews. From that day to this she has been enveloped in the Chaplin mantle of mystery. And, of course, the more mystery, the more publicity.

News photographers followed her everywhere. She was continually pictured with Charlie, especially in restaurants. He loves restaurants and fairly lives in them. For three years, now, he and Paulette have been dropping into the Beverly Hills Brown Derby from one to three times a week. Often they simply sit in contented, understanding silence.

Paulette, richly tanned, would hurry up from the beach in brown pajamas or slacks to dine with a harassed Charlie, who was working late with his gagmen; or, svelte in silver-cloth evening gown and furs, she would join him on the way to an El Capitan first night.

For more than three years this has been her life—this and helping Charlie to entertain his distinguished visitors, like H. G. Wells. Not much of a life for a young girl perhaps; but a great life for building her up in the public mind. By the end of 1935, although her screen debut was still ahead of her, she was the most talked about girl in the industry.

Her success was colossal—before it existed.

Then word began to leak out from the studio where she was working on Charlie's picture, Modern Times, that the girl really *was* good—was living up to her advance notices!

Such a girl should go far. But will she?

Chaplin's other leading women haven't, and neither have his wives. A jinx has seemed to pursue them.

Will it also pursue Paulette? Will it get her?

Even Edna Purviance, whisper the old-timers, was unable to escape it. You remember Edna. For years no Chaplin picture was complete without her. Eventually Charlie presented her in A Woman of Paris, a feature-length film which he directed but in which he did not appear. It was the picture of the year. The future was hers! But she never made another important appearance on the screen.

Then came Mildred Harris, who at sixteen had already achieved a considerable success. She didn't play in Chaplin's pictures. She married him. She bore him a child—a son—who died. Then her marriage went suddenly on the rocks, and with it her screen career.

Then came Wife Number Two. Lita Grey Chaplin was fifteen when she married the comedian, sixteen when she bore him the first of their two sons. She had been a student in a stenographic school. It was Charlie's intention, however, to make her into a picture star; and he did make the first scenes of The Gold Rush with Lita in the leading feminine role.

Before the production was completed, however, came the most lurid divorce in Hollywood's history. The scenes in which she appeared were scrapped and another actress was put into the role. Later, she tried to start over again in other studios; but it was thumbs down in Hollywood on Lita Grey Chaplin.

Her successor in The Gold Rush was a little known but darkly beautiful young actress, Georgia Hale. The usual prophecies of a glamorous future were made for the little Hale girl—but if she ever played another role, it was not important enough to remain in the records. Her fate was blamed on the Charlie Chaplin jinx.

Georgia's successor as the comedian's leading lady was red-haired Myrna Kennedy, heroine of The Circus. Many critics considered her a discovery, the perfect film type.

EDNA PURVIANCE

MILDRED HARRIS.

United Artists photo

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard—"no mere foil for him"—in Modern Times. Left: At a premiere in Los Angeles.

Chaplin himself was enthusiastic. He didn't deny that she was also to appear in City Lights. But she didn't. And she has never since appeared in any role of screen prominence.

It was Virginia Cherrill who played the blind girl in City Lights. She had never appeared on the screen before. The usual rosy prophecies were made for her. But she soon dropped out of the Hollywood scene.

Will Paulette Goddard be the first to break this sad succession of failures? Or will she, too, succumb to the fatal Chaplin jinx?

To answer, we must be sure whether there really is any such jinx. For example, there were many excellent reasons why Edna Purviance's career came to a sudden end. Edna had been hired by Chaplin not as an actress but as a foil; her acting ability he breathed into her. But he was now emerging from slapstick into a quiet wistfulness; he now needed sprightliness as a foil. The public taste was changing too. Big girls were going out. And Edna didn't help matters by letting herself get—well, there is only one word for it—fat.

As for Mildred Harris, her divorce from Chaplin undoubtedly hurt her. The movie companies were still in the "Mary must not be kissed" stage. They undoubtedly clamped down on Mildred. And she was never much of an actress. Jinx or no jinx, she was foredoomed to obscurity.

The case of Lita Grey Chaplin was even simpler. No girl could fling the ugly charges which she flung against the industry's brightest star and hope to be allowed to remain for long within that industry's fold. Using the Chaplin name, she has since had some success as a singer; if she had not met Chaplin she would probably never have been mentioned in connection with the screen.

Georgia Hale, although not implicated in the Chaplin-Grey scandal, naturally suffered from it. She had been an intimate friend of Lita Grey, and she had profited greatly by the latter's tragedy. The thought that she had plotted to this end, although having no basis in fact, was inescapable. And although it was natural, during the making of the picture, that she should be seen much with Chaplin, the rumors to which these appearances gave rise served to connect her even more directly with the scandal. Afterward, she didn't have a chance in Hollywood. It was too bad. It wasn't fair. But it was no jinx.

Only Miss Kennedy seems at all exceptional. She was a good actress before Chaplin met her; was good in The Circus; has been good in her few appearances since. Yet, so far, she remains essentially a one-picture star.

Virginia Cherrill wasn't an actress before Chaplin met her, nor, in any important sense, has she been one since. Virginia's background is social. In the old silent days she might have got by; success on the talking screen would have taken much more hard work than she was willing to give.

In short, the jinx theory doesn't hold.

A much more likely explanation of why Chaplin's leading ladies have not gone farther is that he doesn't pick them for their acting ability. Generally speaking, he picks the girl in whom he is at the moment romantically interested. Of course, the girl must be a good foil for him. But, being author, director, and producer as well as star, he can simply write parts well within the young woman's acting scope, and so direct and act her scenes that she furnishes the essential feminine background for his own performance.

That he has had more than a little difficulty in performing this miracle with Paulette Goddard is obvious.

Her figure and her features, on the screen, are like his own. So are her motions, her gestures, her eyes. Even her tricks of speech are his.

Paulette Goddard is no foil. That Chaplin recognizes it is evidenced by his announcing a production in which she alone will be starred. Any picture which Charlie Chaplin produces is sure to be a commercial success; and business conditions in Hollywood right now demand that he produce as many as possible.

That should mean more Paulette Goddard pictures. So, unless something untoward happens, Paulette Goddard is pretty well set. Even if something untoward should happen, the disaster might not overwhelm her as it did Mildred Harris and Lita Grey.

Paulette Goddard's future isn't assured. But from where we sit, it looks pretty darned bright!

THE END

LITA GREY CHAPLIN

GEORGIA HALE

MYRNA KENNEDY

VIRGINIA CHERRILL

JAFSIE UNDER FIRE

The Finger of Suspicion—Violet Sharpe—The Number on the Wall—New Light on the Inside Facts of the Lindbergh Case

by Dr. JOHN F. CONDON

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

FOLLOWING "John's" directions, Colonel Lindbergh flew over Long Island Sound, examined every craft that might be the "boad Nelly," and finally realized that he and Jafsie had been double-crossed. Jafsie, who made the flight with him, told the whole story of it last week.

Until May 12, when the baby's body was found, there continued to be hopes that "John" might even yet keep faith. Meanwhile Jafsie's identity became known to the newspapers, and his long ordeal under the eyes of reporters, busybodies, practical jokers, and others began. But he went to the shallow grave in the woods near Hopewell and, beside it, prayed to live to see the slayer brought to justice. Then and there it struck him that murder might have been inferred, immediately after the kidnaping, from the positions of the two safety pins that secured the baby's blankets.

He was now working ceaselessly on the case—viewing New York police line-ups, visiting other cities, often accompanied by New Jersey detectives named Coar and Leon. One Saturday they called for him; would he come over and look at the rogues'-gallery pictures at Paterson? Instead, they took him to Alpine, where he found a silent gathering of city and state police officers. No explanation was made to him until Inspector Harry Walsh came at him with these words: "All right, Condon—it's about time that you started to confess!"

PART NINE—"COLONEL LINDBERGH IS NOT YOUR FRIEND"

"CONFESS what?" I demanded.

"We know a good deal more about this case than you think we know. We've questioned Red Johnson, Violet Sharpe, Betty Gow, a flock of others. And now it's your turn. Why don't you answer?"

"Because you haven't asked me any questions," I replied. "Furthermore, as far as I am concerned, you can't know too much about this case. But you wanted to ask questions. Don't let me stop you."

"No man stops me," he snapped. "You might as well get it straight now. I'm a cop first, last, always."

"Happy to meet you," I said.

My flippant reply incensed him. His hands shot out, grabbed my arms, pinned them to my sides. I allow no man to lay hands on me. I raised my arms, flung myself loose from his grip.

"I don't care," I told him, "if you're governor of this state. Keep your hands off me." He half-raised his arms, then seemed to reconsider.

"If you confess now," he said, "you'll save yourself a great deal of humiliation later on."

"Confess what?"

"What's your business?"

"Professor of education."

"Did you pay fifty thousand dollars to a kidnaper in St. Raymond's on the night of April 2?"

"I did."

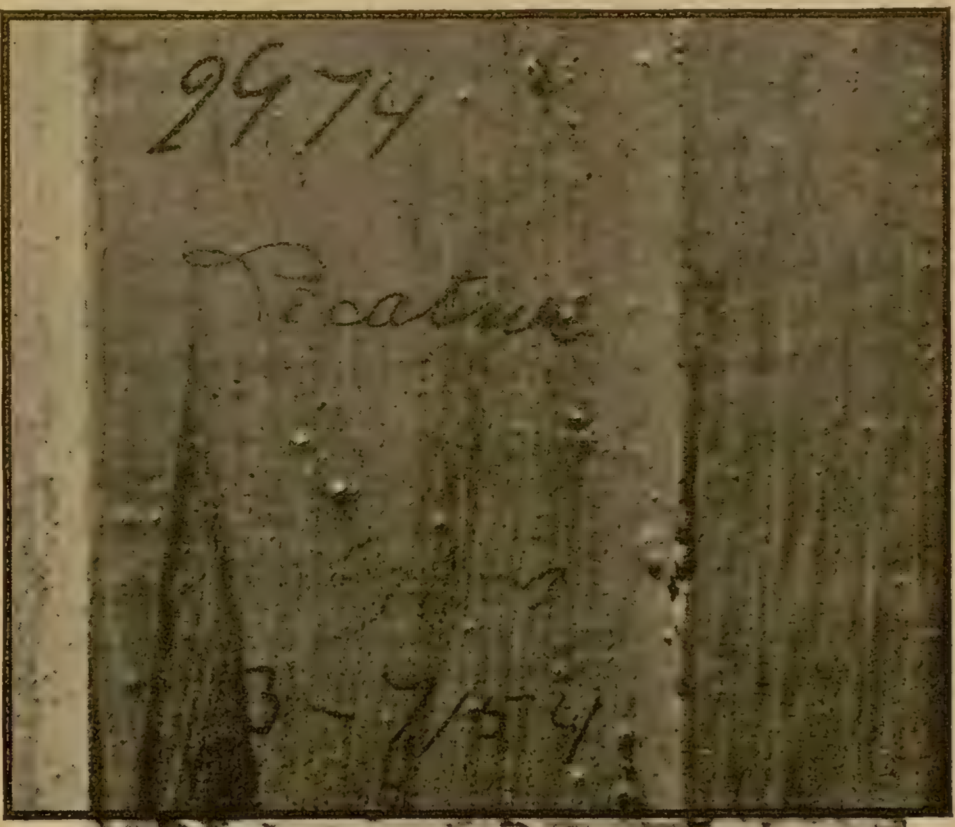
"You carried this money to him?"

"I did."

"And you mean to stand there and tell me that you carried this sum of money, alone, at night, and didn't get your share of it?"

"I got nothing."

"I'm going to ask questions. You're going to answer them—truthfully. If you confess now, it will save a lot of trouble all around. If you don't, you're going to answer questions until we get the true answers. Decide for yourself. Do you want to telephone your family and tell them that you're here—and you're staying here?"



Jafsie rowing from City Island to question rumrunners about a rumor concerning "John." Above is the board from Hauptmann's home with Jafsie's address and telephone number written on it.

"No. My family will learn I'm being kept here. And when they find out, they'll act on that knowledge."

"What do you intend to do?"

"Stay here until you tell me to go home. Incidentally, I don't think your trick of bringing me over under false pretenses was especially manly."

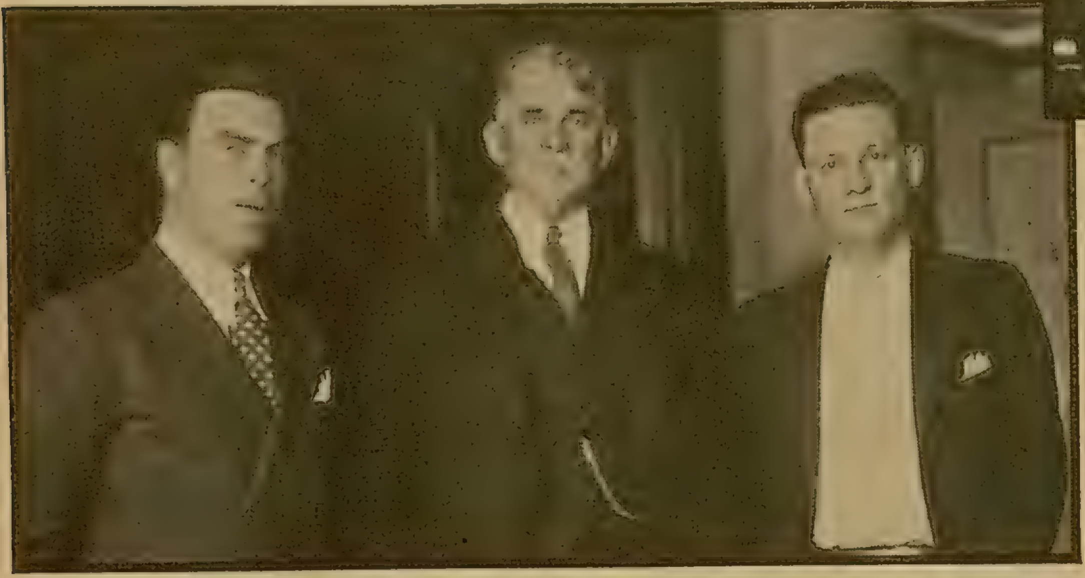
"On the night of April 2 you obtained a note of instructions from under a table at the Bergen flower shop."

"Right," I answered.

"That note read: 'Cross the street and walk to the next corner and follow Whittemore Avenue to the south. Take the money with you, come alone and walk. I will meet you.' Is that correct?"

"It is."

"Then why didn't you follow those clear instructions? Instead of immediately turning south on Whittemore Avenue, you continued east on Tremont for about one hundred yards."



Detectives Coar (left) and Leon with Jafsie at Boston police headquarters when he examined rogues'-gallery pictures there.

"I did."

"I know you did. What I am asking is this: Why did you do it? Why did you pass Whittemore and go east, instead of south, before following the instructions in the note? Was that supposed to be a signal of some sort to the kidnaper?"

I smiled despite myself. With what ridiculous ease can a suspicious construction be placed on the slightest, most innocent deviation in a man's conduct!

"I walked east first," I explained, "because I wanted to see if a man, or gang of men, might be lurking behind the tombstones that lined Whittemore Avenue. I had no desire to walk blindly into a trap."

He ignored the explanation, took up another point:

"You talked the kidnaper into lowering the amount by twenty thousand."

"Yes."

"You gave him fifty thousand when he had been demanding seventy."

"Yes."

"You were alone when you gave it to him, alone when you talked to him at the first meeting."

"Yes."

"You have spent time, energy, your own money since you entered this case. And you have not received a cent of pay."

"Neither wanted nor received one cent."

"Your story's wacky," he snapped. "It's screwy! Isn't it?"

I baited him with an innocently blank face.

"Wacky? Screwy? I'm a professor, Inspector, but we don't talk the same language. If you'll kindly get me a dictionary and explain to me by what authority you employ such terms as 'wacky' and 'screwy,' perhaps I'll be enlightened enough to answer your question."

One of the men at the table guffawed. Walsh wheeled on him: "Cut that out! This is a serious matter."

I was grinning when he turned back to me. There was no further use by him of either of those terms. His air was patronizing, his voice scornful, when he spoke again:

Jafsie talking with Arthur Barry, diamond thief, and clearing him as a Lindbergh kidnap "suspect."

"You carried that money—fifty thousand. Alone. In the dark. You turned it over to the kidnapers. And you didn't get a cent of it yourself." His next words were uttered in a high-pitched voice: "If God in heaven came down and told me that story, I wouldn't believe it."

"You should be ashamed of yourself," I rebuked him gently. "It's inconceivable to me that a man whose little daughter attends a convent should use sacrilege in such a sacred cause."

My words stung. For the second time he grabbed my arm. My own fists were clenched as I brought that arm up, shoved. It caught him off balance and he stumbled back across the room as I straightened out my arm. He bumped against a window sill.

"Now, you get this," I told him. "Place me under arrest and I'll be docile as a child. You can do anything you want to me then. But, until you place me under arrest, keep those hands off me."

That, too, went ignored. His voice suddenly became the gentle, well modulated voice of an educated man.

"But you did go past Whittemore Avenue and east on Tremont?"

"Yes, for the reasons I have given you. It was an act, I believe, that met with the full approval of Colonel Lindbergh, who was there."

The next words uttered by the soft-spoken voice cut me more deeply, more surely, than any word or action in the entire case:

"You'd better tell the truth, now, Condon. *Colonel Lindbergh is not a friend of yours.*"

Dismay blinded me for one bitter instant. I could stand anything but that. I had laid everything I had at the feet of the young Colonel I idolized so sincerely. I had braved danger for him. He knew my integrity. I had been enriched by his friendship. If it were gone now, nothing mattered.

Thrown emotionally off guard, I wanted to hit back. Shouted denials, indignant heated words, almost reached my lips in that moment before I realized that this wasn't true. Colonel Lindbergh *was* my friend. This was only a trick to—

My eyes locked with those of Inspector Walsh. Though my face must have gone white, I forced a smile.

I said nothing.

We took chairs, after a while, and the questioning continued. For four uninterrupted hours, questions were put to me. I repeated again and again the story I had told so many times. There were no variations, no contradictions.

At the end of four hours the grilling had proved as effective as a nod to a blind horse. But Inspector Walsh

Did You Ever Take an Internal Bath?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality you're going to read this message to the last line.

What is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

Nurse Uses Cascade on Nearly Every Case

I have this to say now and always. I sure could not and would not be without a Cascade for my own use. I also use one in my work on nearly every case I go on. I enjoy using it because I can always depend on good results; it never fails me. I surely have had some wonderful results by the use of the Cascade. I guess I could fill a book with my different cases and the results I have had. I just couldn't nurse any more without it.

Lena Lierman, R. N.
1731 Delaware St.,
Anderson, Ind.
Nov. 8, 1934.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for this Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L 3-14, 152 W. 65th St., New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

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Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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was not easily discouraged. "You're going to stay here until you confess," he told me. "You'd better telephone to your family."

"My family knows that I can take care of myself," I replied.

"You may be here for three months."

"I'll stay."

They went out to get something to eat, leaving me in the room with a uniformed guard. I could have enjoyed something to eat myself at that moment, but no invitation to go along was extended.

Hungry and a little tired, I pulled my chair up to a radiator, crossed my arms on the radiator, put my head in my arms, and fell sound asleep. I must have slept for an hour. I heard a man's voice say:

"Well, I'll be ——. Will you look at that! You'd think he was home in bed."

I raised stiff arms, stretched them. "I'm ready," I told Inspector Walsh.

In an almost fatherly voice he suggested:

"Get your hat. Do you know how to play croquet?"

"I'm an expert at the game," I said, smiling. "But I prefer boxing."

We did neither. We went for a walk. Whether or not it was intended as some sort of psychological trick I do not know, but our path led us along New Jersey's glorious Palisades, with their occasional sheer drops of seven hundred feet. I found myself walking between Inspector Walsh and the cliff edge.

I have never known the disturbing fear of high places from which so many persons suffer. It was Inspector Walsh who became uneasy at times when I stepped quite close to the edge, that I might obtain a better view of the beautiful Hudson River beneath us.

"Come back here," he ordered. His voice held genuine worry.

I turned, smiled at him. "I have nothing to confess, Inspector," I assured him. "And I do not plan to commit suicide."

WE returned to the station. I was dismissed. Leon and Coar drove me home. Leon said:

"Honestly, Doc, I didn't know it was going to be like this. Don't be too harsh in your criticism of the inspector. He has his duties."

"It doesn't matter greatly," I replied. "Having done no wrong, I fear no tribunal. My only criticism of Inspector Walsh is that he failed to distinguish between a criminal capable of a vicious crime and a schoolteacher with a spotless record of fifty years of service."

A day or two later two men called at my home. Dignified, reserved, polite, they had "the 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill" type of accent. They explained that they represented the British government; that they were obtaining evidence concerning the manner in which the Lindbergh case was being investigated—particularly, I gathered, with reference to the death of Violet Sharpe. Did I have any personal experiences, any affronts or injuries suffered at the hands of the police, about which I could tell them?

Here—had I been bent on retaliation—was a splendid opportunity.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," I said, dismissing them. "I have nothing to report concerning either myself or Miss Sharpe that is not already a matter of record at Headquarters at Alpine."

The Violet Sharpe affair, as the world knows, created a furor, brought bitter criticism down upon the heads of Colonel Schwarzkopf and Inspector Walsh.

ALTHOUGH I had no liking for my "interview" at Alpine, personal considerations mattered less to me than my innate love and respect for my country, its laws, and those who—whether or not I at all times agreed with them—were performing their duties as well as they knew how to enforce those laws. And the fact that the Violet Sharpe incident made the Lindbergh case a political football thoroughly disgusted me. While the hue and cry was at its peak, while the New Jersey officers were being railed against, I sent Colonel Lindbergh this telegram:

DONT SWAP HORSES IN MIDSTREAM

Inspector Walsh was a cop "first, last, always." If at times his methods were not to my liking, I had no vindictive desire to see him suffer for his efforts to break the case.

Violet Sharpe, pathetic figure, went to her grave. And from the office of the British acting consul general in New York went a report to England completely absolving the New Jersey police of the charges of brutality made against them.

But the Lindbergh case was not, for me, all tragedy and humiliation. The incident of the lady missionary is a case in point.

Detectives Bob Coar and Sam Leon and myself were Boston bound, on a boat, to examine the rogues'-gallery pictures at Headquarters there. These lads, who enjoy practical as well as other jokes, called me to the ship's rail to look at a school of fish. I bent, obligingly, far over the rail.

Suddenly a resounding stinging blow caught me squarely in, shall I say, "the bosom of my trousers." Though it hurt, I did not look up. There were no fish to be seen, but I continued to lean over the rail studying the nonexistent school of them. When, finally, I did straighten wordlessly, passengers were promenading up and down the deck and Coar and Leon were standing innocently behind me. Coar had a newspaper, rolled tightly, in his hand.

"It's a shame," sympathized Coar, "that a man can't lean over the rail without having some fresh passenger go by and whack him one."

"Think nothing of it, Bob," I answered. "Just remember this: That passenger is still on this boat. I'll find him before he gets off. And when I do, I'll get even—plenty."

The afternoon waned. It was time for dinner. We were all quite hungry. Coar and Leon, quite hearty eaters, were especially anxious to get below to the table early. They went into their stateroom to wash up. I noticed their key, with its identification tag, sticking in the door on the outside. I went over, turned the key softly in the lock, and pocketed it.

There was a lounge near by. I walked over to a chair, took up a magazine. From inside the stateroom came Coar's impatient voice:

"Hurry it up, Sam. I could eat the ears off a hobby-horse."

"I'm ready," replied Leon.

I saw the knob of the locked door turn.

"That's funny," Coar's voice said. "The door's stuck."

"Try it again."

THE knob turned this way, that. The door refused to budge. They began kicking it. That served no purpose except to create a terrific racket.

"Get back," Leon's voice ordered. "I'll open the —— thing!"

A pair of broad shoulders whacked the door. It held beautifully. Four feet began to belabor it. Above the unearthly racket came profuse uninterrupted shouts of profanity. The air was blue. Seemingly oblivious, I sat there with my magazine.

Then the lady missionary put in her bewildered appearance. She occupied the adjoining stateroom. She came out into the corridor, obviously upset.

"It's horrible!" she wailed. "Can't some one put a stop to it? To think that such a thing should be allowed!"

I kept my nose in my magazine. Bellowed profanity surged out to us. She touched my arm.

"It's disgraceful!"

"What's disgraceful, madam?" I asked innocently.

"Can't you hear it?" she demanded incredulously. "Those men swearing?"

"I've been reading, madam. I haven't heard anything."

Another blue streak whizzed and the door panel trembled under the impact of the shock.

"Do you hear that?"

I wore a sad expression.

"Oh, *that?*" I replied. "Pay no attention to that, madam. Those men are locked in there. I happen to be their keeper. I'm taking them to the asylum at Charlestown." I touched my forehead significantly. "They become violent at times. They'll quiet down." I gave her the benefit of my philosophy. "I've found it helpful, when I'm walking on the street, to concentrate on something else if profanity is being used. Just try it."

"I'll try," she promised nervously, and disappeared into her stateroom.

I went below. Ordinarily I am a fast eater. Tonight I lingered over my food. Each morsel, as I chewed it slowly, seemed delectable. It took me ten minutes to decide upon a dessert.

The dining salon was closing when I went back up on deck. The assault on the door was still in sporadic progress.

The little lady, who now identified herself to me as a missionary, was actually wringing her hands.

"I tried what you said. It doesn't work. What can we do?"

Without hearing her words, a loud voice behind the locked stateroom door told us exactly what we could do.

"I'll tell you, madam," I offered, "what I would do if I were you. Find a steward at once. Report the whole incident and ask him to send one of the ship's officers here. He'll quiet them."

"Thank you—thank you." She was off.

I had returned to my magazine when the captain, a steward, and the lady missionary returned. The captain put a passkey in the lock, turned it. The door flew violently open, nearly upsetting him. Bob Coar charged

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out, red-faced: "What's the idea? What in the—"

Arms akimbo, the captain returned glare for glare.

"Exactly what I am asking *you!*" he snapped.

Not until we were docking did I hand Bob Coar the pilfered key. He looked at it in amazement.

"So you're the—"

"Yes," I admitted. "Next time you buy a newspaper, Bob, try reading it."

The months passed. That suspicion against me had not died down was still obvious. Police came to my home. I gave them free run of the place. My reward was that I had to have my upstairs study repapered in one place where they tore the paper from the wall—searching, I suppose, for some of the missing $50,000.

They dug, too, in the earth around the foundation of my summer shack at City Island. Mail that I delivered to a drugstore substation near my home up in the Bronx arrived tardily at its destination bearing the downtown Manhattan postmark of City Hall Station. My telephone line was tapped.

Letters containing supposed clues still poured in. Wild telephone calls from distant cranks who were intelligent enough to reverse charges one month ran my phone bill up to nearly fifty dollars.

Angry, I arranged for a private listing. Later, much was to be made of the fact that I had a private listing and that, despite this, my telephone number was found written in a closet in the kidnaper's home.

I would like to clear up that point now. The number so found was Sedgwick 3-7154, the old number by which I was listed in the Bronx telephone directory at the time of the kidnaping and *before* I obtained a private listing. While I am on this point, I might as well express a personal opinion that I have in the matter. The ransom money in the cans, the ransom money in the holes in the joist, the revolver in the plank! All of these things, found months later at the kidnaper's place, I can understand. But to this day I cannot bring myself to accept the written telephone number and address in the kidnaper's closet, despite the fact that he himself admitted that he wrote them there.

Police Inspector Walsh, who questioned Jafsie for hours.

On August 16 I read in the newspapers of the birth of the second son of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh. That news made me inexpressibly happy.

For I knew that that little one, its tiny arms clinging about its mother's neck, could restore to Mrs. Lindbergh the happiness that I—trying to the best of my ability—had failed to restore.

TIPS continued to come to me through the mail, and I to investigate them. I visited dens of bootleggers and the barges of rumrunners near Throgs Neck on reports that a man resembling John had been seen in these places or ransom bills turned up there. My travels were to take me as far north as Montreal, as far south as Miami. Since most of these trails, upon exploration, gave no definite indication of connection with the case, I shall not treat of them in detail here.

It is enough to state that I looked at innumerable "suspects," viewed approximately 37,000 rogues'-gallery pictures, visited dozens of cities, and never once actually found John in my search during the two and one half years he was at liberty as a direct result of my efforts.

My scrapbooks and records, kept in order for me by my capable young office assistant, Miss Jennie Barton—without whose invaluable aid in compiling the mass of accumulated notes and other material this story could not have been written—discloses that since I entered the case I have spent more than twelve thousand dollars of my own money on trips and investigations.

This was spent voluntarily, without the knowledge or consent of any one connected with the case. I neither expect nor feel that any return of any sort is due me. I mention it simply because it occurs to me that spending that amount of my own money would be a strange process for a man suspected, at some stages of the case at least, of having been in league with the kidnaper.

I retain only two things that came to me through my work on the Lindbergh case. They are the wood carvings or animal toys of the Lindbergh baby, and the pair of blanket pins which I removed from the crib.

Everything else—including every single letter I received from the kidnaper—was turned over to either Colonel Lindbergh, Colonel Breckinridge, or members of the Department of Justice. It never occurred to me to hold anything for my own protection or substantiation. At all times I felt only an eagerness to make progress in the case.

My lifelong residence in the Bronx made my entire life an open book. I believe it was pretty thoroughly inspected in those days. Nothing of which I need be ashamed was found.

The very fact that I had lived all of my life in the Bronx and that I was open to easy investigation was the reason, in my opinion, why I was selected by the kidnaper (who lived in the Bronx) as intermediary in the case.

WHILE I firmly believe the kidnaper's statements about the various members of a kidnap "gang" were pure fiction, I realize that there may exist a fragment of truth in one of his statements to me.

I refer to his having said, "Number Two knows you and says you can be trusted."

It does not follow that "Number Two" was an accomplice in the crime or had anything to do with it, but the possibility exists that the man whom the kidnaper designated as "Number Two" might have been a friend or acquaintance of Hauptmann who also knew me or knew of me.

My story of the two meetings with the kidnaper never varied. Colonel Breckinridge lived at my home during the entire period of negotiation and could substantiate everything that I did.

There was nothing hidden, nothing contradictory, nothing missing.

During the first week of November, 1932, I was called to Newark, New Jersey, by Deputy Police Chief Frank E. Brex of that city to view a "suspect."

The "suspect" was Arthur Barry, internationally notorious diamond thief.

A dapper, intelligent-looking young chap, he was obviously worried as I came into the room where he was held. The slender adept fingers that had caressed so many fine jewels tugged nervously at his mustache as I looked at him, spoke to him.

He in no way resembled John of the cemetery meetings, and I told Chief Brex that. Barry released an audible sigh of relief.

"Thank you, Doctor Condon!" he exclaimed. "I've done a lot of things in my time. But I don't want to get mixed up in anything as rotten as the murder of the Lindbergh baby. You've done me a good turn."

"I've done nothing but tell the truth," I replied. "I hope you'll never get mixed up in anything like that. Of Irish extraction, aren't you?"

He nodded.

"I read in one of the newspapers that you once were an altar boy. That right?"

"Yes."

"You've gotten pretty far away from your God."

"Yes."

"I used to be an altar boy myself, Arthur. Think you could still remember the Lord's Prayer in Latin?"

The memory of those days when, an innocent youngster, he had served his religion, was in his eyes. He began haltingly: "*Pater noster, qui es in caelis . . .*"

"*. . . sanctificetur nomen tuum,*" I supplied.

Chief Brex and some of his men stood by, strangely silent, as Arthur Barry lived over again the days of his boyhood. It had been many, many years since I had served at the altar. Both of us stumbled at times. But, the blind leading the blind, we completed the prayer:

"*Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.*"

"*Sed libera nos a malo.*"

"*Amen.*"

"You're a white man, Doctor Condon," was his parting comment as I rose to go, holding out my hand to him.

If I had assisted him to think of things long forgotten, then I had helped Arthur Barry more—much more—than he realized.

The next day one metropolitan tabloid carried a typically distorted headline:

JAFSIE VINDICATES BARRY AND BOTH HAVE A GOOD CRY

I had enjoyed visits from Colonel Breckinridge often—and still do, to this day—but I had seen nothing of Colonel Lindbergh since that sad Sunday night when Al Reich and I had bidden him good night on Third Avenue.

LATE in March of 1933 I received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh to have dinner with them at the home of Mrs. Lindbergh's mother, Mrs. Dwight Morrow, at Englewood, New Jersey.

There is an Egyptian proverb which lists the three most disagreeable things in the world:

"To lie in bed and sleep not; to wait for one who comes not; to do your best and please not."

Hosts of persons, many of whom knew only the Jafsie pictured for them by cynical newspaper reporters—a Jafsie I do not care for myself—had not been pleased by my efforts in the Lindbergh case.

But the two persons whom I had most wanted to please—Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh—had not forgotten. And this invitation, coming to me more than a year after I had met them, expressed their sincere friendship.

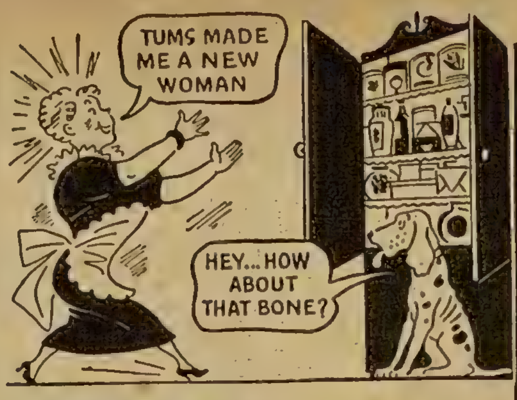
On the evening specified, a chauffeur called for me at my home on Decatur Avenue. Colonel Lindbergh greeted me at the door of the Morrow estate.

"It's good to see you again, Doctor," he said warmly, as we shook hands. "How is Mrs. Condon? And Myra?"

"Well, thank you," I answered. "Myra is almost a neighbor of yours. She and her husband have moved into a new home in West Englewood. They're very happy there."

"Why didn't you bring her?"

"I didn't wish to impose upon your kindness by bringing my whole family."



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Can you write a last line to this jingle? It's easy! It's fun! And your "last line" may win one of the 158 valuable prizes! 1st prize—$100.00; 2nd prize—$50.00; 3rd prize—$25.00; *five* prizes of $5.00 each; *fifty* prizes of $1.00 each; 50 Eversharp pencils; 50 hunting knives. Every entrant will receive a worth while gift besides. Get your information about TUMS from the advertisement at the left, then read the simple rules.

SIMPLE RULES

Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your name and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted *must* be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS which you can secure at any drug store.

Elaborateness will not be considered. Only skill with which "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worth while free gift. No entries *will be returned.* Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of May 31st, 1936. Prize-winners will be notified as soon as awards are made.

Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 24-A, The A. H. Lewis Co., 4th and Spruce Streets, St. Louis, Missouri.

EMPLOYERS! EMPLOYES!

What You Should Know About Federal and State Compensation Laws

A timely, practical and authoritative digest of the new payroll tax laws, presenting concisely and clearly an accurate and thorough analysis of the many problems arising from the various unemployment, compensation and old age benefit laws. By Joseph J. Wechsler, M.E.—C.P.A. and Editor of "Current Tax Review," it answers your questions including digest of newly issued regulations.

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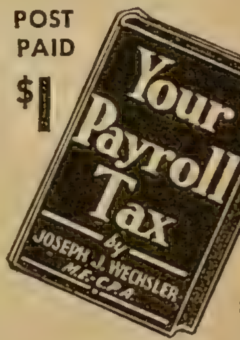
Your Payroll Tax
by JOSEPH J. WECHSLER M.E.C.P.A.

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ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

DEPT. L 3-14 1926 BROADWAY NEW YORK, N. Y.

TRADE

LOST

MARK

A hacking cough! And quickly, too — thanks to the soothing action of Smith Bros. Cough Drops. Two kinds: Black or Menthol—5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

THIS SEAL MAKES EACH BOTTLE AS TAMPER-PROOF AS AN EGG

Telltale metal seal breaks when cap is unscrewed.

WHEN YOU BUY

Schenley's Cream of Kentucky

GOLDEN WEDDING REGISTERED BRAND

See Third Cover

YOU'RE SURE OF GENUINENESS

Alseco

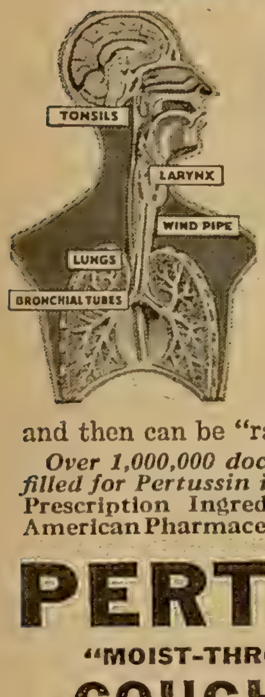
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS

ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

Your Advertising Dollar

reaches more families per black and white page in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

Stops COUGHS quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method



THOUSANDS of tiny moisture glands in your throat and windpipe dry or clog when you catch cold. Their secretions often turn to thick phlegm which irritates your throat . . . *and makes you cough.*

Pertussin stimulates the throat and bronchial glands. Moisture starts flowing to protect and soothe your tissues naturally. Sticky and infectious phlegm loosens and then can be "raised"—cleared away!

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions were filled for Pertussin in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn. Get a bottle!

PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

"Nonsense," Colonel Lindbergh said. "Come along. I'll drive you over now and we'll see if she's free. I'd like Mrs. Lindbergh to meet her."

That evening I treasure as one of the most precious in my life. Myra, who had taught school before her marriage, and Mrs. Lindbergh, whose splendid book, North to the Orient, tops the list of best sellers throughout the country as this is written, found much, in the fields of literature, to discuss.

Colonel Lindbergh, treating me with informal geniality, took me out into the kitchen, where he showed me the tricks he had taught his two dogs—a German police dog and a terrier.

Jafsie's daughter Myra—Mrs. Hacker.

All of the qualities I had found so remarkable in him during those trying days now gone were present as his dogs obediently followed every command. Determination, extreme patience, kindliness, a gentle but firm voice. I still consider Colonel Lindbergh the most wonderful man whom it has been my pleasure to know.

Before we left, he again broached a subject he had brought up that night on Third Avenue.

"Doctor," he said, "it is only fair and just that you accept some reimbursement for the services you were kind enough to extend to me. Please let me repay, in some slight way, that debt."

"It is not a debt," I assured him. "What little I did was done freely, voluntarily. But if I might ask a favor— "

"Name it," he said promptly.

"If the little fellow is not asleep, could Myra and I see your son?"

"Of course." He went over to Mrs. Lindbergh, repeated the request. She left the room, returned carrying their second-born, light-haired little Jon, in her arms. Their obvious happiness, pride in their new son warmed my heart.

THERE is a little trick that I know which appeals to youngsters of any age. By snapping the fingers of each hand and clapping the right hand against the left after each pair of snaps an excellent imitation of a trotting horse is obtained.

I did the trotting horse for little Jon.

His baby eyes went wide; he cooed, reached pudgy fingers up, and tried to imitate me. Mrs. Lindbergh laughed delightedly.

"Doctor," she said, "show Charles how to do that."

There, in the parlor of the Morrow home, Colonel Charles Lindbergh mastered the imitation of a trotting horse.

We left early and were driven back to Myra's home. I decided to spend the night there.

"What did you think of Mrs. Lindbergh and little Jon?" I asked, my hand on the door of the bedroom I was to sleep in.

"An adorable child," Myra replied enthusiastically. "And Mrs. Lindbergh is charming. They're very happy now, I'm sure."

She paused. She put a hand on my arm, looked at me with serious eyes.

"Dad," she told me, "you know that I opposed your entering the case. I've always been sorry you did it. But after tonight—well, I can't say that any more. I'm glad you did what you did. It was worth it."

The year drew to a close. The summer of 1934 came. My time, my energy still were being devoted to the case. At the shallow grave of Baby Charles Lindbergh I had sworn not to rest until the kidnaper was found.

I had looked at thousands of rogues'-gallery pictures. Sometimes I found a man who had John's eyes, sometimes a man with John's mouth or ears. But none was John himself. Suspects and pictures were paraded before me. Contrary to newspaper reports, I identified no one. Tips, less frequent now, did not lead me to the man I was seeking. Still I felt sure that some day, in some unexpected place and manner, I would see John again. Silently, invisibly, slowly, the mills of the gods ground.

Late on an August afternoon in 1934, nearly two years and a half after the kidnaping, I was riding on a bus. What my thoughts were, as I sat there staring out of the window of the bus, I do not recall.

The bus was traveling in a southerly direction on Williamsbridge Road and approaching Pelham Parkway. The parkway, a wide thoroughfare, has two lanes of traffic for east- and west-bound vehicles. The lanes are separated by a grass-grown island.

We were within a few feet of the parkway, about to cross it, when I saw a man in the garb of a workman walking in a northeasterly direction toward a near-by woods. It was broad daylight, and in that wild instant that I saw him, and jumped eagerly to my feet, shouting at the driver to stop the bus, I had recognized the man.

He was John, of Woodlawn and St. Raymond's cemeteries.

Did Jafsie "neither follow 'John' nor tell the authorities about it immediately"? This has been alleged; is it true? Next week Jafsie himself will tell you. He will also, for the first time, make public his conversations in German with Hauptmann; and he will answer one of the most discussed questions that has arisen from his connection with the Lindbergh case: Why, if he identified Hauptmann in the police line-up, didn't he say so then and there? And remember — a disclosure of NEW EVIDENCE is still in store for you.

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

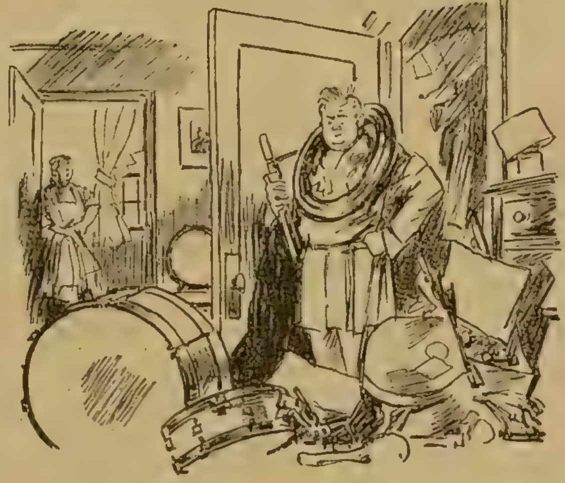
A Philosopher Looks Out at Life,* and Liberty Welcomes a Newcomer to Its Pages

* and what a life!

by

NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES



MONDAY: Up betimes and feeling a bit stiff did get down the rowing machine from the top of the clothes closet and in so doing dislodged several boxes, the vacuum cleaner which broke after the fifteenth payment, my wife's mother's portrait, Cousin Homer's traps, consisting of two small kettledrums, one large bass drum, one set of cymbals, one set of castanets, two gourds, and other sundry noise-making instruments, which caused my wife, poor wretch, to exclaim, "What in God's name are you doing?"

And I did reply with quiet dignity, "I'm a little stiff in the joints," at the same time inadvertently dropping the rowing machine on my left foot, whereupon my wife Daisy did remark, "You're telling me? The last joint I dragged you out of they had to *carry* you!"

So with ready wit I flashed back, "Oh, yeah?" and proceeded with my rowing and did sing the Volga Boat Song lustily, the while envisioning myself a giant Russian oarsman until the elastic cord did break, causing me to roll over backward and into a bridge lamp which did fall, striking me on the head with considerable force. So back to bed.

TUESDAY: Up merry and bright and my good wife did serve me a new breakfast food called Toasty Woasties, which I informed her I thought finesy winesy and which made me feel just like a kidsy widsy again, and which made me think of the story of the gentleman who went into a butcher shop and asked for a pound of kidleys and the butcher said, "You mean kidneys, do you not, my good man?" and the man replied, "I said kidneys, diddle I?" And I told the story to Daisy, remarking that I considered it a very funny story, and she did agree heartily that the first ten times I had told it to her she had thought it very droll indeed but that it was funny no longer and would I get the hell along out of the apartment so that she could get some work done.

So for a brisk walk, stopping every now and then at a publick to quaff a beer or so, and so idled away the hours talking of this and that, and thence home, with the aid of a kindly policeman, and to bed.

WEDNESDAY: Up betimes to hear a radio announcer announce that it was three pee emm Presto Watch Time, and I did suggest to my wife that it would indeed be a propitious time to have setting-up exercises for late risers, and my wife did agree and did make remark that some bread concern might take it up and call it The Loafer's Hour, at which I did burst into great laughter and added that it should be a toast-to-toast hookup.

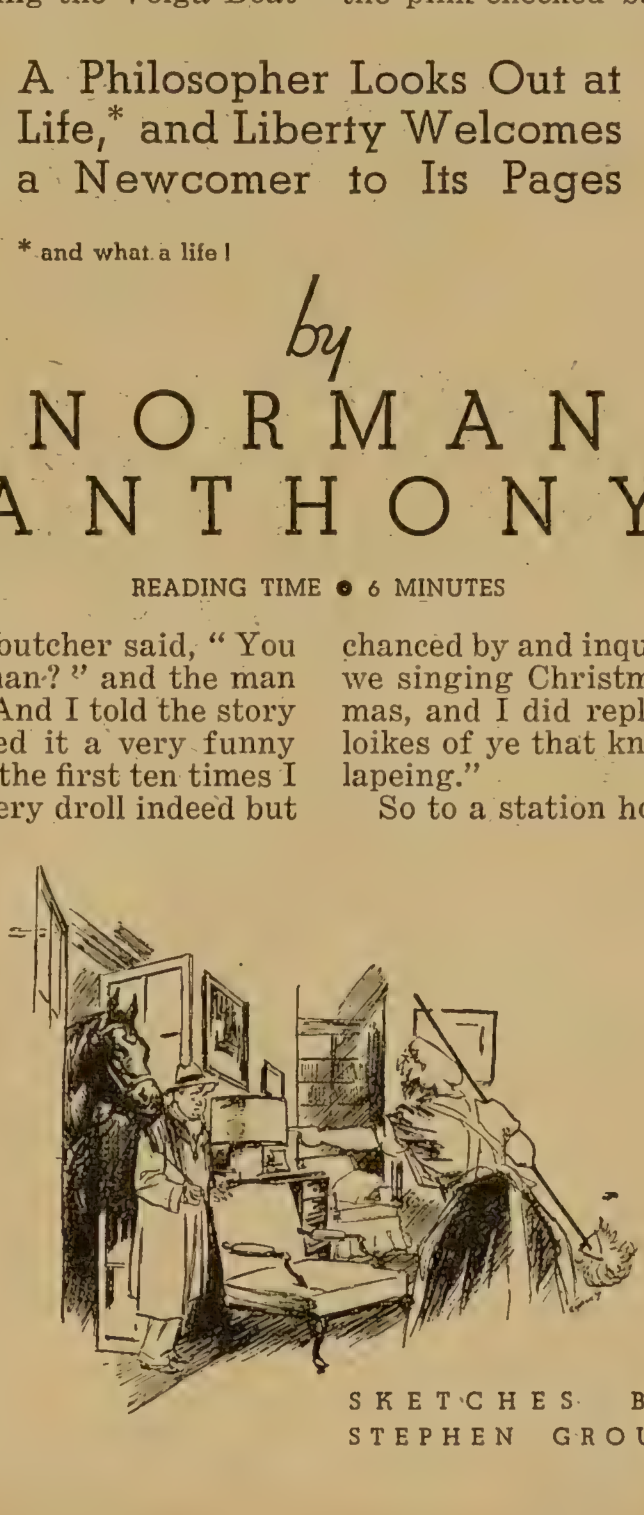
So out for a haircut and chanced to pass a shop whose sign proclaimed it "More than a Barber Shop—an Achievement," and I did say to the barber that it would indeed be an achievement were the customers served with libations whilst being groomed, and he made reply that such was the fact and he did clap his hands twice and a lackey immediately appeared bearing a tray and a drink which I did sip with great relish.

So home after a haircut, tonic, singe, shave, shampoo, facial treatment, massage, manicure, and shine, but at my dear wife's request did retrace my steps and return the pink-checked barber's apron which I had worn out of the shop under my coat.

THURSDAY: Up betimes to find a note from my wife saying that she had gone to her mother's for the day and that she had locked the likker closet and would I kindly pay the milk bill before I went to the club and got into a Kelly-pool game.

So to the club and talked of this and that to one friend and another and one drink led to another and at the request of the management we did repair to the street where we sang Christmas carols, and people were cheering us on from nearby windows when a policeman chanced by and inquired what in the name of heaven were we singing Christmas carols for when it wasn't Christmas, and I did reply, "Shure, Officer Mulcahey, 'tis the loikes of ye that knows 'tis Lape Year and yet we're not lapeing."

So to a station house where I did phone my dear wife and did inform her that I had been arrested for impersonating an officer and would she come posthaste and bail me out, which she did, God bless her.



SKETCHES BY STEPHEN GROUT

FRIDAY: Up betimes and at my wife's request to a mechanic's with the broken vacuum cleaner and on my way there was accosted by several small boys who cried in ribald tones, "Hoot, mon! Play us a tune on yer bagpipe!" And my reproachful reply of "Nuts!" did not dissuade them from further bantering.

So to a publick, where I did pound lustily on the bar and did

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a *"counter-irritant"* —NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out local congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG U S PAT OFF

Deformed or Injured Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A railroad man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.

Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

Send for Information

Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.,
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America's Best Read Weekly!

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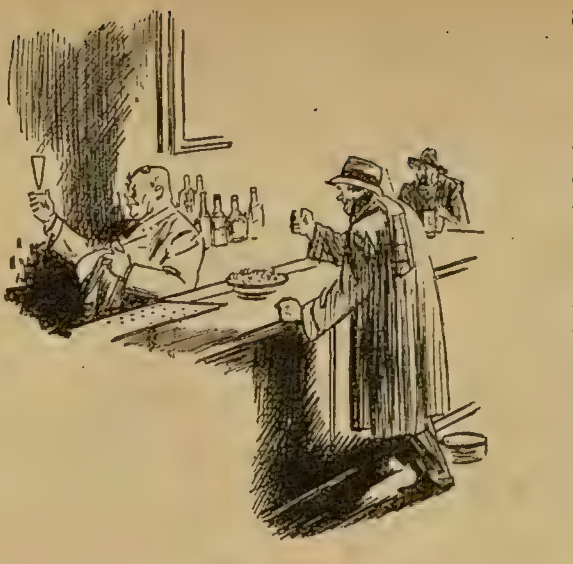
Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.** 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine
63rd year in business. . . Write today!
F.J. CHENEY & CO. Dept. 43, **TOLEDO, O.**



shout, "Give me a drink before the trouble starts!" whereupon the kindly bartender did serve me a libation and made inquiry as to what all the trouble was, and I did quaff my drink and reply, "The trouble is that I'm not going to pay for this drink."

So to another publick with the same story and with such great success that I decided to try still another and in this manner whiled away a very pleasant afternoon.

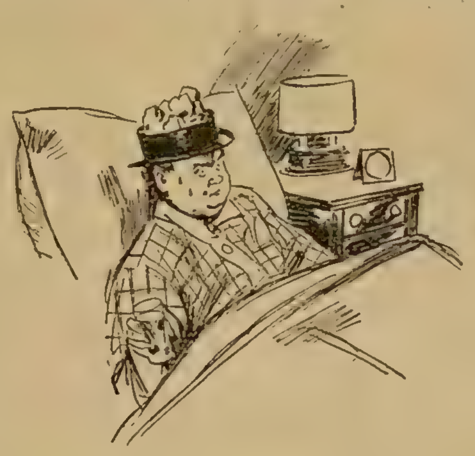
Thence home and did comment to my dear wife that a man with wits did not have to work, and she did reply that in that case I should only work half the time.

NORMAN ANTHONY

Born betimes in Buffalo, N. Y., and thence to the big city where he did eke out a precarious existence drawing and writing and then did take to editing as the lesser of three evils, at which stint he has been for nigh a decade.

And so to Liberty.

SATURDAY: Up and at my dear wife's request went and fetched the mended vacuum cleaner and feeling high in spirit did offer to clean the apartment for her, but when I did turn on the electric current instead of cleaning the cleaner played The Music Goes Round and Around, and at the conclusion of it a man announced that this was station PDQ, and my wife was sorely wrought up and told me to return the vacuum cleaner to the mechanic's, which I did and discovered that I had taken it to a radio repair shop by mistake.



So to a publick and met there a man whom I hadn't seen in two whole days and he did suggest that it might be a good idea if we went some place for a drink to celebrate our reunion, which suggestion we followed.

So home and on the way did see a horse attached to a milk wagon, and thinking it might be the milkman to whom I owed money I did leave a nice note informing him that if he would call for his horse I would gladly pay my bill, and so unhitching the steed did escort him home, much to my dear wife's impatience, and she did ask me in no dulcet tones just what the hell I was doing bringing a horse into the apartment, and I did explain to her that it wasn't often I met a horse that I liked and that if she couldn't treat my friends civilly things were indeed coming to a pretty pass and why didn't she come back where she went from if she didn't like this country.

SUNDAY: Up and finding the medicine chest bare of headache remedies did conceive the idea of cutting off the top of my derby and filling the crown with cracked ice and was so delighted with the efficaciousness of my invention that I made my way to the living room to show my dear wife.

So back to bed.

Further adventures of Mr. Dunkle will appear in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

1—Josef Casimir Hofmann.

2—A bowie knife.

3—Lon Chaney.

4—Annual payments made to the king and the royal family, amounting to 553,700 pounds sterling.

5—In Utah (hanging is also a legal method of execution).

6—One hundred and one, from Thomas Willett in 1665 to Fiorello H. LaGuardia in 1934.

7—John Bradford, born in 1510, is credited with originating the phrase upon witnessing criminals being taken to their execution. Bradford was burned at the stake in 1555.

8—Springfield, Massachusetts.

9—None.

10—He was hissed off the stage.

11—Colorado.

12—According to Mrs. Roosevelt, 2,492 persons were formal or informal guests, and 974,376 were sight-seers.

13—The solid part of the earth.

14—Russia, with 29,691 houses. Only about one in ten theaters, however, is wired for sound.

15—Montreal University, with 9,622 students.

16—"Industrial" unions aim to include all the workers in a given industry; "craft" unions, workers in individual trades.

17—Filed income-tax returns showing net incomes of over $1,000,000.

18—Postmaster, prime minister, post meridian.

19—Navesink Lighthouse in New Jersey (9,000,000 candle power).

20— Jesse James

BEDTIME STORY

Liberty's Short Short

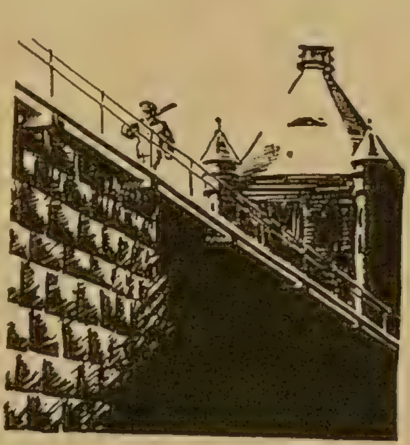
by PHYLLIS DUGANNE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

THE gray sky seemed as close to the earth as the canvas top of a circus tent, and the rain fell in a steady, limitless downpour. The headlights of the green sedan cast a thin lemon-colored glow upon the asphalt of the street. Beyond the city limits a traffic signal turned red, and the man at the wheel stopped the car and looked up at the familiar granite wall that he could almost have reached out and touched.

Behind it, the huge prison was a murky shape against the dusk and the rain, and he shivered. The signal flashed green, and the sedan shot swiftly forward and into a side road, rutted and narrow, rising steeply, resembling at the moment a shallow brook. From the peak of the hill a driveway zigzagged to the shore of the lake, which lay like a fallen piece of the wet gray sky before an unlighted frame house.

By the time he had opened the garage doors the man was soaked. He closed them and crossed with quick, springy steps to the house; entered the unlocked door. His wet shoes made a soft sucking sound upon the rug, and as he reached the table, barely visible in the dimness, he stiffened, alert, warned by the trained perceptions of nearly seventy years that some one was in the room.



He struck a match, and above the quick bright flame his eyes met the eyes of a man seated in his armchair; saw the blue steel of a revolver pointed at him.

"Shall I light the lamp?" he inquired.

"Yes."

Visibility flowed from beneath the white china shade over the pleasant room, with rugs and books and bits of polished brass and copper, a chessboard set out on a small table.

"Sit down," said the man with the revolver. "No—not by the door—over here!" He waited grimly. "I want some money and the keys to your car. And keep your hands out of your pockets!" He got up and felt the pockets of the man in the chair.

"Never carry one—any more," he murmured. His bright quick eyes burned upon the intruder's face, dropped to the revolver. It was his own. "Escaped from the prison?"

"Let's skip the conversation," suggested the young man brusquely. "Give me your car keys." He held out his left hand for keys and wallet, the gun steady in his right. "How much?"

"About twenty dollars. More than they'd give you at the prison if you waited for them to open the door."

"Yeh?" said the boy. "I'm going to trouble you for some dry clothes, too."

His eyes, blue and deep-set, had that look that prisons give.

The old man led the way into his bedroom. "There's the closet. Get kind of tired of gray, don't you? I know—I served thirty years there myself."

The boy stiffened. "If you think you're stalling for time, you can save your breath."

"Is Lennihan still guard on Corridor Twenty-eight?" The boy's eyes flickered. "Which wing were you in? They tell me that new block of cells has all the comforts of home." He chuckled, never taking his eyes from the boy's face. "How'd you make it, anyhow? Just the curiosity of an old man—I can read about it in the papers tomorrow."

"Maybe," said the boy grimly.

"Maybe," agreed the old man. "Think they won't catch up with you? Didn't you ever hear the words, 'You can't win'?"

The boy stood still. "I can win what I'm after—I think," he said. "Were you really—in that place?"

"Thirty years," he repeated calmly. "And here I am now, living where I pass it every day. Human nature—"

"Is pretty rotten," interrupted the boy shortly. "You have no telephone."

"And it's a long walk to the nearest house," added the old man. "You can tie me up." They looked at one another, a measuring, calculating sort of look. "You're a fool, you know," the old man said.

"You're telling me?" The boy's grasp was firm upon the revolver. "Want me to tell you a bedtime story before I leave you? One jailbird to another, huh?" He moved the gun.

The old man sat quietly, waiting.

"All right, I'll tell you who I am. I'm the office boy who has to go to his grandmother's funeral the day the big-league ball game's playing—you know? Only gramma's really getting buried. I'm the hero of that sob story about the fool who took the rap for somebody else, and then has to break out account of his kid sister's going to marry the skunk. Honest! Only I don't expect you to believe it!"

"I believe it," said the old man.

"Yeh?" said the boy. "I wonder." He laughed. "You asked me if I expected to win. I'm still winning, even if I'm back in jail tomorrow, with another term added for breaking out. And—"

They heard, through the dripping rain, the engine of a car on the hill.

"Listen," said the boy tautly. "I don't want to shoot you. I don't want to shoot anybody. But, so help me God, I will if you try to turn me over! Get up now!" He advanced, holding the revolver in a hand which did not tremble from fear or excitement, nor was there any fear apparent in the old man's face as the gun was pressed against his coat.

"You needn't worry," he said. "I'm not a fool."

Outside, headlights illuminated watery trees. The boy stood, concealed by a curtain, the gun in his hand, as the other opened the door and the uniformed figure of a state trooper dripped in the doorway.

"I won't come in, sir—I'm too wet. The chief sends his compliments and asks to be excused from the chess game this evening. There's a convict escaped."

"He has a wet night for it," commented the old man. "Him and us both. Well, good night, warden."

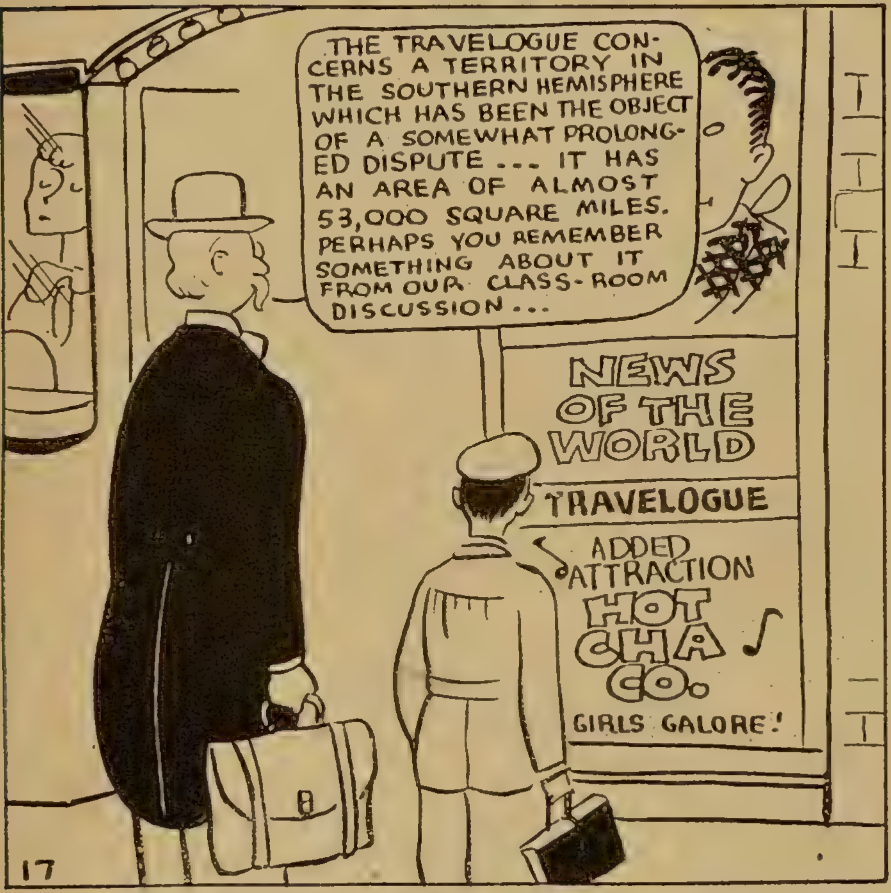
"Good night, Peters." The door closed; a circle of light swirled as the car turned back up the hill. "I wasn't warden for thirty years without learning something about men," the old man said. "You'd better get going, hadn't you? I'll drop in and see you when you come back."

The boy stared at him, his eyes still suspicious, puzzled; and the old man's eyes dropped to the revolver.

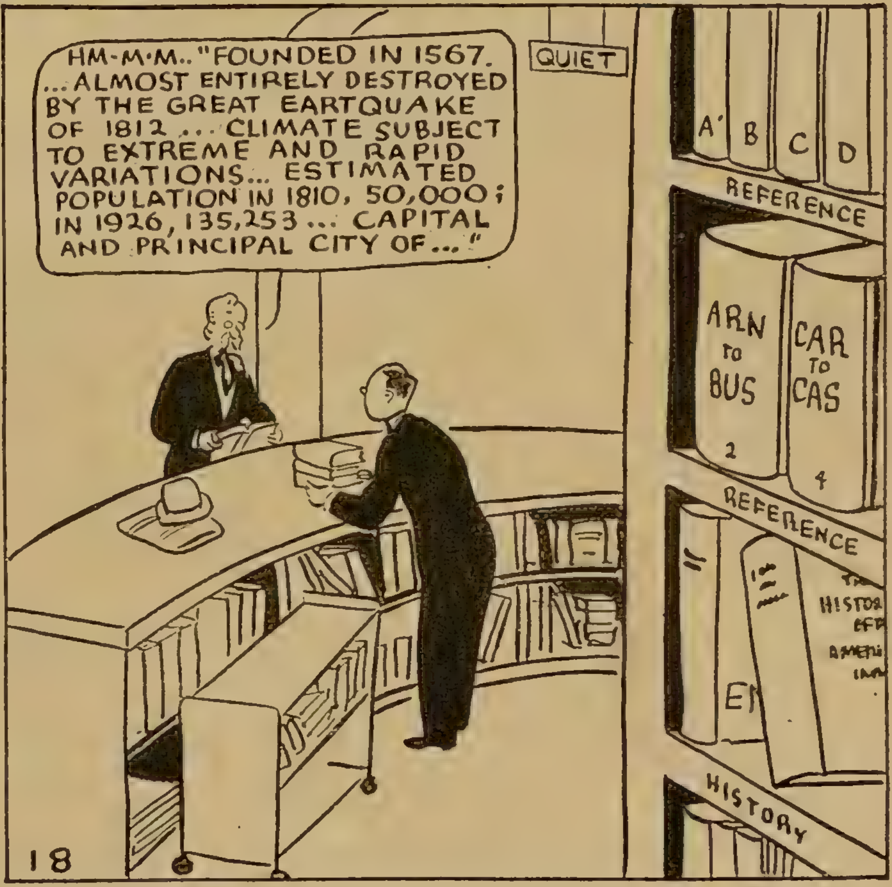
"You don't know much about guns, do you?" He smiled. "That's what we call a Russian model—thirty-two-forty-four—single-action breakdown. Haven't had a bullet for it in twenty years. If you'll just put it back in the drawer as you go out—it was a present, and I'm an old man and sentimental."

THE END

INTERNATIONAL
GEOGRAPHY GAME


THE TRAVELOGUE CONCERNS A TERRITORY IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE WHICH HAS BEEN THE OBJECT OF A SOMEWHAT PROLONGED DISPUTE --- IT HAS AN AREA OF ALMOST 53,000 SQUARE MILES. PERHAPS YOU REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT IT FROM OUR CLASS-ROOM DISCUSSION...
NEWS OF THE WORLD
TRAVELOGUE
ADDED ATTRACTION
HOT CHA CO.
GIRLS GALORE!
17

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:


HM-M-M.."FOUNDED IN 1567. ...ALMOST ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY THE GREAT EARTQUAKE OF 1812 ... CLIMATE SUBJECT TO EXTREME AND RAPID VARIATIONS... ESTIMATED POPULATION IN 1810, 50,000; IN 1926, 135,253 ... CAPITAL AND PRINCIPAL CITY OF..."
QUIET
A B C D
REFERENCE
ARN TO BUS 2
CAR TO CAS 4
REFERENCE
HISTORY OF AMERICA
HISTORY
18

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:

$2,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

BE SURE TO CLAIM YOUR SHARE!

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of a place that is prominent in the current world news.

2. To compete, clip, trace, or copy the pictures, and under each write the geographical name it suggests to you.

3. When you have the complete set of twenty contest drawings, each titled with the name of the place you think it represents, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which of the places mentioned will win the most prominent place in history, and why you think so.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement as above will be adjudged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, April 8, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to International Geography Game, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

PLAN A SIMPLE ENTRY—AVOID ELABORATION

THE two geographical names revealed by this week's drawings will bring your set of contest solutions up to eighteen. You will need only next week's solutions to complete your list. The prize money is not far off now. If you have carried your entry along to this point, by all means finish it up and file it. In planning your presentation do not overlook the brief statement of preference. Surely by this time you have discovered some one place in the list that you think will win the most prominent place in history. It might be good policy to start your statement now. If, next week, you find that either of the last two names is a better selection than your present choice, it will be easy enough to switch.

Do not forget that elaboration and ornamentation are a waste of time and money in this contest. Plan a simple, accurate entry. If it rates among the winners, ornamentation is not necessary. If it does not, ornamentation will not help. Simplicity is best.

THE FINAL DRAWINGS WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

CHANNING COX

A SPENDTHRIFT is always a sucker—no sucker ever gets his money's worth—and this goes for governments as well as individuals."

I quote Channing Cox, Boston banker, Republican, ex-Governor of Massachusetts—another political gent with whom I've been talking recently in my lookout for ideas of importance to women voters. As I explained a couple of weeks ago, I am lending my ear (on your behalf) especially to Republican voices from the wilderness. I know you hear plenty of Democratic voices speaking for themselves. It is my belief that we ladies—forever interested in justice *and* gossip—should be told, always, what is being said on both sides.

Channing Cox thinks we girls don't know enough about taxation. He says we fail to realize the cost of it because most of us let our menfolk take care of the taxpaying.

" If you housewives," he said to me, " kept a *piggy bank* at home to hold your family tax money, and if you put into it every pay day the amount of cold cash that you will be obliged eventually to give the tax collector out of that week's income, you'd soon see what high taxation really means to you."

Channing Harris Cox is an immaculately neat, smooth-faced New Englander, with jet-black eyebrows over cool gray eyes. Very genial, I'd call him, but plenty hardheaded. He continued his talk about spendthrift psychology.

" It doesn't make much difference," he said, " whether we step out and throw our money away personally, or whether we sit back and let our government officials waste it for us. When our money is all gone, our headache will be just as bad either way."

● Recently two lawyers fainted in court, one lawyer right after the other. The fact interested me. Why did *both* of them faint? How much do we know about fainting anyway? So away I went to a prominent woman doctor, a gland specialist, for information. She said:

" Mass fainting is a curious phenomenon. It occurs quite often. Last October, for example, five husky outdoor men were hunting in the woods. Three boys about twenty years old and two fathers. A gun went off by accident, shooting one of the boys. One of the other boys keeled over in a faint. Then one of the fathers fainted. The remaining two had to carry the others home."

Fainting is caused by a rush of blood away from the higher centers of the brain. People with too active suprarenal glands faint the most under emotional stress. Also children of the thymus type—which means they are still using certain glands that cease to function, normally, at birth.

We faint from pain, from shock, or from seeing somebody else faint. Women faint oftener than men at the sight of blood. To revive fainters, get their head down between their legs, or give them smelling salts, or slap their faces (but not too hard!).

● A queer tax story is told in the recently published life of Sir George Hunter, ninety-year-old English shipyard baronet who built the Mauretania. Sir George says he once knew a man who voluntarily paid taxes on an income of five thousand dollars a year, although his income was really much smaller. Why? Because he thought five thousand a year was the very least a *gentleman* should own up to.

● I observe signs of a growing revolution against the small-sized soup cup. Quite a number of discriminating hostesses have gone back to the old-fashioned large soup plate, broad-rimmed and deep. Merchants of old china tell me that big soup tureens, in the Victorian style, are getting to be scarcer than hens' teeth.

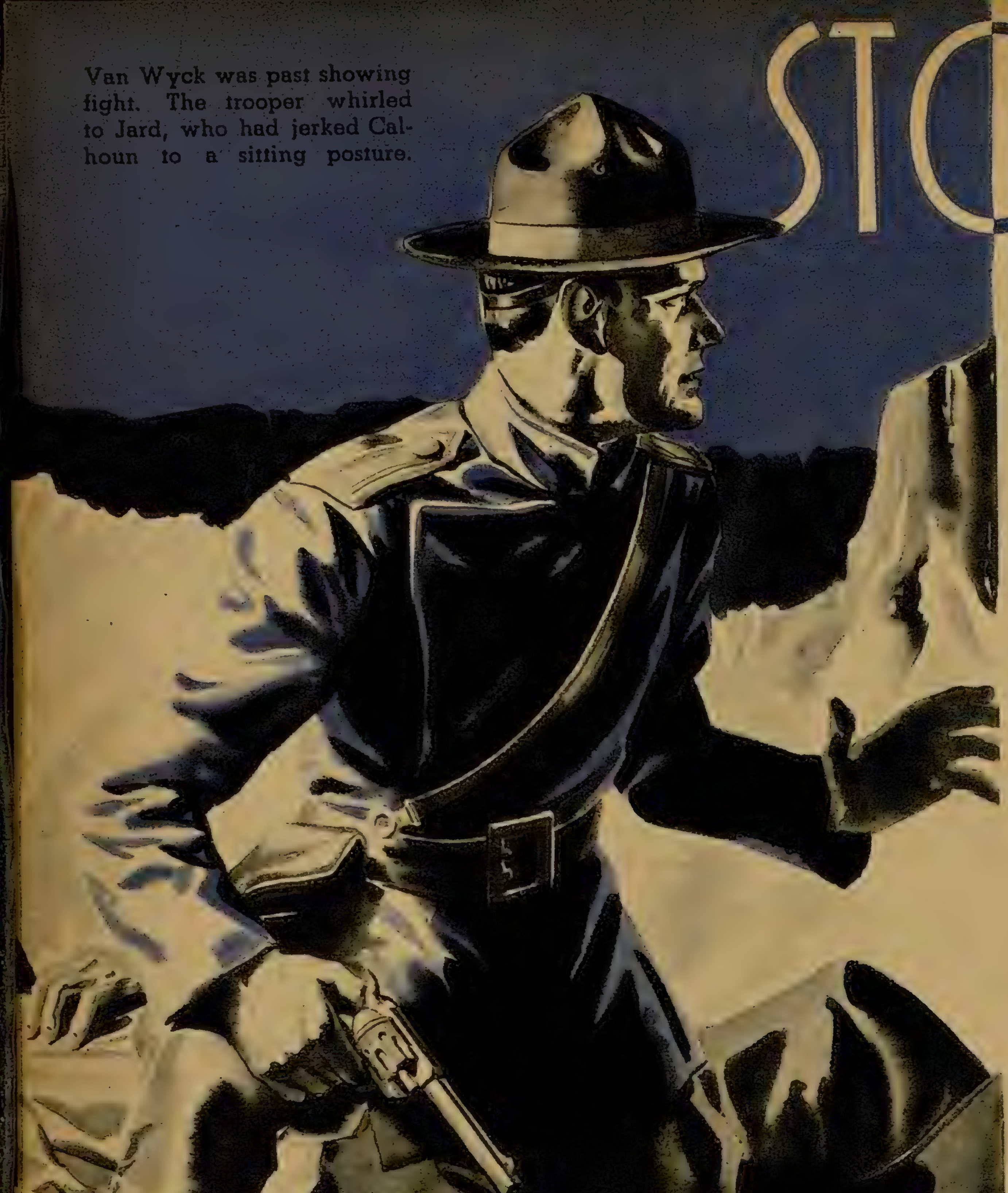
● Thieves in Brooklyn, New York, recently burgled two thousand dollars' worth of gold leaf. Out of mere curiosity I asked a dealer how much gold leaf that would be. " About four thousand square feet," he said. " Enough to gild your cozy home from cellar to attic." Then he told me some more things. For instance, that druggists coat pills with gold leaf because the gold helps dissolve certain stomach secretions. Gold leaf is completely harmless, absolutely tasteless. It's used on fine leatherwork, on expensive playing cards and pencils. From Danzig comes a strong drink, *Goldwasser*, with real gold leaf ground up in it. And a few candymakers make gold-coated almonds.

One leaf, three and three eighths inches square, costs only four cents.

● Best book of feminine adventure I have read in many a moon: The Whole World and Company, by Gretchen Green. (Published by the John Day Company.)

● London fashions for women have gone collegiate this year—but with a difference. The new note is academic, not sporty. English girls are wearing flat square mortarboard hats like the cap-and-gown headgear you see at college commencements. And they are wearing floppy smocks in imitation of the formal Oxford gown. Handbags, by way of contrast, are sporty and doggy. The newest trick is a drum-shaped bag, of pigskin or patent leather, imitating a hatbox in small-size replica.

STORMY



Van Wyck was past showing fight. The trooper whirled to Jard, who had jerked Calhoun to a sitting posture.

LOVE REACHES A HAVEN IN THE ECHO OF ROARING GUNS AS A STIRRING NOVEL ENDS

READING TIME ●

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

AT the other corner of the long rectangle, Emery Halpole had been put in charge of the other group by Calhoun, and he was as instantly on the alert as was Calhoun. He saw the men leap up to fight for the wheat; he heard Zan's shout. He wheeled to face his men in the same breath that Calhoun spoke.

"Keep your eyes peeled!" he cried out in alarm. "Some damn fool has put 'em wise. We've got to fight for it—and I mean *fight!*"

The fire in the wheat was gaining merciless headway in spite of the mad efforts of the already sweating and cursing fire fighters.

The bright glow of the flames began to throw a light all down the end of the field. The roar of the fire gathering speed reached a rolling, thunderous note. In three places it had leaped to new starting points.

Behind Calhoun, the voice of Sergeant Leffingwall rose in a loud command: "Hands up, all of you! Surrender—in the name of the law!"

Calhoun whirled and sneered: "The law hell! Five of you—I can count you in the light of the fire. Come a step farther and you'll see how we surrender!"

Leffingwall cursed. "God—for a few more men! What's the matter with Hoard, that— Cripes! Listen!"

Back along the sides of the long field the roar of motorcycles and police cars crashed through the swoop of flame and the yelling of madly excited men—racing straight toward the scene of the riot.

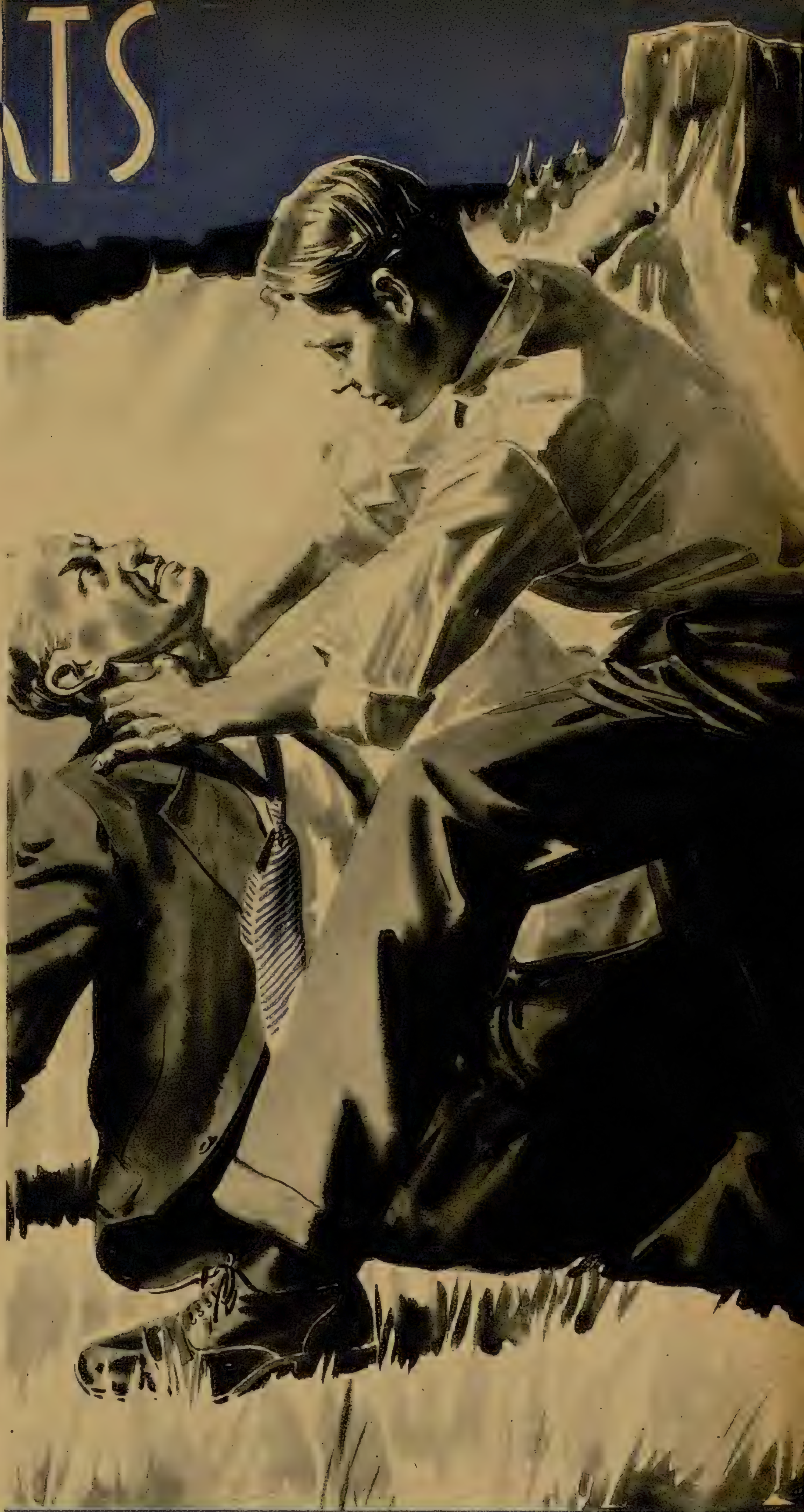
"God!" breathed Leffingwall. "At last!" He snapped back at Calhoun, playing for time: "Five? You can't see the men coming up behind me! Make a phony move and we'll let you have it!"

"Don't shoot to kill," said Jard Shellstrom, at the sergeant's elbow. "That's Calhoun. We want him!"

Leffingwall's threat had stayed the Calhoun group for a moment.

HEARTS

23 MINUTES 31 SECONDS



BY ELI COLTER

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

But the brain in Calhoun's head was a shrewd brain. He turned his head and spoke to the men crowding close at his back, his shoulders, and his elbows.

"The men coming up behind him, eh? Exactly—in those motorcycles and machines. If we try to retreat, they can overhaul us before we can ever reach our cars. We've got to rush them. Everybody—be ready! The instant I start—follow!" He raised his voice to answer Leffingwall: "You might get one or two of us—but we'll get all of you! You aren't bluffing us."

"I'm not bluffing!" barked Leffingwall, still playing for time.

The roar of the motors was closer—closer—rising above the roar of the fire. From the corner of his eye the sergeant saw the flame nearest him dying down as men lashed at it—saw it leap higher a few yards beyond, where men were driven back by the terrific heat. Jard heard curses behind him—saw around him some eleven men racing to join him and Leffingwall and the few who held guard there.

Terry Flynn halted at his elbow, panting, gripping a pitchfork, the tines of which glinted murderously in the wild light of the fire.

"Lemme at 'em!" grunted Terry soulfully. "Just lemme at 'em!"

"Hold your horses!" Leffingwall turned his head to take a swift glimpse of the small group of defenders. He grinned wanly in spite of himself.

Crowding behind Terry, big Harry Fogarty carried a pitchfork also. A man next him shouldered a prodigious pine club. Another gripped a wicked angle iron. Another carried an old piece of wagon tongue with an iron flange on the end of it. Another, a piece of automobile spring.

Leffingwall's grin faded to a commanding scowl as a motorcycle roared to a loud crescendo beside him and barked to a stop. A man leaped from it, and the machine went sprawling.

"Sergeant Leffingwall!"

"Here!"

"State Trooper Angin. Captain Hoard sent us—emergency call, all available men. Twenty of us. Cars just stopping."

A few feet behind them the roar of the police cars was stilled as the state troopers piled out and rushed toward Leffingwall and Angin.

In the instant that Angin's motorcycle had stopped, Calhoun had turned again upon his men. His voice had risen to command them, in panic and fury, with frantic words: "Move! He's stalling! Rush 'em!"

Calhoun's men dashed into the battle—not with pitchforks and clubs. They were armed with guns, revolvers, and rifles, loaded to the last chamber!

Across the field, at that other corner of the lengthy rectangle, Halpole called his men to urgent attention:

"Hell's bells! More of them coming! What in thunder's going on here? Somebody tipped Shellstrom off! God—if I could get my hands on the one that did it!"

He was cut short by the curt bark of Jim Holly:

"That's far enough, you! Hands up, in the name of the law!"

"Hell with the law!" roared Halpole. "At 'em, boys!"

"Gawd Almighty!" cried Red Kastner to Holly as the troopers rushed up. Leffingwall had placed Kastner in charge at that corner of the field. "Just in time! How'd you get here? How many of you?"

"Captain Hoard called the sheriff," Holly panted. "All available deputies and city police—seventeen of us."

Then he groaned two significant and sickening words: "Not enough!" He swept an arm in a wide gesture. "Cripes! Look!"

The fire leaped, where he pointed, flaring toward the sky in the wake of the billowing smoke. The men with the sacks, black-faced demons now, were dashing in and out of the blazing glare, beating with their sacks like men gone mad. At one spot the fire had died down, only to swirl higher farther along the end of the field, and the men concentrated their efforts there.

It was in that instant that Halpole ordered his men to hurl themselves upon Holly and his adequate crew.

Again, as the state troopers drew their guns and flung themselves forward to meet the onrush of the marauders, Holly groaned in despair: "Not enough! Not enough!" His groan turned to a furious shout: "Mow 'em down!"

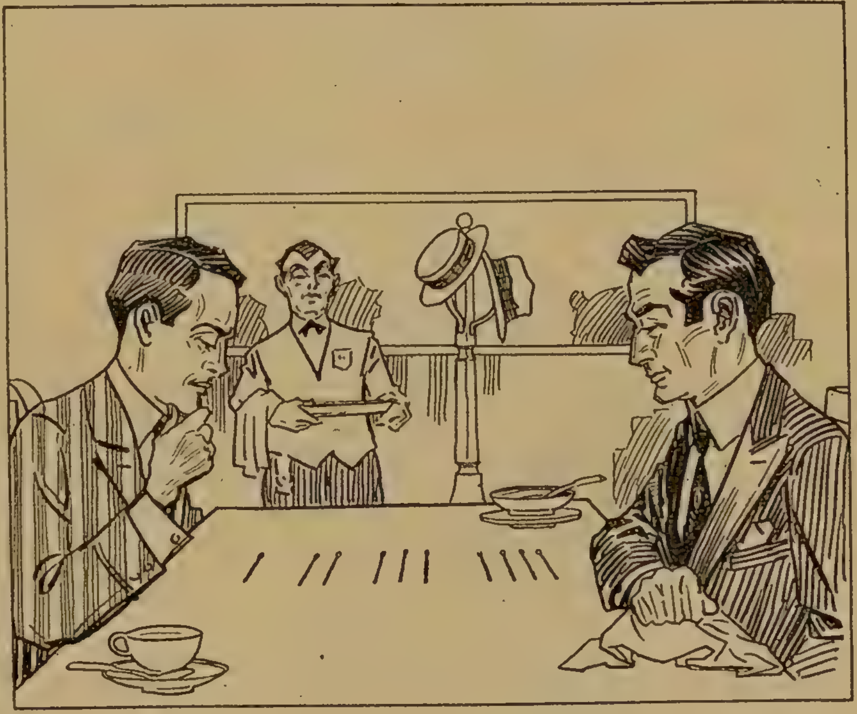
For the first time, the report of guns crashed into the bedlam already rampant.

As they flung themselves forward to the attack, Leffingwall shouted a last warning: "We're shooting to kill!"

"Shoot and be damned!" Calhoun's sneering defiance cleft the roar of the fire, the blast of the wind, the shouts, curses, and cries that shattered the night air. "We can shoot too! Let 'em have it, fools! Let 'em have it!"

MATCHING WITS

By Sam Loyd



After their Dutch treat, Bill said to John:

"Match you for the smokes."

"You're too lucky," declined John. "But if you want to risk a cigar in a little game of wits, I'm your man."

"Spring your proposition," challenged Bill.

So John explained as follows:

"Here we have four groups of matchsticks—one, two, three, and four. Playing in his turn, a fellow can take away as many sticks as he likes from any one pile, but can't deal with more than one pile on the same turn. For example, you could remove three sticks from the fourth pile but not three sticks from piles one and two.

"The object is to continue playing in turn until the fellow who is compelled to take the final stick is stuck for the smokes. Now, how will you play, first or second?"

If you were in Bill's shoes how would you go about winning John's cigar?

The answer will be found on page 58

As Calhoun's frantic demand for victory swept his followers, they leaped forward on either hand.

They whipped up the guns they carried. They shot recklessly, and they shot to kill.

But they shot at moving targets. Moe Frazier, just ahead of Calhoun and to his left, lurched under the withering police fire, whirled half around, and plunged forward on his face. The trampling feet of the other men pounded over him.

At Calhoun's elbow, Van Wyck shouted above the pandemonium: "You and I will have to duck for it! We can't go down! What will happen to the order—if you're lost? Fall back—among the men. Let them pass us. When we're in the clear, run for the cars!"

Calhoun made no attempt to answer. He slowed his pace, hugging close to Van Wyck, forcing the men to rush around him.

Across the end of the field Halpole was leading the assault upon Holly and his defenders. Before any of them had fired, they heard, cutting through the roar of flames and the shouts and curses of men, the burst of rifle and revolver shots from Calhoun's group as the police rushed up to assist Leffingwall.

"Must be more of the damn police—over there," Halpole panted. "Swing out—get those fellows between you and the fire."

For an instant, leading the defense at that spot, Jim Holly was fully outlined by the fire. The belt buckle, the shield upon his breast, every bright bit of metal on his uniform, glittered as if it were composed of live flame.

With a curse of vengeful fury, Halpole jerked up his gun. He was a good shot. He aimed at Holly's breast just above the gleaming shield. The crack of his revolver was utterly lost in the crash of firing that blared around him—but Holly staggered, halted, swayed, fighting to keep his feet.

"What the hell?" gasped Red Kastner, and flung an arm across Holly's back. His other hand held a pitchfork.

"Got me!" Holly fought to remain upright; wilted. "That ape—there—white shirt—" Holly slumped to the ground.

The light of the fire had outlined Halpole to him as clearly as it had outlined him to Halpole; his gaze had flashed to Halpole just as Halpole fired. Kastner leaped toward Halpole with a furious bull roar, his pitchfork raised. Halpole laughed and fired again. Kastner did not even know that he was hit. He charged on. Another leap—the fire glistened on the tines of the murderous pitchfork. Halpole ceased to laugh. He cursed as he fired again. Kastner still came on, his face contorted by his driving fury. He opened his mouth to roar again. No sound came from it. He never knew it. He plunged the pitchfork through Halpole's neck, just as Halpole fired again.

They were both dead as they struck the ground.

State Trooper Bill Wyatt plunged forward to take the lead in Holly's place. The two groups of men were almost face to face. In another instant it would be hand-to-hand fighting.

Whirled in the other wildly lunging group on the other flank of the burning field, Calhoun and Van Wyck won free without a man noticing. They wheeled about and started at a swinging run toward the place where their cars were parked. But they had several yards to travel along the edge of the field before they could leave it behind. The fire had been beaten out here. The odor of sodden grass ashes was dank in their nostrils as they ran.

Beyond, only a short distance, the fire was spurting anew, with the breathy *swoosh* of fire in dry grass. Its glow picked them out, limned them in rubric.

Tony Amato whirled to flail his sack at a new spurt of flames—and saw them, Calhoun and Van Wyck, running away from the battle. Joe Leigh had pointed Oliver Calhoun out to Tony. Tony's dark face, blackened with ash and streaked with sweat, jerked into an ugly scowl. He broke into a swift run diagonally across the coating of black ash where the wheat had burned, cutting into the forward pathway of Calhoun and Van Wyck.

His footsteps could not be heard in the crash of guns, the roar of the fire, the shouts and yells of men. Calhoun and Van Wyck were not aware of Amato's angry and determined charge till he raced to a halt before them, armed with nothing but the sodden hay-stuffed sack. Amato halted directly in front of Calhoun, and Calhoun insensibly slowed his pace in order to dart around Amato.

Amato spat a curse and swung the sack with all his might. He aimed at Calhoun's head and face. The wet ash-filthy sack struck Calhoun a staggering blow and knocked him flat. Van Wyck, waiting for nothing, realizing that Amato was unarmed, had merely swerved a little and dashed on, leaving Calhoun to take care of himself.

Calhoun was temporarily out of it. He struggled to a sitting position, his face as blackened as Amato's, his mouth and eyes filled with ash and cinders, half blinded, his eyes smarting intolerably. He had retained a grip on his gun as he fell. He raised his left hand to rub his stinging eyes.

Amato leaned to snatch his gun from his right hand, and whirled to aim at the running Van Wyck. Calhoun tried to shout a warning, but only a choked gurgle came from his throat. Amato fired. He fired in swift succession till he emptied the gun. The last bullet struck Van Wyck in the head purely by chance—the aim was wild. It did the work. Van Wyck went sprawling.

But the valiant Tony did not know that Calhoun carried another gun. He knew it only when he started to turn back to him, saw the black bore of the revolver pointing at himself, heard the loud report, saw the spurt of fire from the barrel, felt the heavy thud in his breast, and slewed crazily to the ground.

Calhoun got to his feet, swaying and dizzy, frantically digging into his pocket for a handkerchief with which to swab the ash from his now streaming eyes.

On down that side of the burning end of the field, Leffingwall and Shellstrom were facing the imminent hand-to-hand fight. Leffingwall saw the dark fire-lighted figures of the fighting group across from them.

"More troopers—over there?" he snapped at Angin.

"Seventeen of 'em," Angin answered.

Shellstrom's voice rose in an irate shout. He had caught sight of the three figures on up the field just as Amato downed Calhoun with the wet sack. He wheeled and darted aside.

Calhoun and Van Wyck—trying to run away! He broke into a mad run.

"Follow him!" shouted Leffingwall, waving an arm at Shellstrom. "He saw something. Follow him, Angin!"

Angin whirled and dashed after Shellstrom. The group that had been led by Calhoun caught sight of Shellstrom's maneuver and turned to intercept him. With a shout of command, Leffingwall led his men in a flying wedge between Shellstrom and the marauders.

Behind them all, faintly down the field, a new sound was added to the insane bedlam; but no one noticed it. It was the clashing roar of trucks.

In the direct line of the fire, a horrible scream split through every other sound. Roy Hargan, flailing his sack, started and stared as he swung again. Dick Hale had been fighting the fire there.

"Hale!" he shouted frantically.

The scream answered him again, dwindling. Hale, overcome by heat and exhaustion, had gone down in the path of the fire. Hargan choked back a curse and went on madly beating at the swooping flame.

Shellstrom, winning free of interference, protected by the police, went flying down the edge of the field, Angin close behind him, in a hail of bullets that Leffingwall was powerless to divert. But he was a fleeting target. He won through the hail of lead untouched, and Angin too. In another instant they were past the swirling vortex of men, who were now fully occupied with defending themselves against the police.

Leffingwall cursed to himself in despair, realizing the

Not one in a thousand KNOWS . . .

Boiling Water Does Not Get Any Hotter

by E. G. CONKLIN

HERE is a little true story which shall be told without mentioning names, since none of you would know the people involved anyhow.

Once upon a time a young man married a young lady, a thing which happens with monotonous regularity among us human beings. Now, this young lady had never, on her oath, been in a kitchen before.

So came the time to boil the water for some eggs. From her high-school physics class she remembered that water boiled at 212 degrees Fahrenheit; and that is all she remembered. So she obtained a cooking thermometer, usually used for testing oven heat, and stuck it in the egg water, and lit the gas. Slowly the temperature rose; she sat and watched it. Higher and higher; and finally, as the thermometer registered 212 degrees Fahrenheit, the water boiled. Still she sat and watched, a puzzled frown coming on her face as time passed. More and more furiously boiled the water; steam rose in clouds. But not one iota of a degree more than 212 degrees did the thermometer register!

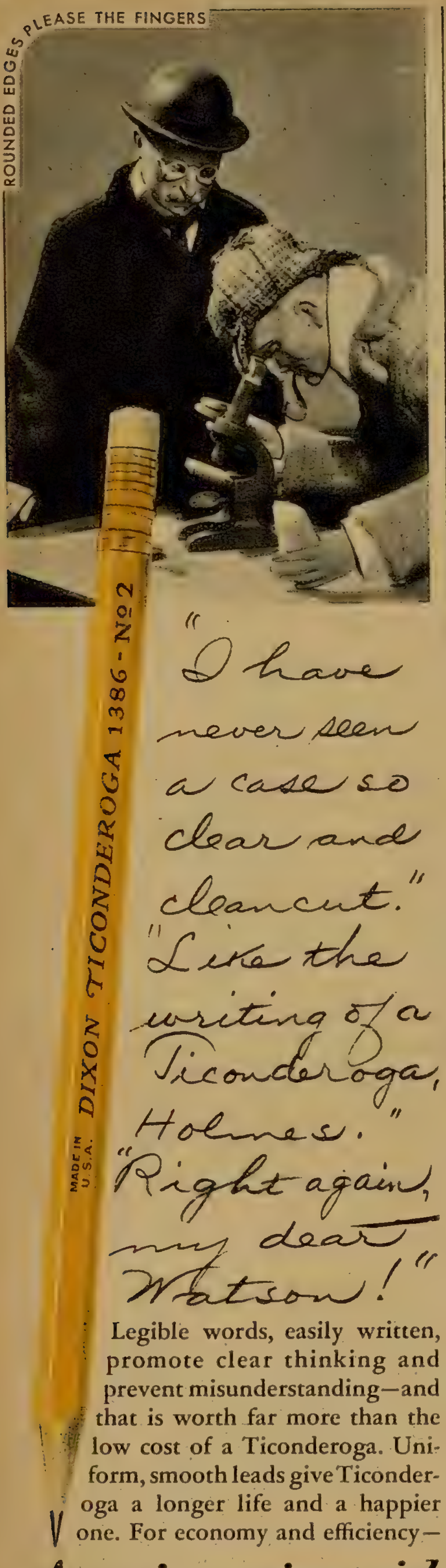
Whereupon she was infuriated. She went to the phone and called up her husband, taking him away from an important business conference.

"John," she said, "I want you to do something about this! The gas we're getting out at the house is just no good. Will you phone the gas company and complain? . . . What? . . . Oh, I was boiling the water for the eggs I was cooking for my lunch, and I just thought I'd test it for heat—and the thermometer shows that the water will not get higher than two hundred and twelve degrees! There must be something wrong with the gas!"

But John remembered from *his* high-school physics. He burst out laughing. "Why, Susan, you sweet silly—don't you remember? Water *never* gets hotter than two hundred and twelve degrees! All that extra heat escapes in the steam! Don't worry about the gas—it's all right! 'By, honey!"—and he hung up the receiver.

Thus ends the little story—the little *true* story.

Next—Shoot a Bullet; Drop a Bullet. They Hit Ground at the Same Time!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utter fury of Calhoun's men, realizing how badly he was outnumbered.

Then he heard it—that rattling roar of trucks. He jerked his head about for a flashing look, and spat a string of curses that was in reality a prayer of gratitude. He saw the powerful lights of the speeding cars drilling through the night and the fire glare, coming straight toward him.

"Stick it out, men!" he yelled in wild jubilance. "Help's coming! Give it to 'em!"

A man wielding an angle iron sprang past him, and the wicked iron knocked the gun from somebody's hand. The excited iron wielder never knew that he had struck a policeman.

The trooper cursed and managed a sickly grin, half-blinded by the pain in his hand. But the next blow of the angle iron knocked a Calhoun man cold.

Across in the other group, Bill Wyatt, fighting with his crew against overwhelming odds, heard also the roar of advancing trucks and raised a shout of profane exultance.

"More police, boys!" he shouted. "Hold the bridge, Horatio!"

The lights of the advancing trucks were of untold advantage as they raced nearer. The weary and sweating men in the field were gaining ground. The fire was dying.

There was little more than a faint glow to guide Shellstrom as he rushed upon Calhoun just as Calhoun shot down valiant little Tony Amato. Shellstrom hurled himself forward like a projectile, knocking Calhoun upon his back and pinning him to the ground. He wrenched the gun from Calhoun's hand as he shouted over his shoulder to Angin:

"I've got him! Go ahead and see if Van Wyck's out."

Angin reached Van Wyck in a few long leaps, gun at ready.

But Van Wyck was past showing fight. The bullet that had plowed into his skull had laid him too low for movement or consciousness, though Angin ascertained quickly that he was still breathing. The state trooper whirled back to join Shellstrom.

"Your man got him. In the head. Looks like he's done for. Sit up there, you!"

ANGIN'S gun covered Calhoun in the faint glow from the fire that was being slowly but surely vanquished. Calhoun cursed and made no move to obey. Jard jerked him to a sitting posture. "Got anything to tie him?" Angin demanded.

"I have," Jard said grimly. "I came prepared for this." He whipped a stout piece of fine rope from his pocket, and bound Calhoun swiftly and with great efficiency. "Tie his feet, too. We'll leave him there for the present. We'll— What the hell!" He stared, only just now becoming aware of the trucks. "Oh, no, we won't!" he added. "We'll take no chances with that bird. We'll just cart him along. The boys don't need us back there. Look!"

Jard turned to stare at the men down the field, clearly delineated in the headlights of the trucks.

Leffingwall groaned a curse of relief as the trucks came to a halt and armed men boiled out of them—men carrying rifles and leaping to settle the score of the battle. He wheeled to face the man in the lead, and the man barked a terse explanation:

"Captain Ace—state militia—governor sent us."

Almost in the same moment Bill Wyatt heard similar welcome words hurled at him: "State militia—chief of state police called governor—governor rushed us here by truck—"

A concerted roar of triumph rolled up with the smoke, with the last persistent flames of the conquered fire. The tide of battle turned with a rush.

THE edges of the wheatfield became a fury of clubbing, cursing men, fighting hand to hand. Angin and Shellstrom broke into a run toward the scene, dragging Calhoun with them. They reached the spot to find the battle over, every marauder in the hands of police and militiamen.

"Well, it's all over, Shellstrom," Leffingwall greeted him boisterously, calling loud above the din that still reigned—din of swearing defiant men, of commanding police and militiamen. "The governor sent us almost a full company of militia—just in time. Well, Captain Ace, let's get things in order. Terry, you and Joe get Shellstrom's trucks up here. Bring one here and take the other to the men over yonder. They'll need it as badly as we need one. Any room for some of these prisoners in your trucks, Captain Ace?"

"Oh, yes; we can take care of twenty at least."

"There's room in the police cars for a few," volunteered Angin.

"Say—how did you birds get here?" Leffingwall turned upon Calhoun.

"We drove," said Calhoun sourly.

"How many cars?"

"Forty or more," admitted Calhoun with grudging civility.

"God!" swore Leffingwall. "And we were trying to find room for everybody. Where are the cars?"

"Parked back here about a half-mile."

"O. K. Spread out, boys. Get directions from this bird, and some of you bring in those cars. Angin, go across and see what's the situation on the other side. Turn that fellow over to the boys, Shellstrom. We'll get going and take stock of the casualties."

Some eleven militiamen and police crowded around Calhoun, demanding direction to the cars. Calhoun was too shrewd a man to fight with fools' weapons when the battle was lost. He told them. The eleven piled upon two of the police cars and went jolting across the field to bring in the parked cars, to go in two and bring back eleven—to repeat the process till the cars were all drawn up, ready for use.

Leffingwall and Shellstrom rounded the end of the field and started along the path of the fire. The grimy fire fighters were coming from the ash-blackened area, the last of the flame blotted out.

Nearly two hours later Leffingwall climbed to a seat on one of the militia trucks, beside Shellstrom and the truck driver.

"All right, buddy. Let's go. Give 'em the horn."

The truck horn blasted loudly, the gas sputtered as the engine roared, and the truck jolted into motion. Behind it, beside it, the long line of cars and trucks began to move. Leffingwall heaved a tired sigh.

"Well, she was a hot one while she lasted, Shellstrom."

"Pretty hot!" Jard agreed. "Hot enough for all of us. Especially so for Calhoun's men."

"Yeah!" drawled Leffingwall. "That's more busted heads and bashed ribs than I've seen in a month of Sundays. I'm pretty damn sorry about Holly."

"I'm sorry for all of them." Shellstrom scowled and shook his head. "But I guess we got off lucky with no more than fourteen dead."

"We did," affirmed Leffingwall with a great deal of vehemence. "And only two of the dead are police and only one a militiaman, at that. And one of them trapped in the fire. Yeah, we got off lucky, Shellstrom—luckier than they're going to get off. You knew Van Wyck died?"

"Yes; Ace told me a few seconds ago. I'm slightly done up, sergeant. I'm glad we're on the way home."

"You mean *you're* on the way home," countered Leffingwall dryly. "The rest of these birds are on the way to jail under police guard." He heaved another sigh. "God, are the wires going to be hot for the next few days! Boy, you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

LEFFINGWALL thrust out his head to look back at the rank of following cars. Jard's men, traveling in his trucks, his father's old sedan and the roadster, swung off on the back road, to cut across field to the barn and the bunkhouse. Leffingwall drew back into his seat and spoke to the driver of the militia truck in the lead of vehicles containing militia, state police, and prisoners. "We'll go straight ahead to the highway." He turned his attention again to Jard. "The ball's rolling right now. Everything's being done on the absolute quiet, in the tightest secrecy. Right now other state governors are moving to action."

The truck drew to a halt on the gravel shoulder of the highway before the Shellstrom house. Leffingwall spoke again to the driver: "I won't hold you up more than a minute. I just have to get my motorcycle."

He and Shellstrom got out of the truck. Jard followed him to the spot where his motorcycle was waiting.

Leffingwall thrust out a hand in farewell. "Well, we won, palms down, Shellstrom. The government will move in plenty of time to confiscate the food those birds were going to destroy. We'll have the jails crowded with rioters. These fellows we took in tonight stand as a good example. They're scared pink. They're ready to be damned good boys now."

Jard nodded. "Yes. The mob psychology swung with the vane."

"I'd say so!" Leffingwall grinned, straddled his motorcycle and gripped the handle bars. "Well, I'm off. We're leaving the police and militia guard with you till everything's running O. K. again. Chin up, old man. I'll be seeing you!"

The motor crashed into sound, and Jard stood silent, watching the motorcycle dash into the highway and assume the lead, rattling beside it the empty side car in which Jim Holly would never ride again. The trucks and police cars followed.

WHEN the last car had roared by and its taillight had winked out along the poplar windbreak, Jard turned, walked to the house, and started up the front porch steps.

The great stone house loomed dark and still, one dim light showing in the living-room window.

Jard halted on the step next the top and lifted his face. The night wind stirred his dark-red hair and he raised a hand to his forehead. He was weary to the soul, with a weariness that weighed him down. He forced himself to raise one foot to the last step.

"Oh, God—Jard!" A shadowy figure darted out of the black recess of the porch, hurled itself into his arms.

"Why, Chloe!" Jard's arms caught her and she went limp against him, shaken with a sudden wild burst of sobbing.

"I was afraid—you'd never—come!" she cried. "I've been waiting—here—all night."

Jard lifted her in his arms and carried her to the porch swing, feeling his way through the dark. He dropped into the wide swing and held her there, letting her sob it out, remembering vaguely the night that Mavis had begged for the shelter of his arms in that same swing, and knowing strangely how different it was to hold Chloe close to his heart than it had been to hold Mavis Calhoun.

And slowly the weariness began to go out of him and something lifted to exultance in his heart.

"Chloe!" he whispered against her hair. "It's all over. The rioters are all on their way to jail. We caught the whole thing in time. Wipe out all the rest, Chloe. We're beginning a new day. You and I, sweetheart. You and I!"

"They—" She choked on the words. "They—got—*him?*"

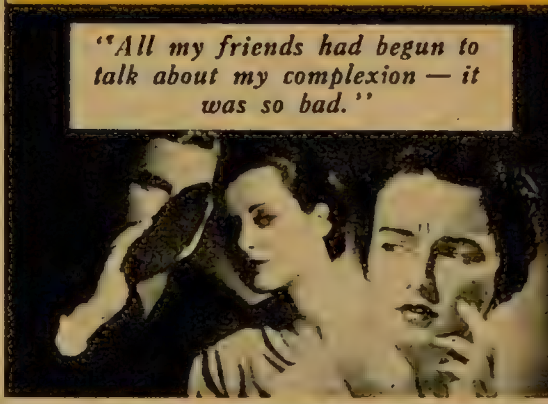
"Calhoun? Yes, darling." His cheek pressed tightly against her face. "They—got him. Van Wyck was killed, Chloe. So was Moe. They took all who weren't killed, dear."

"And *he'll* be hanged. Poor Mavis!

Skin So Bad That PEOPLE TALKED!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Anna May Dales
NOTARY PUBLIC



"All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion — it was so bad."

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"Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change."

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YEAST

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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. L-3-14-36

Name

Address

City State

Her father will be hanged for killing *your*—"

Jard smothered her mouth with his and the pulse began to hammer in his throat. As it had hammered for Stormy once—as it would never hammer for Stormy again. He had found his feet at last.

"Stop it, Chloe!" he whispered against her chin. "You've got me, and I've got you, and I'm never going to let you go again—and what else matters?"

"But, Jard—I almost thought it was—Mavis—"

"Don't think! I don't want to think right now." He buried his face on her breast.

How could he ever have been in doubt? How could he ever have dreamed that his old, old vision of the woman with yellow hair could fail him? The vision had become reality.

After a long while he lifted his head. "I don't know, Chloe. What will become of our stormy petrel? She needs haven—and where can she find it? Do you think we can offer it to her?"

"You won't need to offer it to her." The answer came from the porch steps.

Jard and Chloe started upright. The voice was Toby's. They saw the massive outline of his shoulders as he advanced and paused before them.

"I was looking for you, Jard. I heard the trucks go by. You were so still that I didn't know you were here till I was halfway up the steps. I couldn't help hearing what you said."

Chloe stumbled over puzzled words: "But—*you* said—"

"That you wouldn't need to offer Mavis haven, Chloe. Yes." Toby's voice rang like a temple bell on a distant mountaintop, vibrating, echoing, rising and falling. "She—she has found her anchor. In your brother Joe, Chloe. He's with her now. I—got out. I've found my footing too, Jard. I can't understand it yet. I'm still dazed. But you rather turned the world over for me. I'll never let you down, Jard. Don't get up, please. I'm going out to walk — in the Lombardy lane. To think. I'm going back—back to the trail I lost—when I began to believe that a man's soul could be bad. Going back—and going on—on, up to the stars!"

The temple bell vibrated to silence. Toby turned and went softly down the steps.

"To the stars!" echoed Chloe. "What was it that Mavis said—that he was so damned beautiful—"

"Don't talk, Chloe!" Jard's mouth smothered her words. "Don't think. Don't do anything—but love me. The thunderstorm is over. Look! Day is breaking on the mountains!"

THE END

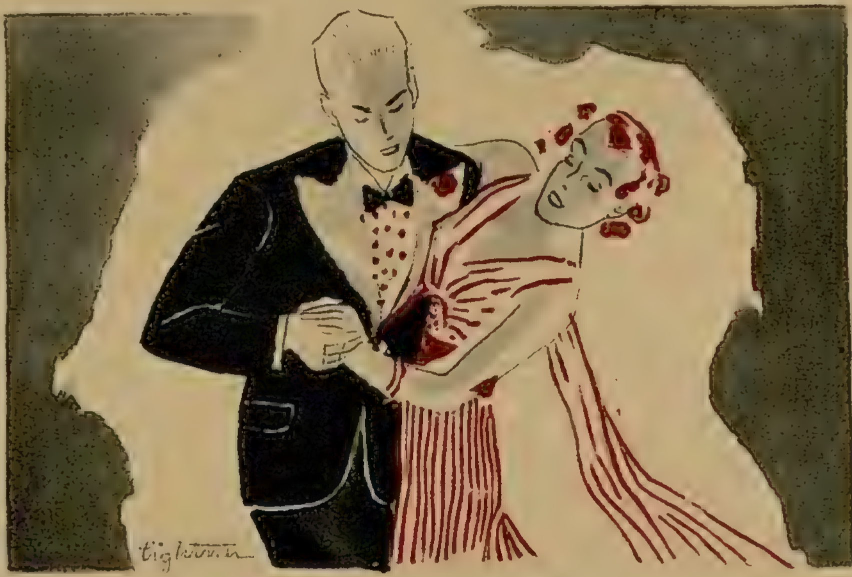
FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

While the ladies have been trotting around to fashion shows looking for new styles, the men have slipped something over in Sulka's new dress shirt for Riviera wear. Of diamond-patterned madras, it is real negligee with an attached turndown collar, turnback cuffs, a wide stitched box pleat at either side, and pearl buttons, not studs.

To make dancing on hot nights really painless in tuxedos, the dress vest is replaced by a white piqué band like a Spanish sash. It has three deep tucks and fastens in the back with a buckle strap. This is also shown in black corded silk.

M. Bianchini, the famous silk maker, was seen recently wearing a navy tie on which were printed the designs of all the known automobile clubs.

—DORAMILLER.



ANSWER TO THE SAM LOYD PUZZLE ON PAGE 54

Removal of the entire pile of four sticks would be Bill's best play, and continuing without error he would capture the cigar.

After that first play of Bill's, John will have to act upon piles one, two, and three, and, no matter what he elects to do, his opponent at the next play will under any circumstances be able to reduce the piles to 1, 1 and 1, or 2 and 2, which are obviously losing junctures for John.

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **THE ROLLING YEARS** by Agnes Sligh Turnbull. The Macmillan Company.

Charmingly told story of three generations, each with its love story. Mrs. Turnbull makes her characters live and each holds your interest.

★ ★ ★ **PORTRAIT OF A FAMILY** by Eleanor Farjeon. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The author frankly and vividly tells a most fascinating story of her delightful and gifted family, imparting all the eagerness and excitement experienced by herself and her brothers as children. The atmosphere is colored by an intimacy with some of the most famous and beloved personalities of theatrical and literary London in the Nineties.

★ ★ ★ **TURN, MAGIC WHEEL** by Dawn Powell. Farrar & Rinehart.

A well written chronicle of complicated love affairs in New York literary circles.

★ ★ ★ **THE MOVIES ON TRIAL** compiled and edited by William Perlman. The Macmillan Company.

Unbiased opinions of prominent citizens concerning different phases of the movie industry. A valuable contribution to the picture research library.

★ ★ **MONEY MUSK** by Carolyn Wells. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A detective novel written with a little more humor and a little less horror than the usual formula.

★ ½ **DOWN THE DARK ALLEY** by Bertrand W. Sinclair. Little, Brown & Company

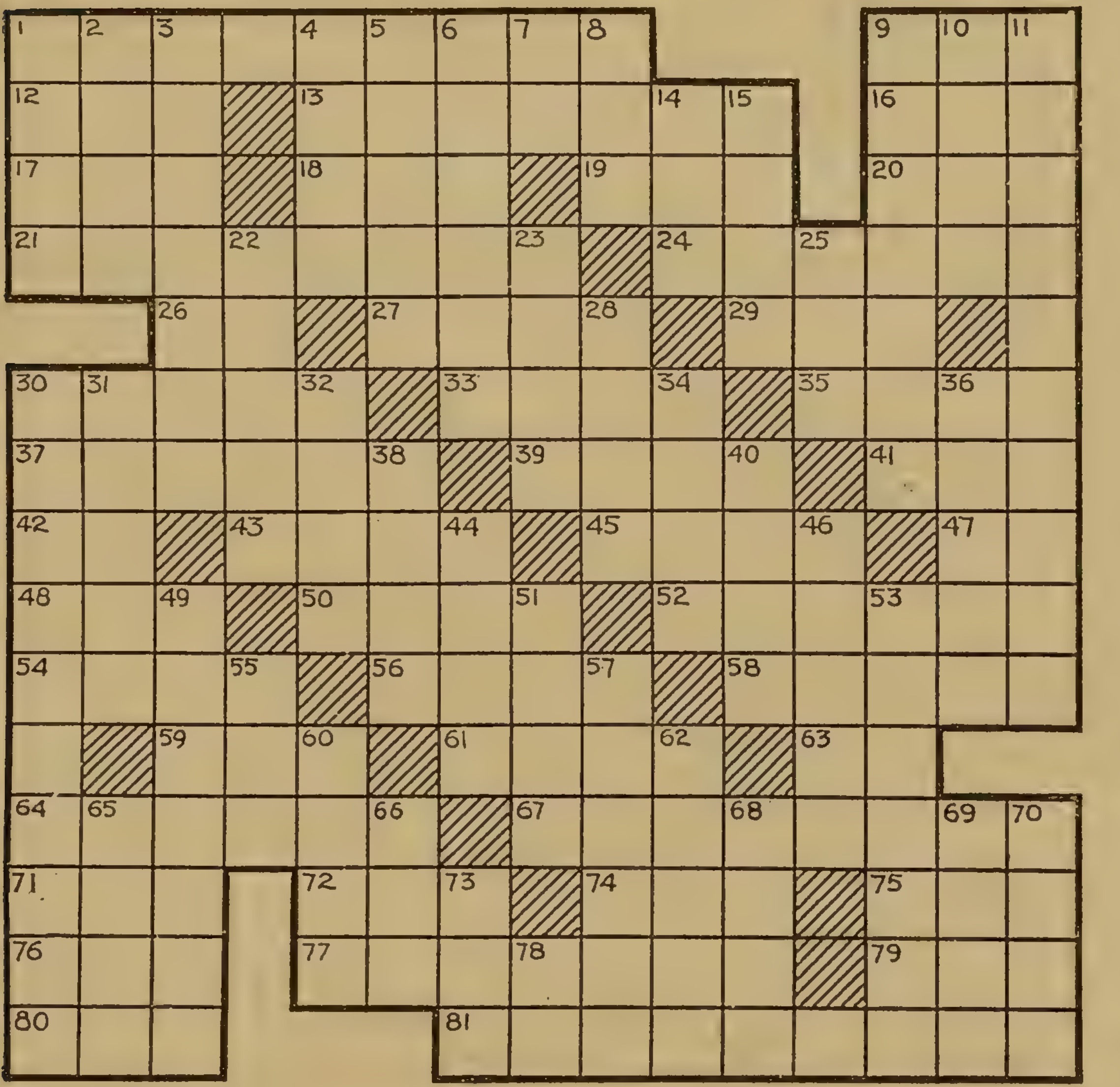
A readable light novel in which the hero runs rum legitimately from Canada, straightens out family entanglements, earns a fortune, and wins a bride.

★ ½ **FLAMETHROWERS** by Gordon Friesen. The Caxton Printers.

Youth reveals the inevitable doubts and rebellion of adolescence against a background of German refugees from Russia in their Oklahoma settlement. Although the tale is morbid, the author in his first novel exhibits a vivid style and dramatic sense.

Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 The commonest March complaint (two words)
9 Choctawk
12 To gibber in the dark
13 Reno dividends
16 Call for Farmer Brown!
17 A sound receiver
18 The consonant parts of Five vertical
19 Where the Whitus Wingus cleaned up in ancient Rome
20 Sword topper
21 This always breaks when you're in a hurry
24 This causes swelling of the head
26 A couple of nasalizers
27 Quickies taken after a business man's lunch
29 They stand for the American Revolution (abbr.)
30 Tucks the old newsprint in the old attic
33 The old green river
35 A lot of sheets
37 Remove the rear end from the conveyance
39 Death begins at 40 in them
41 The sign playwrights believe in
42 One of the taller Whitneys (abbr.)
43 The diet of worms
45 Push 'em up, Kelly
47 When you've got to you've just got to
48 Little male relative
50 Sprat's non-fattening food
52 Just a plain rose from Palestine
54 Parkyakarkas zither (he says It's not true!)
56 What a mixture of gasoline, alcohol, and water produces
58 Of this playwright Gracie Allen said: "—— where is thy sting?"
59 How an albino gets his start

M	A	C	A	W		S	A	M	E		A	C	T	S
A	L	O	N	E		L	I	A	R		N	O	R	A
L	A	N	D	S		E	R	I	N		S	L	A	T
E	R	E	■	L	A	W	■	D	E	N	■	I	C	E
			F	E	N	■	E	S	S	E	N	C	E	S
S	P	L	A	Y	I	N	G	■	T	O	O			
I	R	A	■	■	S	A	G	S	■	N	E	R	O	S
P	A	R	A	D	E	R	■	P	A	S	S	I	V	E
S	E	D	G	E	■	D	O	U	R	■	■	G	A	T
			E	L	A	■	A	R	R	I	V	A	L	S
M	U	R	D	E	R	E	R	■	A	R	T			
A	L	E	■	D	I	D	■	I	S	O	■	A	D	O
S	C	A	T		S	I	G	N		N	E	V	E	R
S	E	M	I		E	T	O	N		I	R	E	N	E
E	R	S	E		S	H	O	E		C	A	S	T	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

61 A Scandinavian Red
63 Lilting Floozies (abbr.)
64 A big kid
67 Major Bow-wows
71 This can cause I strain
72 A part of Joan's circle
74 He's content with an ordinary check
75 All his ideas are aged in the wood
76 This makes the music go r. and r.
77 A little house in the back
79 •
80 This was all broken up after the Xmas holidays
81 You'll find one among the best Bourbons (it's a phony!)

VERTICAL

1 These make chilly beans
2 He cornered both the bulls and the bears
3 Dollar trips to Havana
4 This may be shady but it's on the level
5 He fiddles around for a living
6 Sardine's ulster (two words)
7 Looking at ma from the wrong end
8 The backward voice of Liberty
9 They're always wrong
10 Scrams
11 Most marriages end in this (plural)
14 Take a tuck with this
15 The street singer's opera house
22 Knocked off
23 Upton Sinclair's Follies of 1935
25 This flows through crosswords by courtesy of the Swiss
28 Backward friends
30 Mother-in-law throne (two words)
31 The only thing not in the dummy
32 Red in the sunset
34 Greek matrimonial agent
36 Slanguage
38 Very French (don't forget the gimmick over the e)
40 Itsa London'sa Little Italy, bya Jova!
44 Receipts
46 Big Dipper
49 Promising baloney
51 The gal without a constitution (abbr.)
53 Turned down flat
55 The gin-making Whitney
57 The depression a business man doesn't mind
60 An unruly member of the younger set
62 ∧
65 With a little ad this would make a toss-up dance
66 To detour off moral highway
68 No sooner said by Willie than mended
69 June daylike
70 A big boom Mr. Morgan heard about on the Corsair
73 You'll find some of the biggest nuts in one
78 I Resign (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

$1 Complete

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Buzzes, Clicks,

And Shorts from summer rains and winter snow and sleet when using an F. & H. Capacity Aerial Eliminator—equals an aerial 75 ft. long, strung 50 ft. high, yet occupies only 1½ inch by 4 inch space behind your radio—guaranteed to give you nationwide reception or your money back.

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Vox Pop

A Sagebrush Lawyer on the Hauptmann Case

Laramie, Wyo.—In the light of Colonel Lindbergh's recent abandonment of the United States, I have deliberately read in January 4 Liberty the article by Lou Wedemar on the subject of Fifty Unanswered Questions in the Hauptmann Case and his "challenge to the nation's high officials of law enforcement to answer all of the important questions listed here."

This article has no justification either in ascertaining facts for legal purposes, or in satisfying the public interested either in the conviction of the one who perpetrated the act or to acquit Hauptmann in the eyes of the public.

The challenge to the officials to answer the questions is unjust and unfair; for they all can be answered, though not accurately as to the vital questions, because the answers to those vital questions are still within the minds of those living, and the mouths of the dead cannot respond.

The officials called upon to answer these questions can answer most of the trivial questions in many ways, but what good would it do to answer them? The asking of these questions by the author only tends to create a doubt in the minds of the people as to the guilt of Hauptmann, and to constantly harass one of the greatest citizens of our time and his wife; and just such articles as this, in my opinion, have caused them to seek another country where they might find some peace of mind.

One of the fundamentals of law is that absolute certainty in the establishment of any fact is rarely attainable and never required by courts of justice. Another fundamental principle of law—that every one is presumed to be innocent until proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt—is not intended to aid the guilty to escape. In this case so much has been written in the newspapers one does not know what to believe; but undoubtedly we are intended to believe that Hauptmann was definitely identified as the man who passed the ten-dollar ransom bill to the filling-station attendant and that when his home was located he had several thousands of dollars of those same ransom bills hidden in his garage.

These facts alone are sufficient, if not reasonably explained, to have justified the jury in finding him guilty of the crime charged. Added to those, the fact that Colonel Lindbergh testified that he recognized the voice he heard in the cemetery to be the voice of Hauptmann, and the proof of the corpus delicti, make the case against the accused.

Personally, I think the fifty questions are ridiculous and show that the writer has forgotten the crime and the sorrow of not only the Lindbergh family, but the American people, in the loss of their son. The writer of the article, in my opinion, is continuing to supply information to the press, still eager to profit by this terrible crime of the age. It is given a "scare caption" on the cover sheet, intended for the purpose of additional sales of the magazine and for no other reason, unless it be to create a sympathy for the defendant to save him from the electric chair.

I think we are all convinced that Hauptmann either committed the crime or was so closely connected with it that he is an accomplice to the crime and the penalty to be meted out should be the same.

All of the important questions in the case were presented to the jury trying the case, and it is not for the public and the newspapers to try the case and answer every imaginable question that some writer may conjure up in his mind as being important. I think it is high time that the press take stock of itself and ask itself the question: "Are we performing a loyal service to the government under which we are privileged to live, by continuing to commercialize crime for financial gain?"

I am only a sagebrush lawyer in the wide open spaces of Wyoming, where our cases are tried in the courts and not in the newspapers.—*G. R. McConnell.*

CALL FOR PROFESSOR FISHER

Anniston. Ala.—Liberty for September 16, 1933, published an article written by Professor Irving Fisher entitled When Inflation Is Not Inflation. I dug it out of my files today for reference, and I feel that almost any one now will wish, as I did, that this gentleman could be induced to write another, bringing the chart up to date as well as to comment on financial events which have occurred subsequently to the publication of the above-mentioned article.

More articles on the current financial situation by such enlightened writers would, in my opinion, be most welcome at this time and give assurance to many that the bottom has not completely caved from under us.—*Interested Inquirer.*

PARROTS LAUGH

Watertown, N. Y.—Bert Green is sure good. If he can't wring a laugh out of a melancholy parrot, then the taxidermist got there first.—*L. B. Pound.*

JOB FOR JOE LOUIS

Byesville, Ohio—I have read Liberty each week for the past eight or nine years and have never attempted to make the Vox Pop columns. But the recent President's Mystery Story, in which several noted authors collaborated, gives me an idea I think worthy of consideration.

Last night I listened in on the Joe Louis-Charley Retzlaff fight in Chicago. Does the sporting world realize that Joe Louis has used up all the available fist fodder? (No, my friend, I am not a colored man.)

Here is my suggestion: Gather up three or four so-called fighters like Max Baer, Joe Carnera, and Max Schmeling, and put them in the ring with Louis, each taking him a round; then resting until Joe has finished the others, etc.

This might prove an innovation, get a good house, and make prizefighting interesting and amusing once more.—*Howard B. Potts.*

"SOME DAMES!"

New Lenox, Ill.—Congratulations on the February 1 Liberty cover! Seen from the Joliet bus in a store window, it read:

> Ladies Who Charmed the Prince of Wales
>
> Put the Whole World into the Hands of Receivers
>
> Jafsie in the Cemetery

"Some dames!" sez I, and when I got off the bus I bought a copy. So did five other old guys and one gray-haired gal! —*Henry T. Skinner.*

GOOD OLD COLUMBUS!

Anderson, Ind.—A friend says to me, he says:

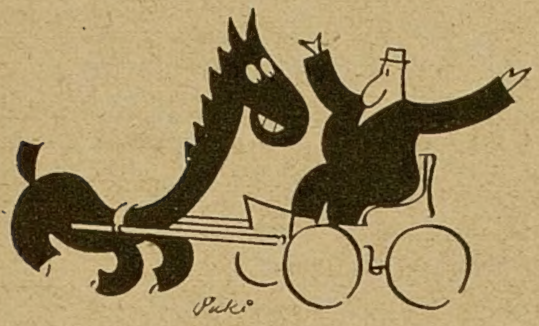
"Columbus was the first Democrat. He started out without knowing where he was going. When he landed, he did not know where he was. When he returned, he did not know where he had been. And he did it all on borrowed money."—*Mrs. H. P. C.*

HELL, YES! . . . HELL, NO! . . .

Hapeville, Ga.—Most of the stories in Liberty read something like this:

"Then he walked over to the window and lit a cigarette. . . . She mixed cocktails, lit a cigarette, and blew smoke through her nose. . . . Damn, damn! . . . He lit a cigarette and watched the smoke curl toward the ceiling. . . . Hell, hell, hel-hell! . . . She held a light to his cigarette, and took a long pull from her own. . . . Damn, damn, dam-damn! . . . They mixed more cocktails, smoked more cigarettes, and went in search of a minister. . . . Hell, yes; hell, no! "

We've always heard the old saw of putting the cart before the horse. This, it seems, is just what Liberty's authors do. Why do the authors drag in a minister at the *end* of the story, when it is so plain that his services should have been obtained at the very *beginning?—Carl F. Morgan.*



WHO WANTS TO BE A COOLIE?

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—Peter Weimer (December 14 Vox Pop) says, " Taxation is a great leveler." So are fires, floods, hurricanes, and tornadoes. But who wants to be leveled to the state of the Chinese coolie or the Russian peasant?—*H. C. K.*

CAGNEY FOR CHRISTUS

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Having just finished reading the lovely exposition of the Pilgrimage Play, by Vicki Baum (December 14 Liberty), I wish to congratulate Miss Baum and to thank Liberty. There is one point on which I, as a so-called movie actor, would like to express myself. Miss Baum says:

" I hope Mr. MacLaren will play the Christ. I don't know where they could find a better. I tried to learn what the chances were, without getting very far. 'If I know my movies,' growled the embittered gentleman of whom I made my inquiries, 'it'll be Jimmy Cagney.' "

I have met Vicki Baum. She is a fine person. I never met Mr. MacLaren and I have never seen the Pilgrimage Play. I have nothing in the world against Mr. MacLaren, but it does seem strange that Christ could be played by a man with at least a trace of English. I am of Scotch descent but would fear to depict the Christ in a dialect that still holds with me.

Jimmy Cagney I know. Of all the real Christlike characters I know of, Jimmy is one of the greatest. He would probably make the finest Christus ever depicted on stage or screen.—*Tom Herbert.*

"THANK GOD FOR THE SUPREME COURT"

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—Editor Bernarr Macfadden says in February 1 Liberty: " Thank God for the United States Supreme Court, " to which I subscribe with all my heart and soul.

I also want to say, thank God for this farseeing and fearless editor and his bold and vigorous championship of the so-called " horse-and-buggy " government. Would there were more like him! *—Charles H. Coe.*

DECORAH, IA.—Referring to Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Thank God for the United States Supreme Court, permit me to say that I disagree heartily. I'd like to know where Mr. Macfadden obtains his statistical information. He tells us we have lost 70 per cent of our *cotton* business in Germany, 50 per cent in France, and 40 per cent in England. Therefore I ask this question: How much export trade *have* we had in the years 1929-32?

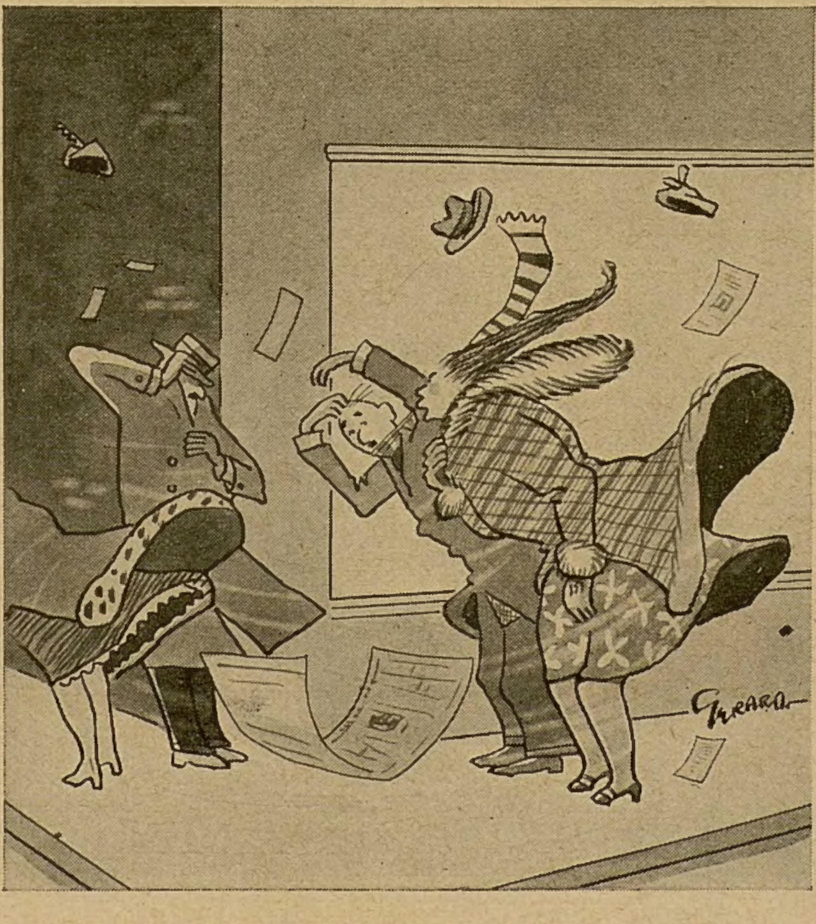
According to my recent four-and-a-half-months' study in economics, our export trade has been steadily declining since 1929.

At the recent State Farm Bureau Convention held at Des Moines, Iowa, a representative of Alabama, a *cotton* state, said that the Supreme Court's decision on the Triple A was a very severe blow to the cotton farmer. How, then, can Mr. Macfadden, a representative of New York City, a *teeming metropolis*, tell the people of the United States what a great advantage the Supreme Court's decision is?—*A Daughter of the Middle West.*

REALLY, SENATOR BRANDYWINE!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read Senator Brandywine's letter in February 1 Vox Pop with great amusement. He suggested that before the hungry Italians, Japanese, and Germans resort to warfare " we " should " show " them how to make a living. Really, Senator Brandywine, " we, " of all people, who only have millions on relief!

I think the senator let his name go to his head!—*P. M. Vernier.*

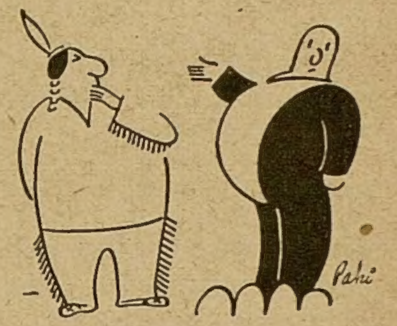


" You're the weather man ! Do something ! "

ONE-SIXTH INDIAN . . . AN ANGLE

CAMDEN, OHIO—I read Norman Hapgood's letter in January 25 Vox Pop and almost turned a mental somersault.

I divided 130,272 by 21,712 and got 6. Here was a man who not only had found a one-sixth Indian but made it possible for me to trisect an angle. But with a little simple mathematics I discovered that the man might be 21,712/131,072 part Indian but never 21,712/130,272. It happens that no power of two can be divided by three or six. So there still isn't a one-sixth blood Indian and the angle hasn't been trisected.—*Dalin Shoemaker.*



RUSSIA AND THE U. S. ELECTION

DEERFIELD, ILL.—January 18 Vox Pop contained a letter from Harry Dana Abbott of Monticello, Utah. Mr. Abbott's statements are made in a very definite tone, including quotations about the Soviet's backing of President Roosevelt in the next election. These statements, if true, demand a thorough investigation of the American Federation of Labor (the alleged tool of the Soviet Republic), and, if untrue, certainly demand an explanation.

Can you verify Mr. Abbott's claims or give us any further information in explanation of the insinuations they cast? I would be glad to have any definite facts available.—*Agnes M. Tennermann.*

[Will Mr. Abbott kindly furnish the authenticated facts requested by Mrs. Tennermann? We will be glad to publish his proof in our columns.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

A LITTLE FISH STORY

BOSTON, MASS.—Your mag brings to mind what the Frenchman said about eating trout: " You cut the head and tail off and throw the rest away—and I'd rather have chicken. "

I read Kropotkin and Vox Pop—and throw the rest away. *—Charlie Chase.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—The Works Progress Administrator announced $25,000 had been appropriated in Monroe County for sewing. Monroe County has only one relief-registered seamstress.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—C. C. Weeks is an advocate of Townsend and Share-the-Wealth programs. Mrs. Weeks, seeking divorce, said she found it impossible to live in the present on the wealth of the rich which the defendant hopes to get sometime.

CARLSBAD, CZECHOSLOVAKIA—Breaking into a store, a burglar robbed the till and carried away the account book. A few days later the police received the book by mail with numerous items marked in red pencil. An inclosed note read: "Dodging his taxes. Make him pay."

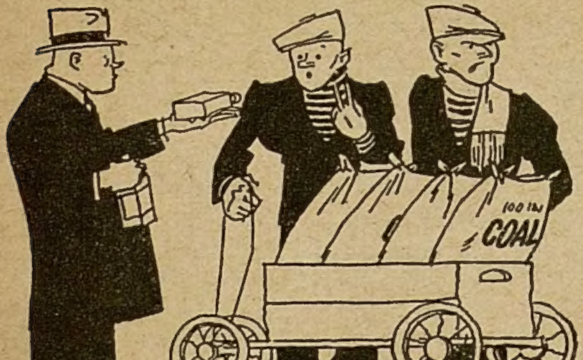
LUVERNE, MINN. — Officials complained that overindustrious workers had muscled in on the WPA. A recently approved works program called for the construction of three dams in Mound Lake Creek. While the project was being organized, others built the dams.

But as the builders—a colony of beavers—were unfamiliar with the specifications, the dams will be rebuilt.

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Winfield Grafton and Elmer Kenelly told Municipal Judge Stanton Addams that they stole 400 pounds of coal to keep warm.

"Where did you burn this coal?" queried the Court.

"We wanted to get warm quick," replied Grafton. "We didn't burn it. We traded it for whisky and drank the whisky."



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Lucky Omens

Flowers favor the fair. Every kindness you do will be kindly repaid you if you give flowers or receive them on any day you have a sorrow.

Fridays are lucky, as also is the thirteenth day of the month, if one's first action in the morning has been of good will to others.

—*Roy L. McCardell.*

•

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

All that glisters is not the gold standard.

—*The Inflationists.*

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COVER CREATED BY GEORGE LARKIN—MACFADDEN STUDIO

NEXT WEEK!

LANDON—First-Rate Second-Rater?

What is the low-down on the Kansas executive? Is he of Presidential timber? Does his record in the state qualify him to head up the G. O. P. for national victory? Can he achieve the nomination? If successful in the convention, what are his chances of reaching the White House? These are things you will want to know. Read them next week in Liberty. Will Irwin supplies this frank, unbiased analysis.

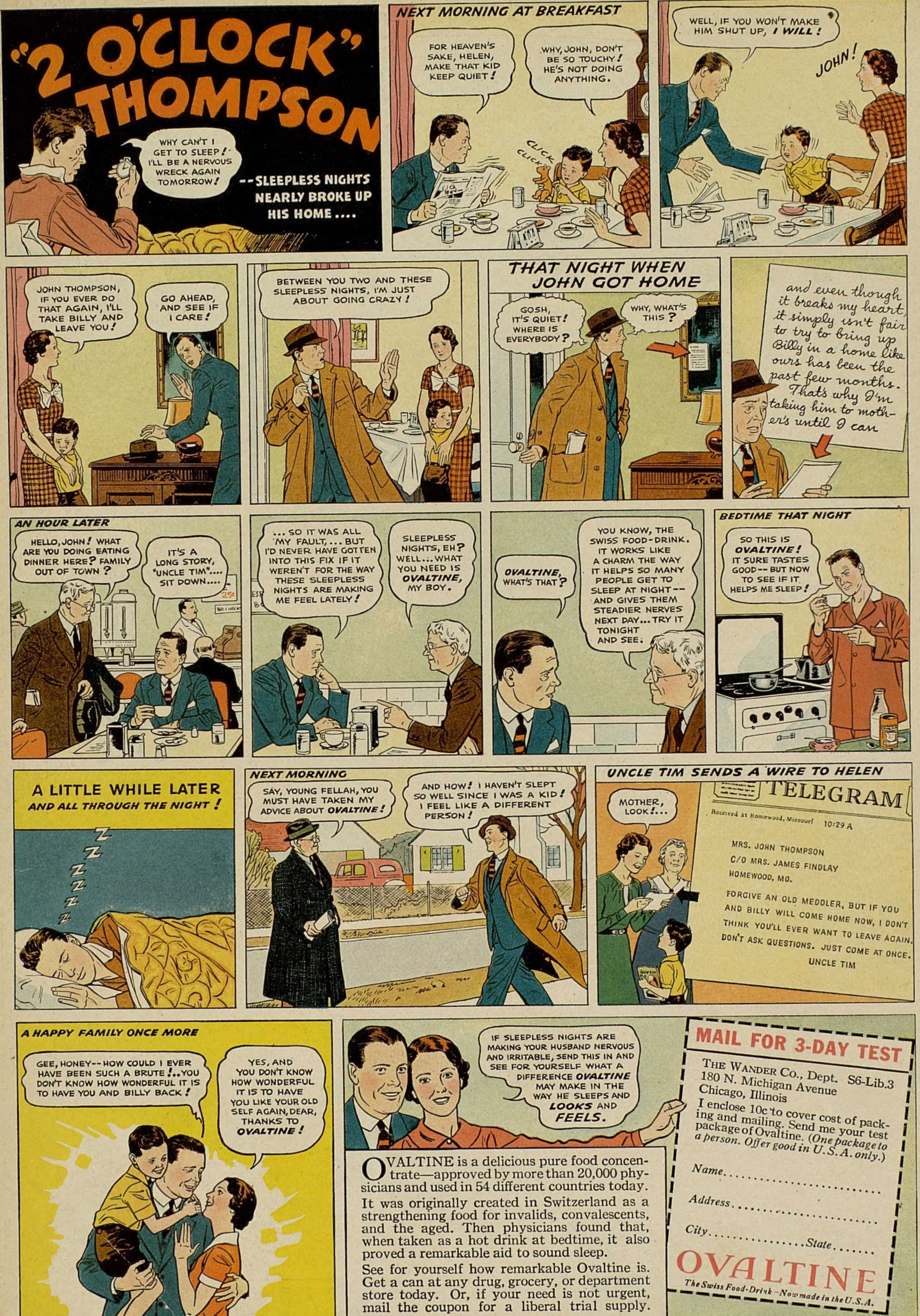
CAN CANCER BE CURED WITHOUT AN OPERATION?

BERNARR MACFADDEN, on the basis of half a century of health-building among all types of sufferers, sums up the present status of the battle against cancer in an article no thoughtful person should miss. Tied to no school of surgical or medical thought, his open mind distills the essential facts of every method of treatment. Consequently his conclusions are forceful, balanced, and fraught with hope.

ALSO—Beginning RICH MAN'S SON by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.—HOW HOLLYWOOD SHOPS FOR BABIES by Marguerite Mooers Marshall—WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE by Paul Annixter—NIGHT OPERATOR by Lucile Selk Edgerton—DOUBLE INDEMNITY by James M. Cain—THEY MEAN WELL by Jack Goodman and Albert Rice.

EXTRA! EXTRA!
"JAFSIE" CONTINUES HIS SENSATIONAL SECRETS OF THE HAUPTMANN CASE—NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

NEXT WEEK IN
Liberty
ON SALE WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11


"2 O'CLOCK" THOMPSON
WHY CAN'T I GET TO SLEEP! I'LL BE A NERVOUS WRECK AGAIN TOMORROW!
--SLEEPLESS NIGHTS NEARLY BROKE UP HIS HOME....
NEXT MORNING AT BREAKFAST
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, HELEN, MAKE THAT KID KEEP QUIET!
WHY, JOHN, DON'T BE SO TOUCHY! HE'S NOT DOING ANYTHING.
CLICK CLICK
WELL, IF YOU WON'T MAKE HIM SHUT UP, I WILL!
JOHN!
JOHN THOMPSON, IF YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN, I'LL TAKE BILLY AND LEAVE YOU!
GO AHEAD, AND SEE IF I CARE!
BETWEEN YOU TWO AND THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, I'M JUST ABOUT GOING CRAZY!
THAT NIGHT WHEN JOHN GOT HOME
GOSH, IT'S QUIET! WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
WHY, WHAT'S THIS?
and even though it breaks my heart, it simply isn't fair to try to bring up Billy in a home like ours has been the past few months. That's why I'm taking him to mother's until I can
AN HOUR LATER
HELLO, JOHN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING EATING DINNER HERE? FAMILY OUT OF TOWN?
IT'S A LONG STORY, "UNCLE TIM".... SIT DOWN....
25¢
NO CHECKS
...SO IT WAS ALL MY FAULT,... BUT I'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN INTO THIS FIX IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE WAY THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE MAKING ME FEEL LATELY!
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, EH? WELL... WHAT YOU NEED IS OVALTINE, MY BOY.
OVALTINE, WHAT'S THAT?
YOU KNOW, THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK. IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM THE WAY IT HELPS SO MANY PEOPLE GET TO SLEEP AT NIGHT--AND GIVES THEM STEADIER NERVES NEXT DAY... TRY IT TONIGHT AND SEE.
BEDTIME THAT NIGHT
SO THIS IS OVALTINE! IT SURE TASTES GOOD--BUT NOW TO SEE IF IT HELPS ME SLEEP!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER AND ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT!
Z Z Z Z Z Z Z
NEXT MORNING
SAY, YOUNG FELLAH, YOU MUST HAVE TAKEN MY ADVICE ABOUT OVALTINE!
AND HOW! I HAVEN'T SLEPT SO WELL SINCE I WAS A KID! I FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON!
UNCLE TIM SENDS A WIRE TO HELEN
MOTHER, LOOK!...
TELEGRAM
Received at Homewood, Missouri 10:29 A
MRS. JOHN THOMPSON
C/O MRS. JAMES FINDLAY
HOMEWOOD, MO.
FORGIVE AN OLD MEDDLER, BUT IF YOU AND BILLY WILL COME HOME NOW, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL EVER WANT TO LEAVE AGAIN. DON'T ASK QUESTIONS. JUST COME AT ONCE.
UNCLE TIM
A HAPPY FAMILY ONCE MORE
GEE, HONEY--HOW COULD I EVER HAVE BEEN SUCH A BRUTE!..YOU DON'T KNOW HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO HAVE YOU AND BILLY BACK!
YES, AND YOU DON'T KNOW HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO HAVE YOU LIKE YOUR OLD SELF AGAIN, DEAR, THANKS TO OVALTINE!
IF SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE MAKING YOUR HUSBAND NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE, SEND THIS IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A DIFFERENCE OVALTINE MAY MAKE IN THE WAY HE SLEEPS AND LOOKS AND FEELS.

OVALTINE is a delicious pure food concentrate—approved by more than 20,000 physicians and used in 54 different countries today.

It was originally created in Switzerland as a strengthening food for invalids, convalescents, and the aged. Then physicians found that, when taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it also proved a remarkable aid to sound sleep.

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Name..............................

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City....................*State*........

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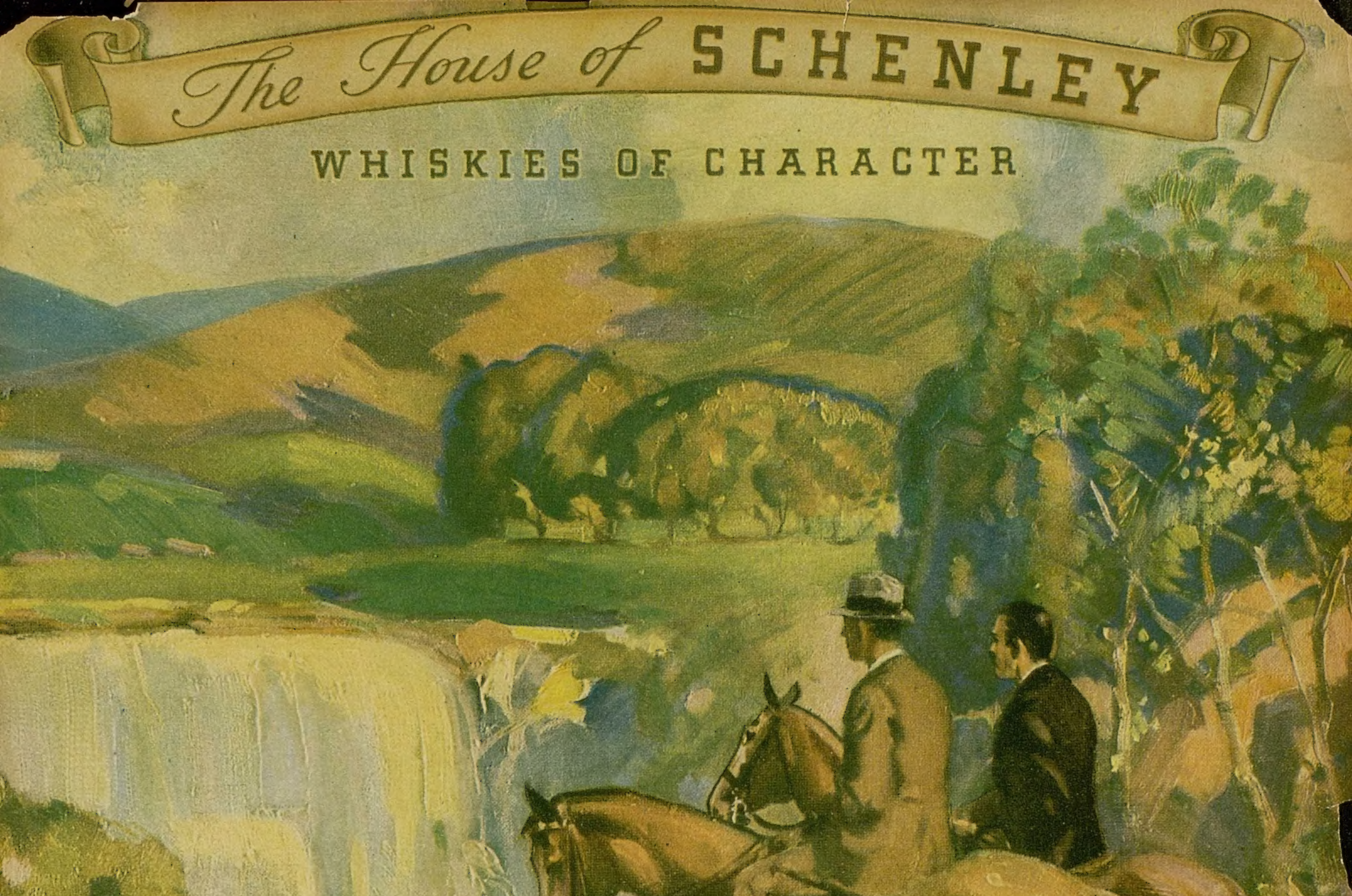
The Swiss Food-Drink—Now made in the U.S.A.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Whiskey's most precious ingredient

In the famous limestone waters of Kentucky's Bluegrass country is found a whiskey ingredient with a power almost magical. Because of it *Schenley's* Kentucky whiskies are enriched in fragrant aroma and flavor. In only a few other sections throughout America do the waters possess similar magic power. And within those very limited sections you will find the distilleries of *Schenley*. For *Schenley's* old-time distillers know it takes the finest *ingredients*, as well as expert distilling, to deliver whiskies of character, worthy of the *Schenley* Mark of Merit. Try them—you'll find it true!

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SCHENLEY'S Golden Wedding
Cream of Kentucky Straight Whiskey
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of Straight Whiskies
"It's ALL Whiskey"

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Kentucky
Straight Whiskey

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